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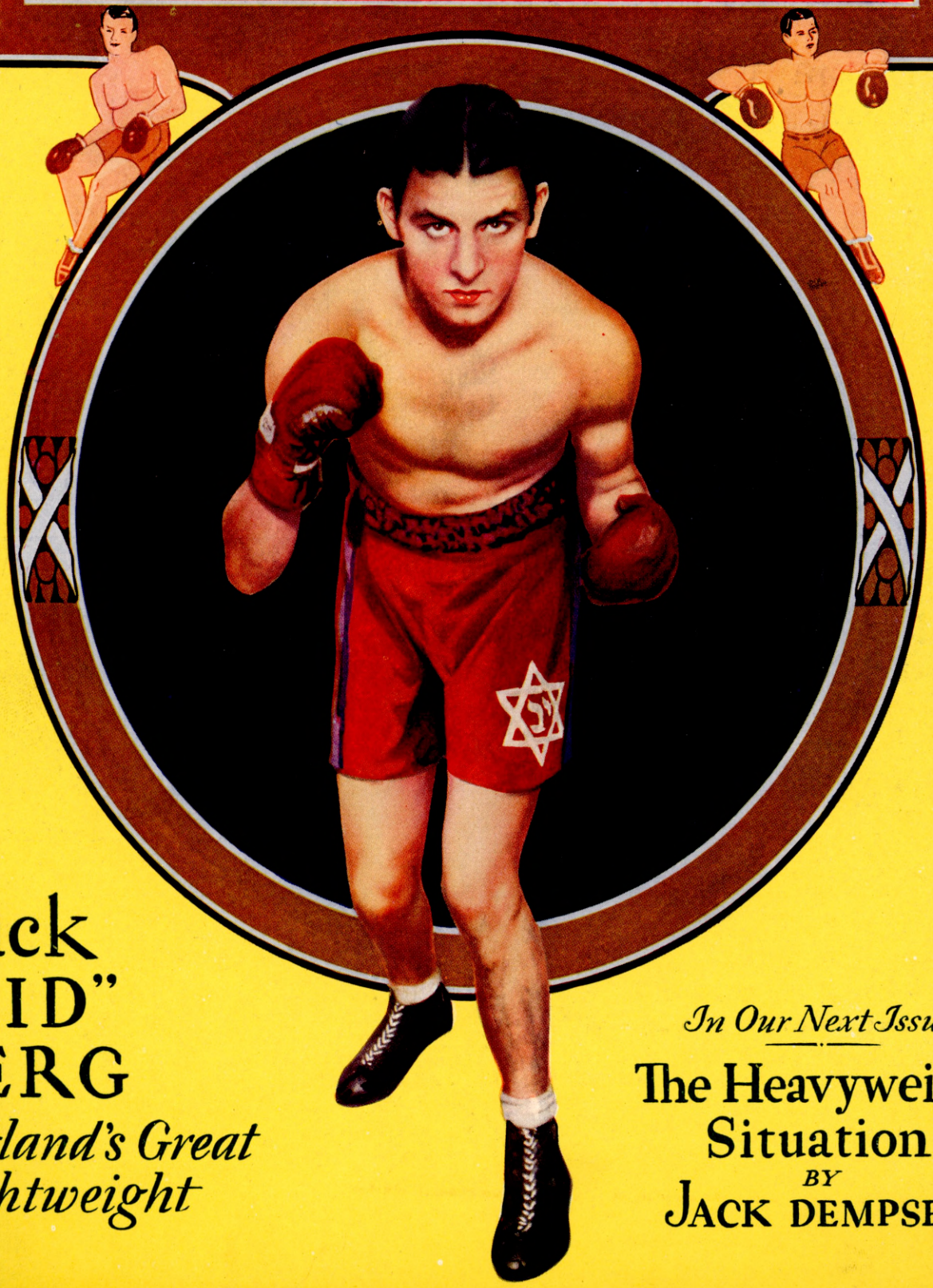

Jack "KID" BERG

England's Great Lightweight

In Our Next Issue

The Heavyweight Situation

BY

JACK DEMPSEY

YOU'RE NEXT

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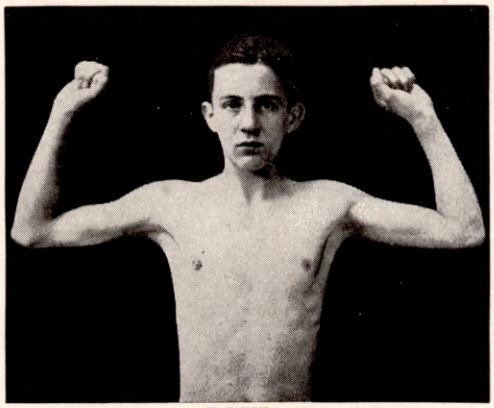

ONE!

ONE—two—three! Look at those pictures! They show the three stages in building muscles. They show how a puny weakling may be changed into a physical GIANT when muscles are developed *progressively*. It takes SCIENCE to build muscles like that. And that's why Titus Training has accomplished such amazing results for thousands of men. Titus Training develops *every* muscle in the body. It makes muscles GROW. Step by step it builds them up—makes them bigger and bigger—until your whole body is covered with mighty layers of live, solid *strength*.

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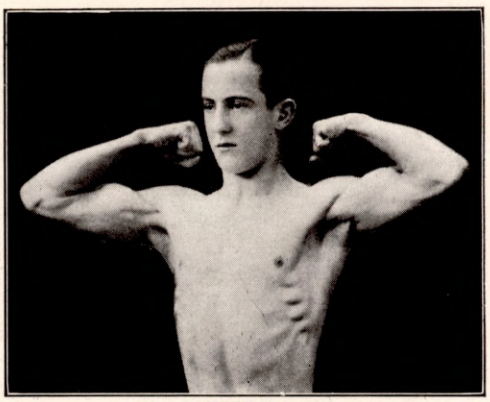
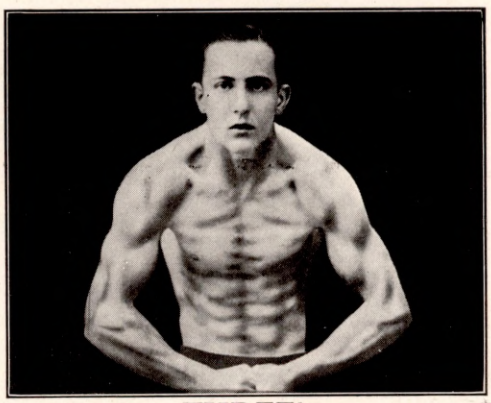


TWO!



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NOTE: The pictures above are a diagrammatic visualization of the progressive development of the entire muscular system. They typify the results reported by thousands of Titus-trained men, who through the Titus system of progressive development have made their muscles GROW. By this method the most undeveloped of men can build muscles of constantly increasing proportions—the strong man can add extra layers of solid strength and develop that marvelous power of muscle concentration that makes CHAMPIONS.

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"It's ALL OVER With Poor Eddie Now" We Said—and then

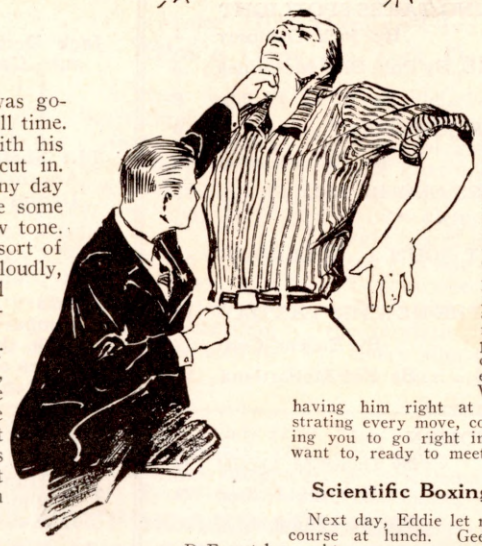
"It's a slaughter," I said to Joe, as we went outside. "We ought to stop it. Moran'll just pound the kid to a pulp. Eddie's no fighter." And then, before any of us knew what was happening — Eddie smashes a left to the Big Guy's jaw—and gee! how that big stiff did fall!

The Big Bully Went Down Like a Ton of Bricks! Now "poor little Eddie" is the hero of the crowd!

OUR annual dance and outing was going big. We were having a swell time. Little Eddie Crane was dancing with his girl friend, when Moran tried to cut in. Moran would make two of Eddie any day and he was an ugly guy. He made some kind of an insulting remark in a low tone. Eddie's face got red as a beet. He sort of squared off, when Moran said loudly, "Come outside, you little shrimp, and *I'll* settle this argument in two seconds."

Well, there we were—darned near the whole gang of us—outside, watching. Moran sprang at Eddie like a wild bull! I expected to see Eddie hit the dirt. But he just moved a little bit—ducked Moran's right—and swung back the neatest left I ever saw. SOCK! Moran went over like he was made of straw. And how the gang cheered.

Eddie's girl friend ran right up to him and kissed him. The gang lifted him up on their shoulders. Eddie was the hero of the evening—and no mistake.



How Eddie Did It

I was burning up to get the secret out of Eddie.

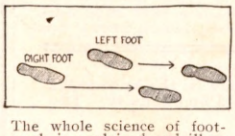
"Secret?" he said, when I got him alone, "there's no secret about it. Just scientific boxing, that's all."

"Applesauce," I answered, "how would *you* know anything about scientific boxing?"

"Jimmy DeForest taught me," he says, grinning.

"Say—do you expect me to swallow that boloney? Why Jimmy DeForest's the *world's greatest trainer*. He wouldn't even bother with a guy like you—and if he did, you couldn't afford to pay him for five minutes of his time."

Eddie grinned broader. "You're all wet, Sam," he said, and then he went on to tell me how I could get the great Jimmy DeForest Boxing Course — the same kind of training that made Dempsey such a swell fighter (and hundreds of other top-notchers, too) —*by mail, and for only $2.98!*



The whole science of footwork is explained and illustrated with diagrams.

"You can see for yourself how it's *science* —not size—that counts," said Eddie. "Take the way I handled Moran tonight. It wasn't anything at all. Just *one* of Jimmy DeForest's *scientific* punches."

"But you can't learn boxing by mail." I still couldn't believe it.

Learned at Home from World's Greatest Trainer

"You can, the Jimmy DeForest way," Eddie answered. "DeForest teaches you right from the ground up—with everything explained and illustrated with diagrams, photographs and drawings. First he shows you how to stand; how to develop foot work. Then come the punches — the left jab, the straight left and right, left and right hooks, solar plexus blow, uppercuts—Jimmy DeForest explains them all. Why it's just like having him right at your side, demonstrating every move, coaching you, preparing you to go right into the ring if you want to, ready to meet all comers."

There's just ONE right way to clench your fist. That's the first thing De Forest teaches you.

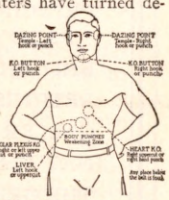
Scientific Boxing Made Easy

Next day, Eddie let me look through his course at lunch. Gee, what a course! DeForest hasn't overlooked a trick! There's a scientific defense against every blow—blocking, parrying, evading, the back-sway, slipping, ducking, side-stepping, stepping back, rolling with the punch. Then comes the counter-attack, how to defend and counter against every conceivable punch. He explains the fine points, too—the art of feinting, how to meet any type of fighter. He illustrates his points with an analysis of the fighting style of famous top-notchers, such as John L. Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons, Fred Fulton, Jim Corbett, Abe Attell, Joe Gans, Benny Leonard, Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast, Stanley Ketchell, Mickey Walker, Firpo, Johnny Dundee, Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson, Tom Gibbons, Jess Willard, Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey.

The famous Dempsey Roll, showing exactly how the champion feinted and hit.

"Jimmy DeForest sure shows you how to meet *any* fighter," I said. "You bet," Eddie answered. "And he wises you to his one great secret of ring generalship that *wins championships*—makes YOU a match for any man you meet. Do you know that lots of fighters have turned defeat into victory by a *trick?* Jimmy DeForest teaches you all the tricks—the ring strategy of the greatest fighters."

"And," he went on, "he even tells you how to get matches; how to train for a fight—EVERY THING for success in amateur or professional boxing."



The knockout spots and vulnerable points, one of the many charts, alone worth price of course.

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"Are **you** aiming to go in for boxing **professionally,** Eddie?" I asked.

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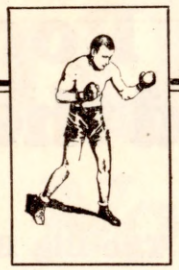

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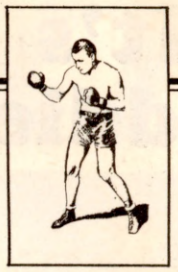

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

Jack Dempsey discusses Miami Result, Carnera and other topics.

The Sheik Takes an Early Train—Another Plot that Failed.—by Daniel M. Daniel.

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Dr. William H. Walker relates a remarkable incident attached to the career of Luis Firpo, the "Bull of the Pampas."

The Ring **is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.**

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After MIAMI'S FANFARE,

By Jack Dempsey

AFTER Sharkey and Scott—after Miami—what then? The contest at the Florida seashore serves as an interesting Mid-Winter feature to stir interest in the heavyweight situation. If Schmeling comes over from Germany the race will become all the more colorful and dramatic. Schmeling should be right here, where he belongs—right in the thick of the heavyweight scrap.

This Schmeling angle is one of the most puzzling in my ring experience. Here's a man who apparently is quite a fighter. He came here, established himself with a couple of contests, and with the fistic world at his feet, did one of the most inexplicable things the game has seen.

Instead of pressing his advantage, instead of cashing in on his breaks, Schmeling permitted himself to become embroiled in managerial tangles of one sort and another.

From personal experience I might say that it is no new thing for a fighter to become involved in trouble with managers.

But it was Schmeling's office to stay here and keep fighting. At this writing he is in Germany, where there is no title to be won, where there are no rich purses to be gained, where there is nothing but a lot of good home atmosphere.

Schmeling presents the key to the post-Miami situation. The field of contenders is being exhausted. I think nearly everybody will agree with me on that point.

So called contenders have been used up, and then used over again, while Schmeling has sat abroad and twiddled his thumbs.

* * *

TRUE, Schmeling holds an important strategic position which gains in strength through his very inactivity. But this gain is limited in scope and time, and if the German doesn't get busy pretty soon he will begin to slide down the toboggan of public notice and pugilistic importance.

To be quite frank about this, what good is it to hold a strategic position when it brings no cash into the bank? Professional fighters are in the game not for strategic advantages, not for political position, but for the money there is in it. And Max is not getting the money.

The Schmeling situation has thrown Sharkey into a spot which is profitable but comparatively onerous. Jack is cleaning up while Schmeling is resting.

But the German has thrown on the American the burden of clearing the path to a Sharkey-Schmeling fight.

Schmeling should be on this side battling alongside Sharkey to clean away all the Scotts, Von Porats, Griffiths, Campolos and Carneras from the path of a Sharkey-Schmeling fight. Sulking in Germany will get Schmeling nothing.

At this writing, the Sharkey-Scott bout at Miami had not yet been contested. Having fought Sharkey and refereed the Scott-Von Porat affair in New York, I might say at this juncture that comparatively little trouble confronts Jack in his fight with the Englishman. I don't want to be set down as one of those who rate the Briton as a complete dud, and call the Miami event a poor match. On the contrary, I believe the Sharkey-Scott event just the sort of impetus Miami and the stage of the season demand of the heavyweight carnival.

THERE is a demand for a big heavyweight fight at Miami in February each year. Sport lovers from all over the country congregate in Florida. The fight draws folks from Havana, even Central America, and all points in the United States.

Your tired business man from Grand Rapids may not like golf. He may not be lured strongly enough by the sunshine on the beach at Miami. But add the spice of a heavyweight fight and he has just enough incentive to pack up his lighter duds and hit the trail for the Southland.

Down in Florida, they welcome a fight as a break in the routine of East Coast life in February. They don't expect to see a contest that would settle the world's championship. Men down there realize that Miami's appeal, its arena, its financial possibilities for a heavyweight fight are limited when compared with similar factors in, let us say, New York or Chicago.

It would not be the best sort of business sense to stage a Sharkey-Schmeling bout in Miami, and those who go to the Miami feature arranged by my good friend Bill Carey know and realize all that.

Miami is a great spot for a fight. It has geographical position, climate, money, all in its favor.

Miami is a playground, and any such spot is fertile ground for any event like a heavyweight contest.

But with all its advantages, Miami presents quite a problem to the promoter. Ask me, for I know. I was associated with my pal Tex Rickard in the Sharkey-Stribling bout in Miami Beach and when Tex passed away, I took hold myself.

* * *

IT is hard to gauge the drawing powers of a Miami fight until the day of the bout. Folks down that way seem to wait for a peek at the weather. And lots of them cannot be bothered by buying tickets far in advance.

I remember last year things did not look so rosy a few days before the fight. But in the last three days there was a great rush for the box offices and an influx from all sections of the country. It was quite evident that for weeks men had resisted the lure of the bout and the country, only to succumb in the final days.

When the bout was fought, Sharkey lived up to all the things I had expected of him.

Now this man from Boston really is a great fighter. I ranked him No. 1 among our heavyweights when I arranged the 1929 ratings for THE RING and the boxing public last month, and I hold that he has everything that goes with that ranking.

I do not quite understand the opposition in some quarters to the Sharkey-Scott bout.

I think it ranks with the Corbett-Mitchell fight which was the only previous international heavyweight match in Florida. Many years back Gentleman Jim took on Mitchell at Jacksonville and polished Charley off in a few rounds.

According to my way of thinking, Scott rates a better match

SCHMELING TAKES THE SPOTLIGHT

for Sharkey than Mitchell did for Corbett. And the Corbett-Mitchell affair was hailed all over the country as a great event. The passing years have raised the standard, and have made the fans more critical

* * *

NOW to return to Schmeling. The time has come for the German to come out of his hibernation. Either Schmeling takes a hand in the heavyweight situation and returns here to do his share of the fighting, or he moves out of the picture. I think the boxing world has been very indulgent with Schmeling, and the American ring fans have been very kind to him.

I remember what I had to do to get a foothold. I came to New York unknown, but confident. I was broke. A "century" was a fortune to me.

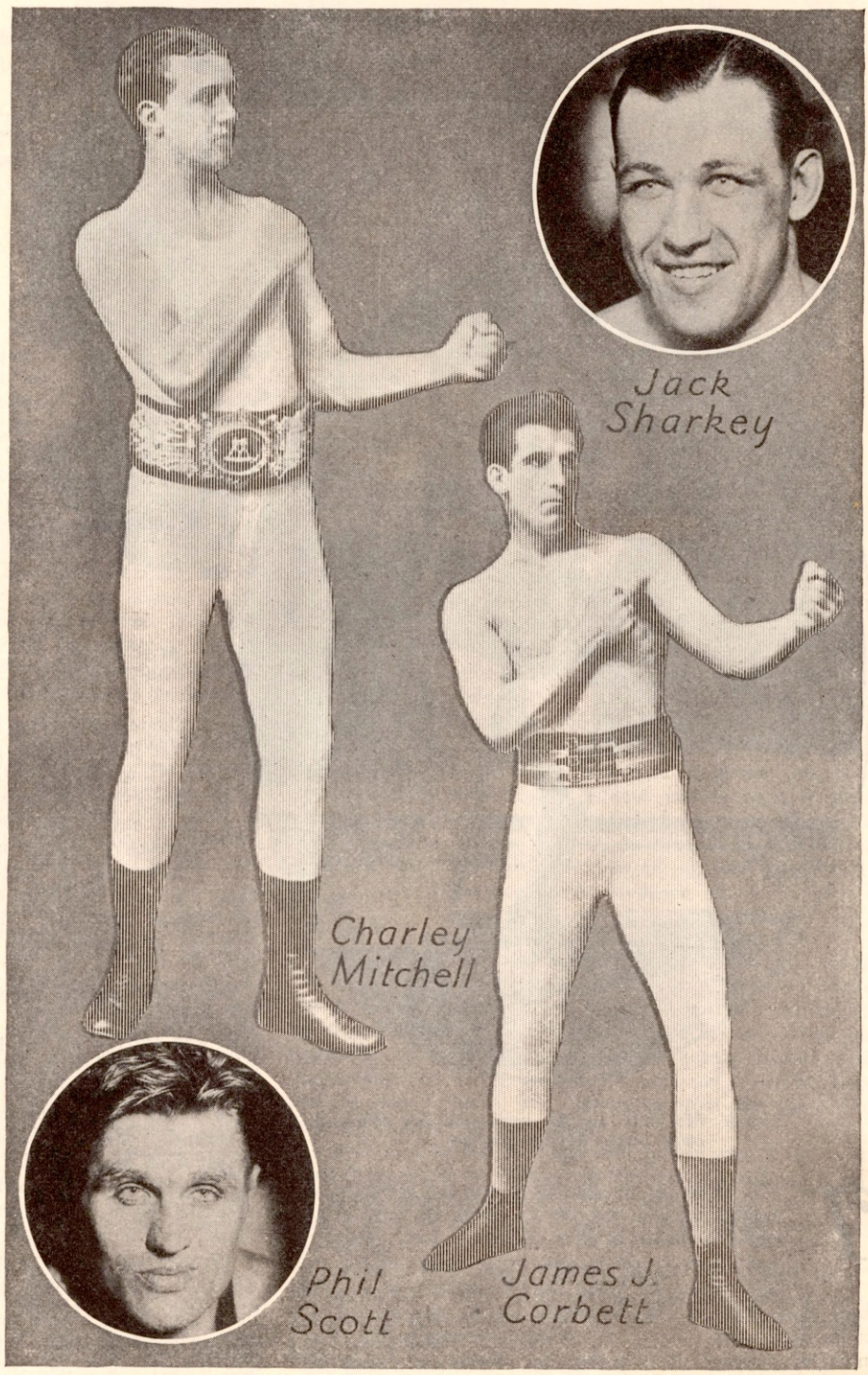
I HAD to take them on, one after the other, to prove that I was not just another overflow from the rush of "white hopes." The ring had had an epidemic of bad heavies after the Johnson victory over Jeffries, and that sort of made it tougher for me.

I had to fight and keep fighting, on my way to the match with Fulton. And I wanted to keep fighting. I felt strange and restive when I had no training to do and no objective in front of me.

With that in mind, and knowing Schmeling's youth, it is strange to me that he has remained over on the other side and carried on a long range squawk and sulk.

After Miami, eyes turn to Schmeling. But they will not glue on the German for long if he doesn't fight, though at this time there is strong promise of a Schmeling appearance in New York in June.

Men like Griffith and Von Porat are coming up. The heavyweight division is restless. The prize is rich, the lure powerful, the incentive very strong.

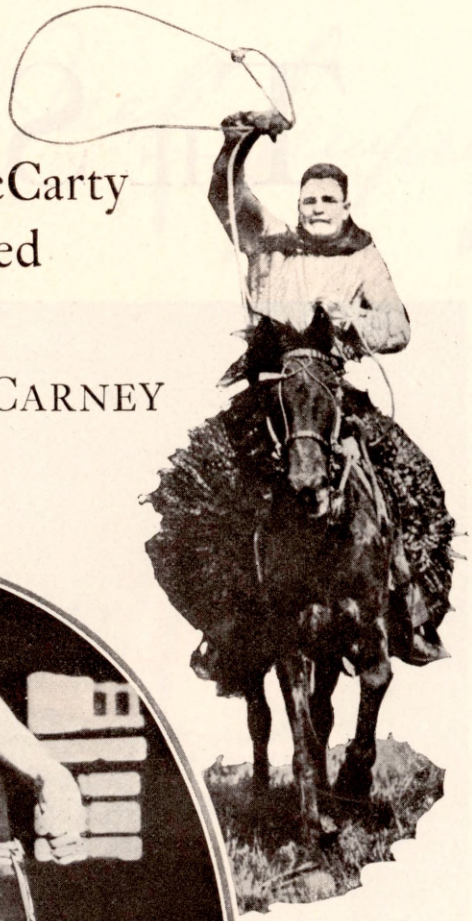


Here we have a striking contrast—Sharkey and Scott of Miami's shore and 1930, and Corbett and Mitchell of Jacksonville back in the day when dad was a young man. Corbett knocked out Mitchell in the third round.

When White Hopes

How Luther McCarty Was Exploited

By Prof. BILLY McCARNEY



McCarty, the Cowboy

Luther McCarty as he appeared for his bout with Arthur Pelkey

THE battle for recognition among the white heavyweights is on in full swing. From all parts of the world, England, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Argentina and America, the huskies are striving for the title left vacant by Gene Tunny's retirement. I may have more than an outside interest in the outcome of this battle royal when I say there are only two outstanding figures in the heavyweight ranks to-day, Jack Sharkey of Boston and Max Schmeling of Germany, but even if this were not the case, I still would stand by the above remark.

Furthermore, I will go a step beyond this by declaring that of the two, the German is the outstanding heavyweight and were he not embroiled in the troubles that have beset him, long ago he would have cleaned up every contender. I have been associated with some of the world's greatest fighters, have managed and seconded the leaders in fisticuffs, and feel qualified to say that in Max Schmeling, boxing has the greatest prospect since Jack Dempsey polished off big Jess Willard. In fact, in the German lad, we have a second Dempsey. In his ring actions, his strength, his shiftiness and his punching power, Schmeling is a ringer for the man whose colorfulness and fighting ability made him the greatest of all modern ring attractions.

* * *

I WAS one of the originators of the "White Hope" tournaments which flourished after Jim Jeffries was whipped by Jack Johnson and the world was seeking a white man to dethrone the negro. While waiting for the return of Schmeling and his ultimate battle with the winner of the Miami Beach contest to decide the world's heavyweight championship, I cannot help but think of the stirring "White Hope" days which were no different from what is going on at present except for the fact that no negro now holds the helm.

It was back in the period between 1910 and 1915 that every overgrown small town lad who thought he had any ability, was signed by big and small time managers, placed in the hands of trainers, with the dethroning of Jack Johnson as the chief objective. From the most unheard of places there came prospective heavyweight champions. They loomed on the fistic horizon from far off sections which were scarcely visible to the naked eye.

Some came on and begged for a chance because they saw big money ahead. Others were sent along by big moneyed men who thrived on the publicity they were getting. Still others were grabbed up by good judges of fighters from the mines, the lumber camps and the farms. Most of them came quickly and hit the trail back home even quicker.

Through a strange coincidence I managed the first "White Hope," Carl Morris, and I also managed the best of all the big fellows drawn to boxing by a desire of the white race, discovered by me in a period when the air was full of "white hopes," and in my judgment the best heavyweight prospect of all time, was this other fighter, Luther McCarty.

Luther McCarty came along at the right time. He was to develop a man to whip Johnson. The peer of all "white hope" expectations and the country still labored under the impression that any man, strong, brawny, tall, muscular and virile, could make the grade and bring back the heavyweight championship to the white race.

But to bring such a fellow to the front, was not an easy

Were The Rage—

task. There were too many false alarms in the field and, with my knowledge of ballyhoo, I decided upon a scheme which I knew would take the attention of the fight public from the rest of the boys and throw it on my hope, Luther McCarty.

I decided to make of Luther a picturesque, colorful character. I prepared a grand stage setting and the newspaper men, novelists and fight promoters throughout the country aided my cause. Having been an advance man on other occasions, I knew the rounds pretty thoroughly, and alive to the occasion, I gripped the public pulse with the story of this Western cowboy giant, the new "White Hope" who would whip any man in the universe.

* * *

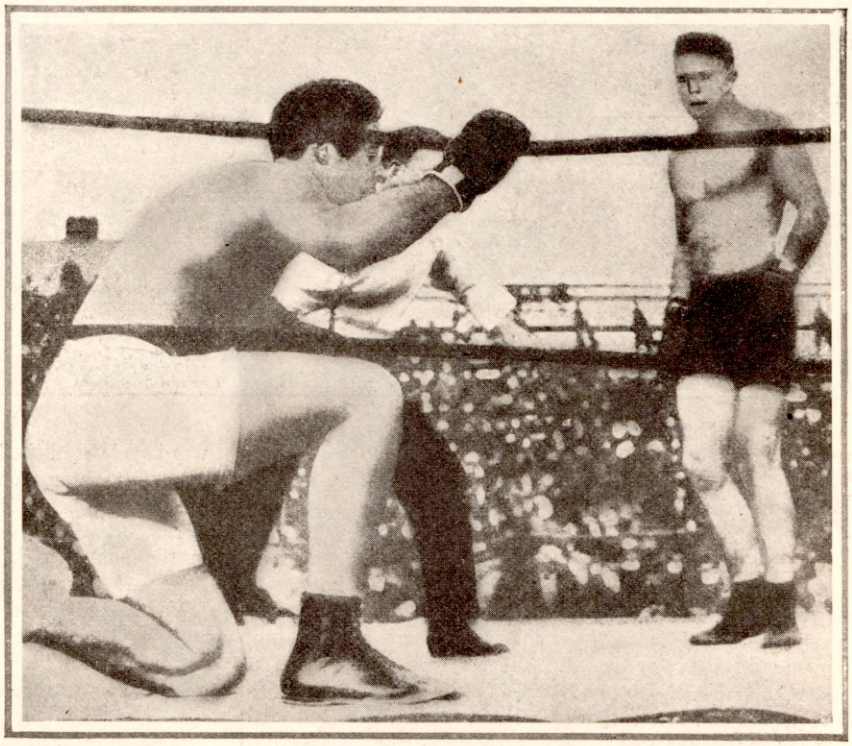
LUTHER had one thing, size. He had another, strength. He possessed a third great fighting asset—a fighting heart and last but not least, he was clever and a terrific hitter. What more did I want? There was all the material any press agent would deem sufficient to put his man over, but I wanted still more. His physical appearance was not sufficient, thought I, to keep him above all others in the public limelight. He must have added color—something about which the scribes could get special stories.

That was my aim and I soon hit upon an idea. The press agent—the ballyhoo man, got busy. I got Luther to dress in a cowboy makeup. I had photos taken of him swinging a lariat, riding a broncho, wearing buckskin, a red handkerchief and a sombrero.

Here now was a picturesque character, the kind around which the boys could write a colorful yarn. Press agenting was still in its infancy at the time, but our ballyhoo tactics were far more impressive than the cut and dried stuff of to-day. My plan worked. Reams and reams of publicity were obtained and almost overnight, Luther McCarty became the most talked of "White Hope" in America.

Of Luther's rise to fame and his untimely death, much has already been written, but of his family, little has been said. He came from American-Scotch parents. I took McCarty from his home, Driftwood Creek, Wild Horse Canon, Hitchcock County, Nebraska, in 1910, and worked secretly with him for almost a year before I started him on his career. While the East, particularly New York, was singing the praises of Al Palzer, Tom O'Rourke's fine heavyweight, and the Pacific Coast was shouting the praises of Charley Miller, the Fighting Motorman, a tremendously big and powerful fellow, Jim Flynn of Pueblo, the Fighting Fireman, suddenly ended the hopes of Miller with a knockout. Likewise he had checked the career of Carl Morris, leaving Al Palzer the leading, outstanding young white heavyweight at the time that I decided to launch the drive for Luther McCarty.

With Luther's name never before having graced the prints of any big town newspaper, I suddenly shot him into the front ranks by having him knock out Morris in the little town of Springfield, Mo. Soon after that, while we were passing through Ohio, where I was exploiting him, Luther read of the appearance in the villages of a street fakir of the old school, who looked and dressed like an Indian. He became eager



Luther McCarty knocking out Al Kaufman

and noticing that he seemed worried, I asked him the cause. He told me he knew this fakir and asked if I would try to find him and report on his general appearance.

To ease his mind, I took a carriage and went to the nearby village. There, standing on the curb near a grocery store, was an Indian, tall and massive, and grouped about him was a troupe of performers.

There was a woman who did some acrobatic stunts; a man who bent heavy iron bars over his knee and broke heavy chains; a girl who permitted herself to be chained and then got out of the entanglement without outside help; a snake charmer; two ponies drawing an elaborately decorated wagon, a greyhound and several dogs of apparently mixed breed. The fakir also had a tent spread out and on this tent was printed:

"White Eagle, The Medicine Man"

* * *

THE Indian sold a concoction which he labelled "snake oil". When the performance was over, he stood before the entrance of the tent, and holding a bottle in his hands, he elucidated on the value of this medicine as a cure for toothache, rheumatism, gout, headache, aching muscles, and almost anything in the way of ills, and the crowd he drew and the sales he made, were convincing proof that those who gathered believed in its remedies.

I went back to the hotel and told Luther what I had seen. When I described the Indian, and told what he sold and of the circus performance, Luther fairly leaped off his chair. He made a dive for the door. I halted him and asked him what was wrong.

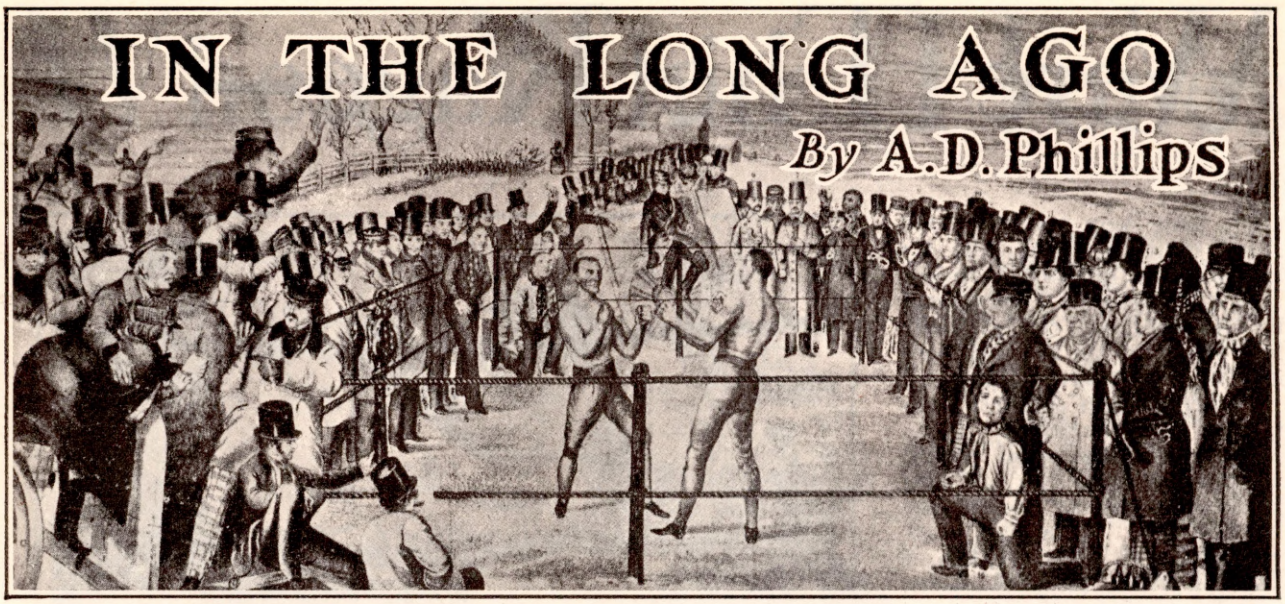
"Nothing," he replied. "Let me alone. I'll be back soon," and with those words, he threw open the door, rushed down the street, leaped on his horse and flew away in the direction I had given him.

He missed the road, however, and returned without having seen the Indian.

Some months later, we came (*Continued on page 71*)

IN THE LONG AGO

By A.D. Phillips



WE thought we would have a fight to report this week, says the *Spirit of the Times* in its issue of January 9, 1858, which although not exactly within the rules of the Prize Ring, came so near to them that it might have been considered a fair fight for the championship of these United States. The parties were John Morrissey, of pugilistic, if not of fire-eating renown, and one John C. Heenan, known as the "Benecia Boy", who had come all the way from California, for the purpose of whipping Morrissey.

The parties met at Kerrigans, in White Street, and the match was made for $500 a side. It was agreed that the pugs were to go to Strykers' Bay and fight in a room, in fair fighting costume. They were not to gouge, bite or kick—not to wear heavy boots or other accessories. There were to be five attendants of the ring, seconds or bottle-holders, as the old chronicles used to have it—admitted to see fair play.

At Strykers' Bay all preparations were made, and a crowd of the boys were on hand, but the beaks made their appearance and an adjournment was moved and carried. The principals, the crowd, and the accessories started for Fordham, in upper New York, and finding no agreeable hospitality in that benighted village, took the route to McCombs Dam, where a barn was rented on Jerome avenue, and with much care lighted up, and every preparation made for the accommodation of all the crowd to see the mill. Just as the men were stripped and ready for action, the alarm was given that the beaks were down upon them, and Morrissey, who had thrown in his caster, was grabbed.

The "Benecia Boy" was afterwards taken at Jenkins' Hotel, on the Bloomingdale Road. Thus was marred one of the best fights of the year. It was not intended to be a rough and tumble fight as some of the morning dailies have represented. It was this adverse criticism, undoubtedly caused by malice, that brought about this uncalled for police interference.

* * *

Dutch Sam's Ruse

FROM *Bell's Life*, London, 1832, we select the following comment: Dutch Sam, when fighting, had a knack of feigning illness. He would drop his head on his opponent's shoulder two or three times, as if he were beaten. This was but a sly trick of the wily Hebrew, not only to trick the knowing ones, but to signal to his brother Jews among the spectators that he held his man safe, so that they might get their money on, and thus take the Gentiles in as suckers and line their own pockets at the same time.

In his third fight with Tom Belcher, the trick was successfully worked. The Hebrews renewed their importunities and increased their odds, and the Gentiles, involving themselves in fresh and unheard-of stakes, believing, as they did, that Sam was hopelessly licked, took on all comers and laid big odds. It was simply a ruse on Dutch Sam's part to help his people trim the rival clan.

But, what a change came "o'er the spirit of their dream" in the next round, when "Dutch" sprang from his second's knee like a greyhound from the leash, and, without further faking, planted one of those famous pile-drivers of his in Belcher's short ribs, which, to all intents and purposes, finished the fight. Tom fell forward as if shot, and, though he "came again," was a beaten man from that moment.

"There," said Sam, in his usual quick, inarticulate fashion, "there, mine hearts, I could have done that for you half an hour ago if I had liked. Vhat!" he exclaimed, when he saw Belcher slowly rise at the call of time, "vhat! you vill come up again? Vell, vell; now I'll do vhat I likes vid him, so help me Cot!"

And so he did, as we all know.

* * *

When Corbett Beat the Grim Reaper

IN the *"Boston Transcript,"* October 2, 1912:

Stricken with what may prove a fatal illness, while apparently enjoying the best of health, James J. Corbett is in a Philadelphia hospital suffering from peritonitis. Corbett was to have appeared at one of the Quaker City theatres this week, but on Monday was taken ill and a physician was finally called.

His diagnosis was appendicitis, and Corbett was rushed to a hospital. There the incision made in the abdomen revealed the fact that the appendix had burst, and that peritonitis had set in. This malady is recognized as a very grave one and Corbett's only chance to live depends much on his physical condition.

And at this writing, 18 years later, Gentleman Jim, hale and hearty, is in California on a stage tour.—Editor's note.

* * *

First Fight Report on Record

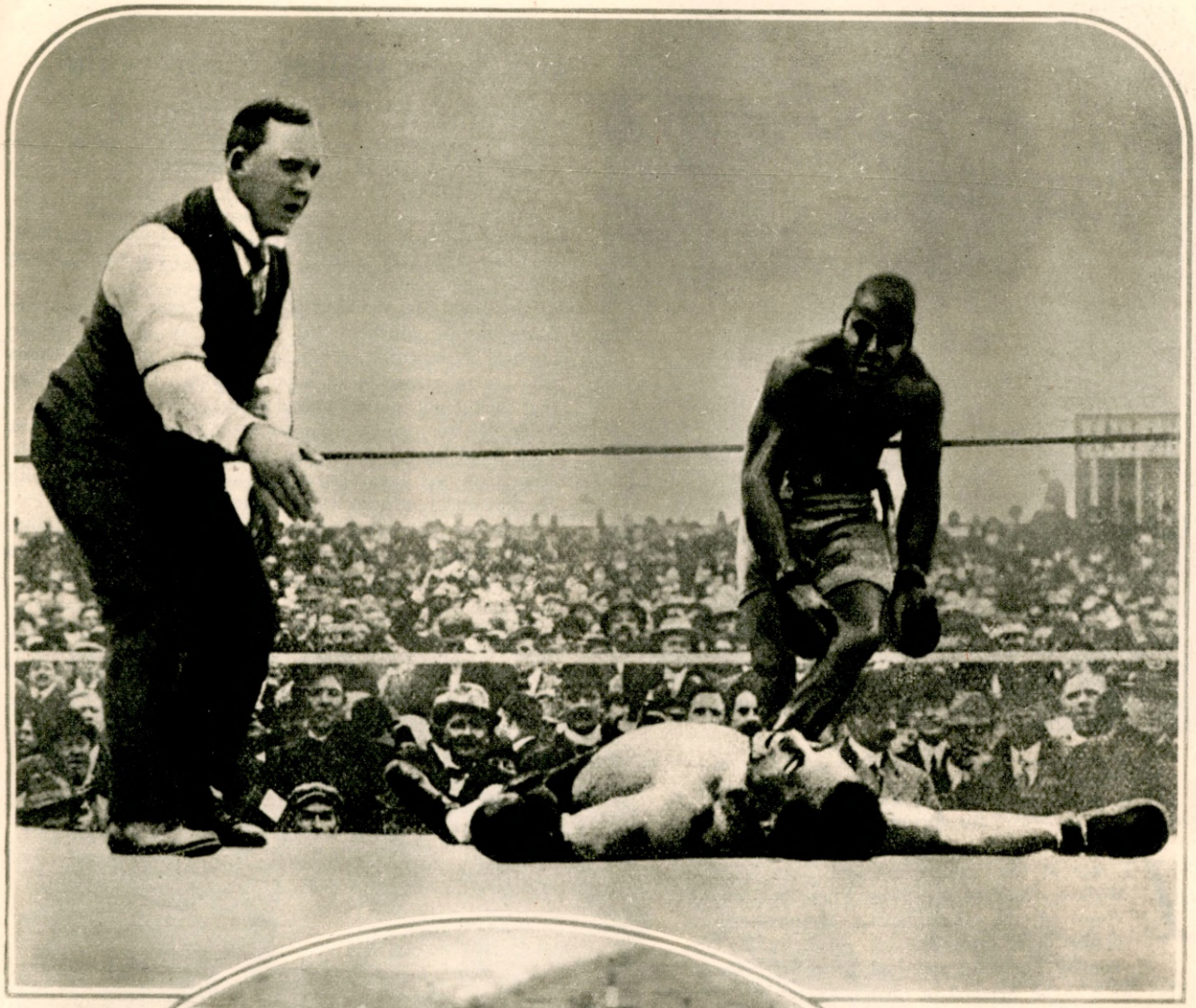
IN Malcolm's "Manners and Customs of London" of 1868, we find the subjoined extract from "The Protestant Mercury," of January, 1681, which is the first report of a prize fight on newspaper record:

"Yesterday a match of boxing was performed before his Grace the Duke of Albemarle, between the duke's footman and a butcher. The latter won the prize, as he hath done many before, being accounted, though but a little man, the best at that exercise in England."

"Here be proofs!" 1, of ducal patronage; 2, of a stake of money; 3, of the custom of public boxing; 4, of the skill of the victor, "he being but a little man"; and all in a five-line paragraph.

The names of the contestants are unwritten.

Opposites in the Career of Jack Johnson



Here we see Jack Johnson, the great Negro heavyweight, watching the unconscious Stanley Ketchel as the referee was counting him out in the twelfth round of their bout at Colma, Cal., on October 16, 1909. In this bout Ketchel floored Johnson for a count of eight.

And here we see the great Negro shading his eyes while the referee is completing the count which crowned the "white hope," Jess Willard, new heavyweight king. What a difference a few years make!

On the Verge

Dr. W. A. Walker Analyzes the Fighters' Temperament at Weighing-in Time

Jack Dempsey being weighed in by William Muldoon for fight with Luis Firpo. Here he is in prime condition, ready to be unleashed for action

IT was at the Yankee Stadium. Dr. William Walker, chief of the New York medical advisors of the State boxing commission was sitting in a little dressing room waiting for Tommy Loughran and Jack Sharkey to arrive. They were to be weighed in that afternoon for their heavyweight elimination bout.

Dr. Walker, with William Muldoon, the Grand Old Man of Boxing, looking on, was preparing his papers for the physical examination required of all boxers in the Empire State, when in walked genial Bert Stand, secretary to the commission, with the announcement that Sharkey was ready and at the call of the doctor.

Sharkey was ushered into a large room where the official scales were placed and around which a flock of newspaper photographers, motion picture cameramen and newsreel picture artists were in waiting to snap the proceedings. Jack got on the scales and Muldoon set the bar. The photographs taken, Sharkey was then asked to enter the little room where Dr. Walker had previously been, there to be examined.

I had noticed that although Sharkey outwardly attempted to be in a jovial mood, his muscles were tense, his eyes were fixed, he seemed to be extremely nervous and was eager to have it all over with. I asked Dr. Walker if that did not indicate perfect condition for the Bostonian, and he remarked:

"Come into that room after I'm through with the examination. I'll then explain fully just what each reaction indicates in the condition of the man."

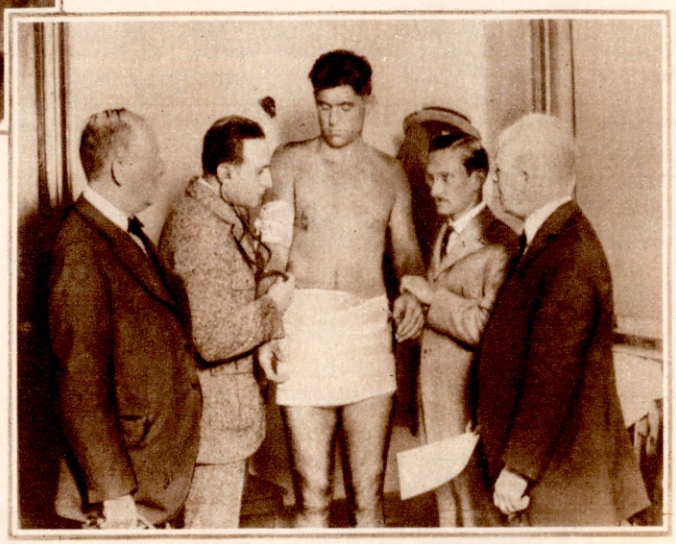
* * *

I was present at the weighing-in of Gene Tunney for his fight with Jack Dempsey in Philadelphia, for the Dempsey examination at Chicago and the Dempsey and Firpo tests and numerous other examinations of famous boxers for world-famous battles, hence was eager to study from close range the man who may shortly wear the crown which Gene Tunney abdicated.

I accepted Dr. Walker's offer and if ever there was any doubt in my mind of the accuracy of such a minute physical examination in gauging the condition of the men who are to engage in an important bout, I can safely say that such doubt quickly passed away.

Dr. Walker, who during his eight years with the New York State Boxing Board has examined more famous gladiators than any other physician, turned to me when both Sharkey and Loughran had left the room, and said:

"Sharkey will win the fight and possibly by a knockout. He is in perfect condition. Never saw him better. His whole body vibrates with energy. His eyes are sparkling.



Luis Firpo receives blood pressure test for bout with Dempsey

His pupil reflexes indicate a high-strung condition, which in Sharkey's case, is a sign of physical perfection. He is irritable—a sure sign of trouble ahead for Loughran. He is highly nervous, eager to be unleashed—a sign that he'll tear into Loughran and fight as he did against Jack Dempsey.

"In the words of the layman, he is primed for quick action and a sure killing. His pupils dilated and contracted very quickly—a sign of keenness of eye, fine vision, sure measurement of his man. He is 100 per cent perfect and no matter how good Loughran is, Jack will go him one better."

* * *

THOSE were Dr. Walker's words to me, taken in my interview in an effort to test the true meaning of those required physical examinations of a boxer on the eve of his battle.

Were they convincing? I should say one hundred per cent.

I asked Dr. Walker for his opinion on Loughran and he informed me that Tommy was rather sluggish compared to his rival, carried excess baggage around the back and that the

# of Battle

By NAT FLEISCHER

energy which Tommy always had shown in the past, especially for his battles with Braddock and Lomski was missing.

There was an expert opinion worth a thousand times that of the average newspaper boxing expert. What, thought I, would the gamblers give to be in a position to obtain Dr. Walker's figures and his full report in bouts where considerable sums were being wagered? I approached Dr. Walker and queried him on this point and he smilingly replied:

"They've beaten you to it. Jim Farley and Bill Muldoon are never caught asleep. At the time of the Firpo-Dempsey battle, the commission asked me to release my complete chart to you boys for publication and I obeyed. What was the result? The gamblers got busy and used my report as they would a race chart and when the commission was apprised of the situation, they decided never again to make the examination figures public. All I am permitted to do now is to tell the newspaper boys in what condition I found the fighters, but I don't discuss the technical examination."

* * *

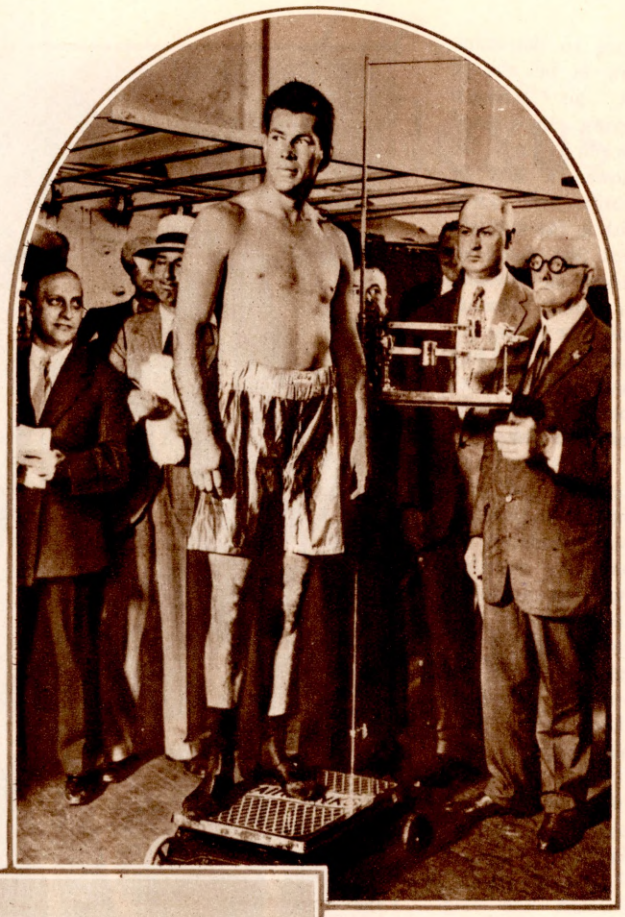
AND with that, Dr. Walker delved into the conditions of various types of fighters during the weighing-in procedure and from him, I learned the following interesting facts:

The smaller the fry and the less the ring experience, the less nervous the boys are and the less energy is expended.

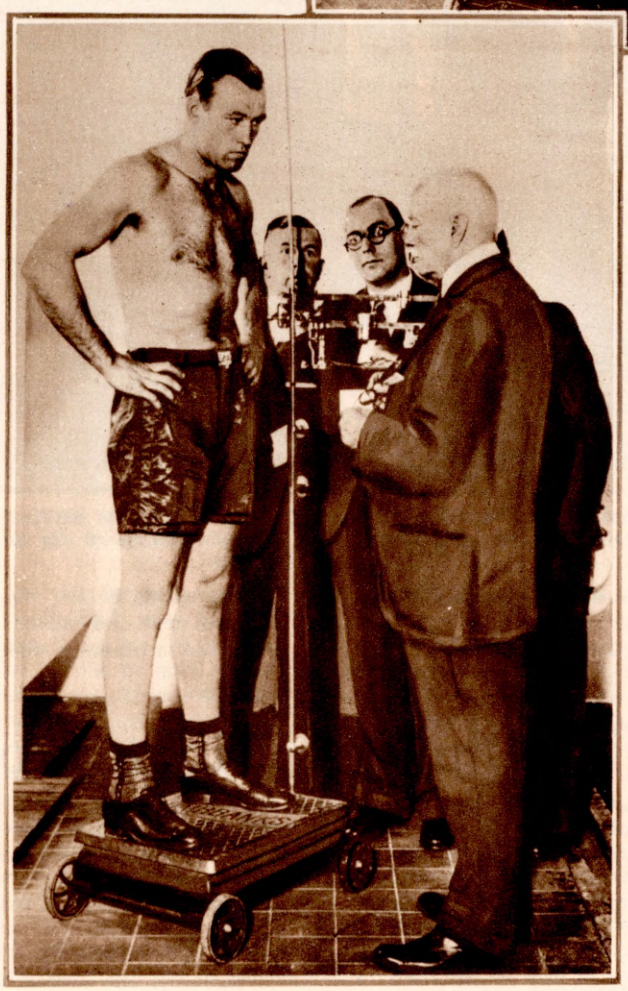
A fighter of exceptional ability, the fellow who ranks among the leaders in his profession, no matter what his class, the more high strung he will appear on the eve of a fight. Such a chap shows considerable pent-up energy, is very irritable and is eager to get over with the proceedings. He shows every evidence of fine training. In other words, he is primed for battle and like a thoroughbred horse, is tearing at the reins to get into action.

The finer the condition of the fighter, the keener his eyes. He will show quick pupilary reflexes—they will dilate and contract without a single sign of sluggishness.

Jack Dempsey of the modern boys, exemplified more than any other fighter, the high-strung type. He was extremely fidgety and otherwise displayed the



Gene Tunney, full of confidence, as he weighs in for Heeney battle



Jack Sharkey on afternoon of contest with Dempsey

* * *

symptoms of a highly nervous person.

Benny Leonard ran him a close second. When Benny Leonard was well trained, he was the most irritable fellow that ever entered a ring.

Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney were directly opposite. Both were equally irritable. Both were high-strung. Tunney, however, had marvelous control over his nervous system. He was able to hide what the other fellow showed openly. In Gene's case, only the medical man could see through his sham. Dr. Walker was able to detect all these symptoms yet the scribes all wrote about Gene's extreme calmness.

* * *

Luis Firpo was exactly the other extreme. He showed absolutely no nervous energy signs. He was calm to the extreme. He was almost unaware that an examination was taking

place to determine how fit he was to pit his strength against the world champion. He showed a lack of sensitiveness and, with it, the sluggishness that would indicate an inability to detect openings and take proper advantage of the opportunities that might present themselves to him.

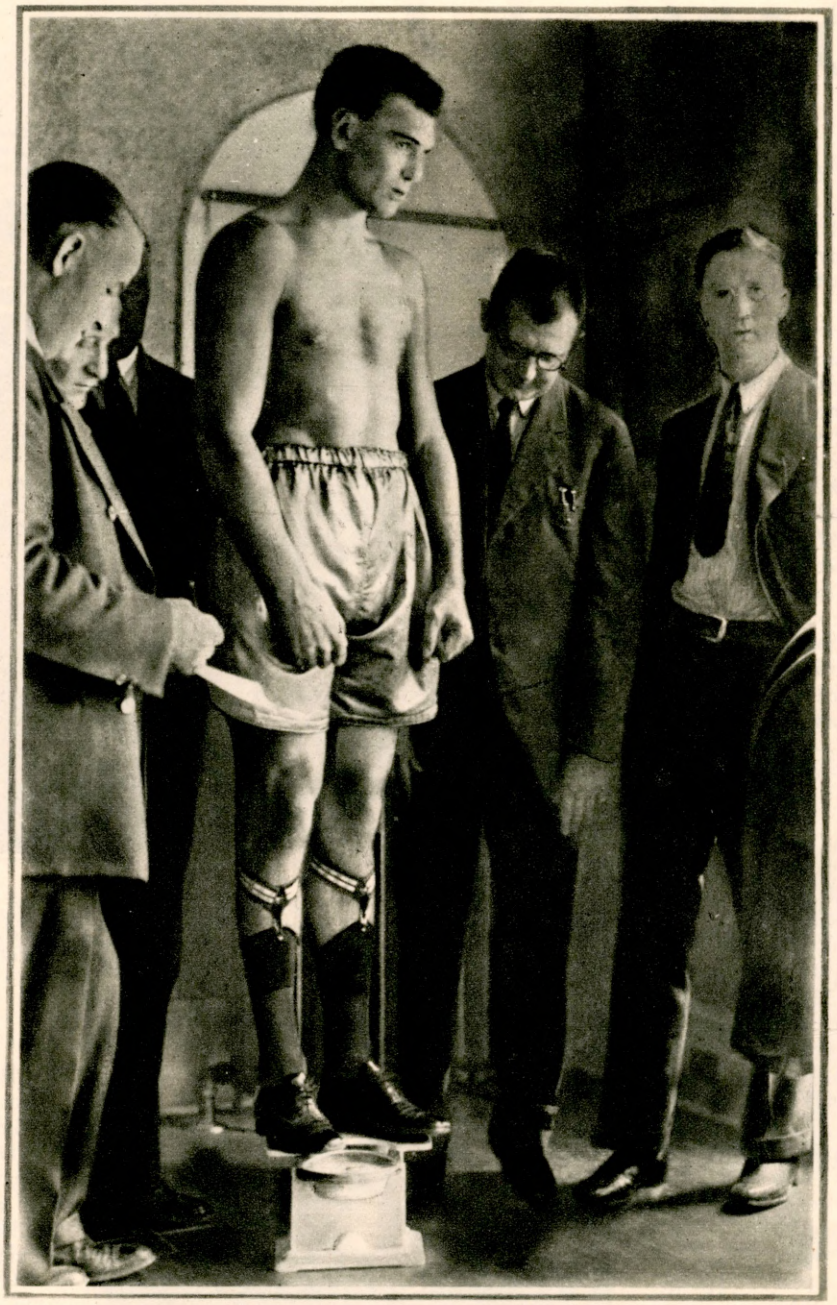
Everything that happened in that fight with Dempsey was indicated in the physical examination. His reaction to the various tests showed him to be a man of gigantic strength, tremendous lung power, and heaps of vitality, but with a lack of brain power, slow thinking and lacking initiative. This I noted through the sluggishness of all his reflexes. They didn't react to any kind of impulse. His was a slow motion action toward the stimulus, but he had the brute strength and that figured to make up for some of his other defects.

The preliminary boy shows the same excitement or nervousness that the well trained athlete displays, but in the case of the latter, it is there because of his fine training while with the raw novice, it is displayed because of his fear and is not a reaction due to his training.

The mental condition also plays an important part. It has a marked effect on a high-strung fighter. The more high-strung, the greater the strain and the greater the physical defect. That is why a highly nervous fighter will invariably take a two-hour rest before his fight. He will sleep off some of this strain in order to be able to effect a complete coordination of mind and muscle when he enters the ring.

A striking example of nerves was recently displayed in the Jack Berg and Tony Canzoneri scrap at the Garden. Berg, in the dressing room several moments before entering the ring, was a source of deep aggravation to his handlers. He was unable to stand still for a minute, fidgeting around restlessly, moving around, shadow boxing and altogether presenting a nervous spectacle. He is all nerves just before entering the ring but once he steps inside the ropes, his position becomes relaxed. The amount of energy he expends while in action is responsible for this vibration.

He is merely a bundle of nerves tensed for action and waiting for the spark to release the fire. Once the fighting gets under way he is attuned to his task and the rapidity of his delivery of punches can be laid to relaxation while punching with both hands.



Dempsey, worried from constant dodging of process servers, looks anything but the Manassa Mauler when weighing in for his first fight with Tunney

Dempsey Monthly Contributor to The Ring

WITH the annual ranking of the fighters of the world in the February issue, Jack Dempsey, former world's heavyweight champion, started a series of articles for The Ring which the publisher hopes will continue for many years.

In this issue you will find an interesting and informative article by Dempsey in which he discussed the aftermath of the Miami fight and says some straight from the shoulder things about Schmeling.

In the next issue Dempsey will talk about the winner of the fight at Miami, and will have something to tell you about Primo Carnera, the mastodon of the maulers.

Is Carnera just another Dunkhorst, or is he to be reckoned with in the heavyweight situation?

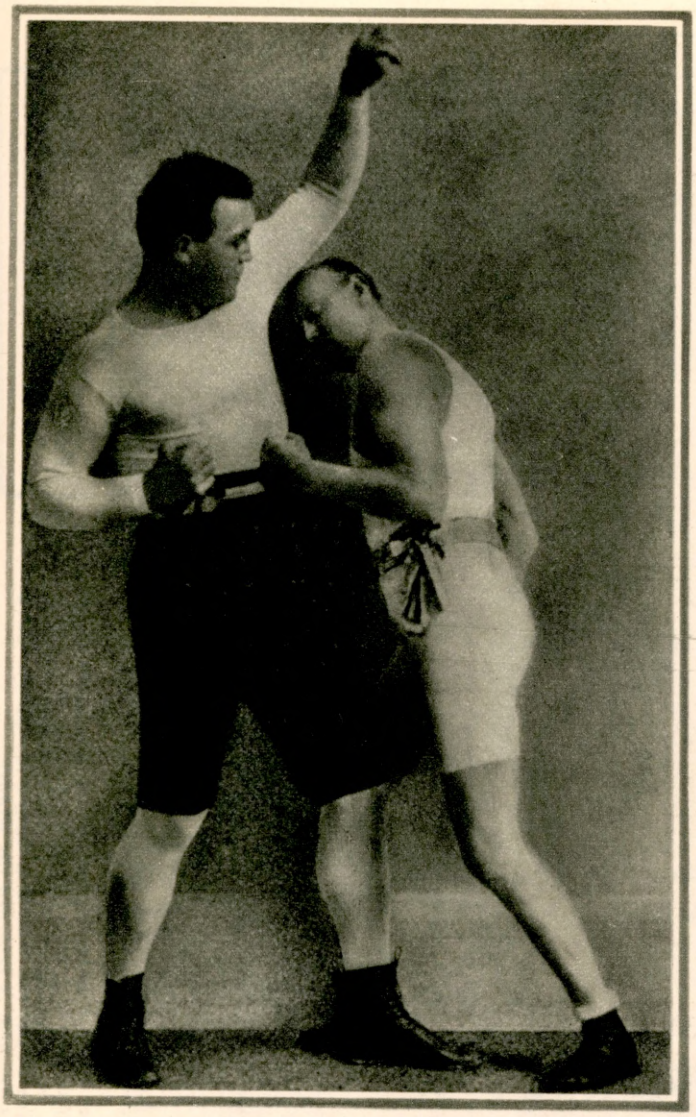
Is Carnera a contender, or must we get ready to consign him to the fistic junk pile along with so many other battlers of exceeding bulk?

Do not fail to get The Ring for April—and for all the months thereafter, for Jack Dempsey promises some unusual articles for this magazine.

The Solar Plexus Blow

200 Years Old

By A. D. PHILLIPS



Bob Fitzsimmons showing Jeffries how he delivered the solar plexus blow to Jim Corbett

IT has always been a mystery to me why a blow that had been known and used in boxing for centuries before Ruby Robert was born, should have been linked with his name and heralded as a great discovery. In reading through the annals of boxing in England, one finds continual reference to a blow called "Broughton's Mark" where the ribs part from below the breast bone. "That Fatal Spot" it was termed and when the fist found "The Mark", the contest ended then and there.

In one memorable battle when the only foreigner who had ever held the Championship of England was defeated, "Broughton's Mark" was the means of ending the conflict. The fight was between Tom Juchan, a Swiss by birth and by trade a Paver His name in pugilism was Disher. Whether from his ability in dishing his opponents or not, it is too late to inquire.

Juchan was said to have fought over one hundred battles but only two of them have been recorded. The first of these two was between Charles Coant, the hero of many hard fought contests and the always victorious Disher. Coant fought the Swiss a fine battle which Juchan won after 47 minutes of fighting.

In 1766, the undefeated Champion met his Waterloo in William Darts, a Spitalsfields dyer. This contest was for the hitherto unheard of sum of 1,000 guineas—an equivalent of about $5,000. In this fight Darts expended every effort to blind his opponent by concentrating his shots on Juchan's eyes. Failing in this, he directed his attention to the body, till at last a crushing blow on that fatal spot "Broughton's Mark" stretched the brave Swiss senseless on the boards from where he could not answer the call of "Time".

* * *

IN an old account of a battle I read of one Bishop Sharpe, "The Bold Smuggler of Woolwich", one of the most remarkable fighters of his time. He had one deadly blow, and practically only one—a left hander on the "Mark"—the spot where the ribs part from the breast bone—"Broughton's Mark" it was first called, because the great Father of British Boxing always aimed at that spot to disable his adversary.

Then the prefix Broughton's, was gradually dropped, and the vulnerable spot was known as "The Mark", the spot now familiarly known as the solar plexus.

Well, it was at this spot that Bishop Sharpe aimed his deadly left and woe betide his opponent if he got that blow home. In sixteen out of the seventeen great battles he fought, the Bold Smuggler of Woolwich did get that blow home, and there was no need of repeating that dose. One was enough, and, after receiving it, his adversary was blind to the world for half an hour, sometimes more.

* * *

IN recent years Peter Maher, possessed of great shoulder power, made the "Mark" his favorite target. Steve O'Donnell, Joe Goddard, and Joe Choynski had all received their quietus through the instrumentality of that fatal blow, and it was observed that in Maher's fight with Kid McCoy, the Kid was very careful to keep out of range of it.

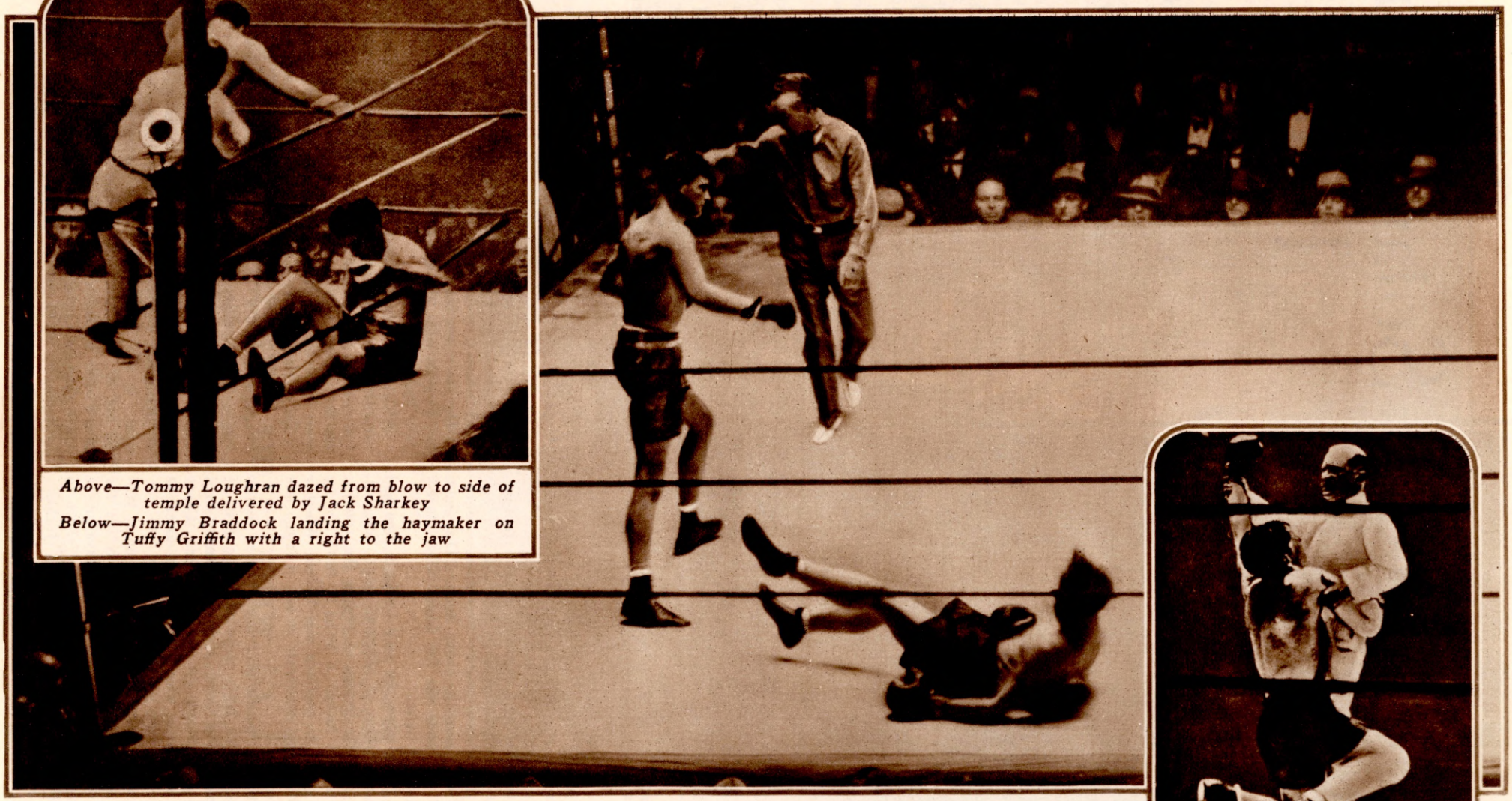
The glove seemed to sink right into the body, and with a low gurgling gasp, the stricken man would fall to the floor an inert mass.

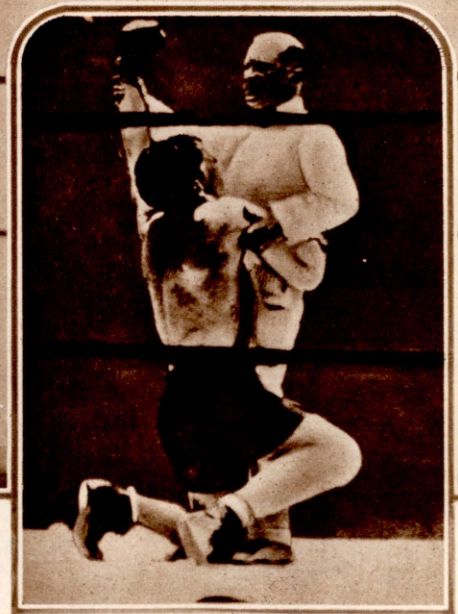
With such a dangerous punch, it is at first glance rather surprising that Peter had so few battles to his credit, but a few minutes thought would convince anyone that a man depending almost wholly on a right-hander to the solar plexus, must leave himself open at that equally vital point, the jaw.

He sacrificed everything to land his right, and very often met a left on the point that put him "hors de combat". "Broughton's Mark" is a very dangerous blow when landed but a clever pugilist knows how to smother it.

When Bob Fitzsimmons landed his now famous punch to Corbett's body which ended their bout and won for Ruby Robert the world's heavyweight championship, it was a hit to "Broughton's Mark" that brought victory to the Cornishman. It was Bob Davis, famous newspaperman then working for W. R. Hearst, who thought he had discovered a new punch after a doctor had explained to him that the punch which disabled Corbett was struck in the solar plexus region, an important nerve center. In reality, that punch was nothing more than had been on view hundreds of times ever since the days of Jack Broughton.

Above—Tommy Loughran dazed from blow to side of temple delivered by Jack Sharkey
Below—Jimmy Braddock landing the haymaker on Tuffy Griffith with a right to the jaw





Variety Is the Spice of Life

The above photographs serve as illustrations of types of blows that leave a deep impression on the fight fan as well as the fighter. In the Loughran bout, Tommy's brain was benumbed by the force of impact of Sharkey's punch. He acted like one whose body was completely paralyzed. In the bout with Braddock, Griffith was rendered helpless by a crash to the chin that also numbed the brain. In the lower picture we see the reactions from a low punch. Such a punch causes excruciating pain. Here the boxer who is downed, is returned the winner.

Tuffy Griffith declared the winner on a foul from Johnny Risko

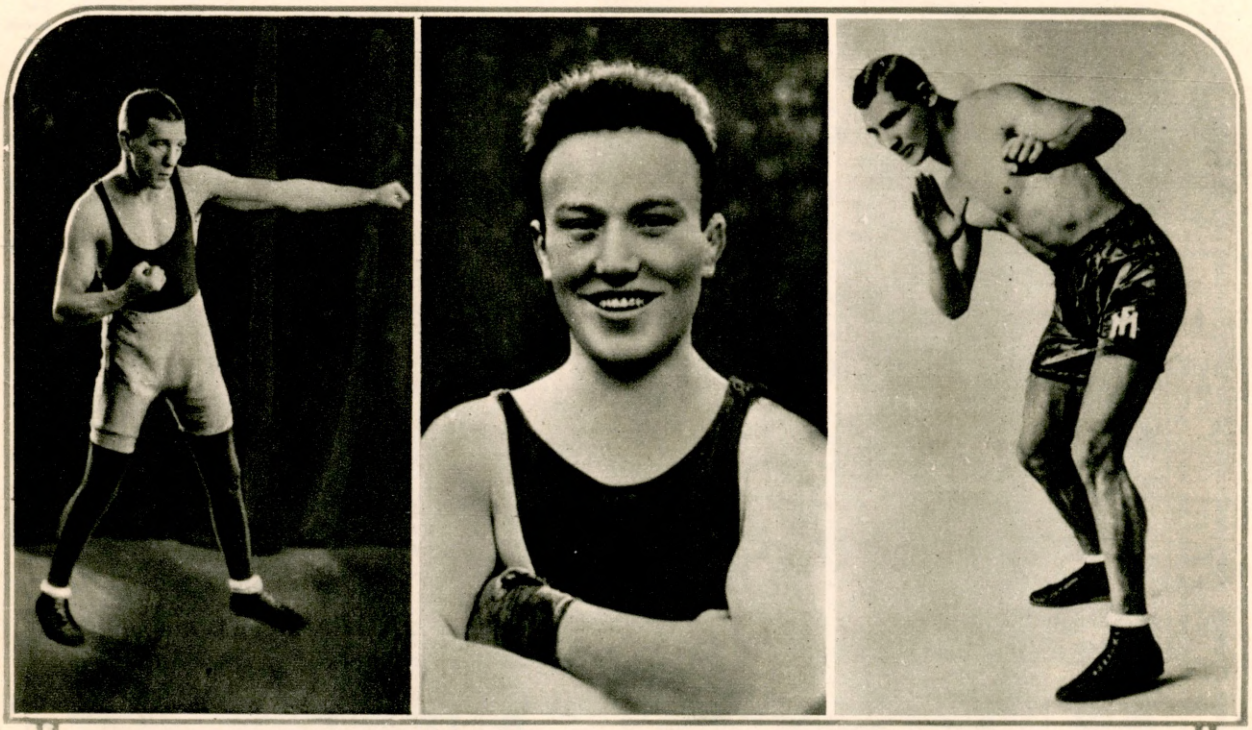
Principals and Scene of Great John L. Sullivan-Paddy Ryan Battle

An artist's sketch of the famous bout at Mississippi City, Miss., February 7, 1882, in which the Boston Strong Boy knocked out his opponent in nine rounds

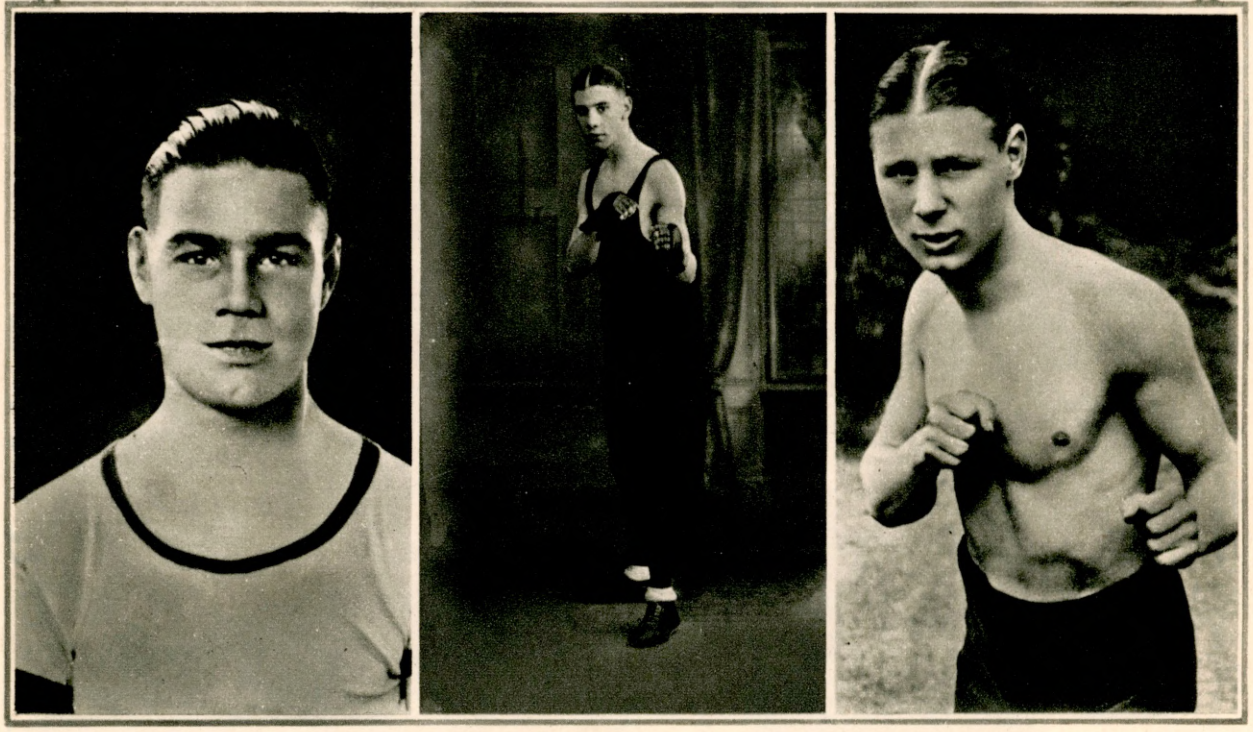
Dom Volante, featherweight star now in U. S.

Johnny Curley, former feather-weight champion

Frank Moody, light heavy-weight who is doing well



British Fighters Who Figure in the News of the Day



Kid Socks, bantamweight

Nel Tarlton, bantam now in U. S.

Kid Pattenden, star bantam

Reminiscences of a Referee

By EUGENE CORRI

I AM afraid that I cannot state with any degree of accuracy how many fights I have refereed in my forty years' affiliation with the boxing game, but I believe I will not be stretching it very far, when I say that I have officiated at more bouts, and more famous contests, especially championships, than any man either in Europe or in America. I started refereeing way back in the days of the old Adelphi Club in Maiden Lane, London, and, on and off, I have continued ever since. I might add that in the early nineties when American boys came over to England in numbers, I was the referee in most of the battles.

The surroundings were naturally a bit rough in the old days, and ofttimes the referee found the entire atmosphere one not very conducive to his good health, but all in all, I enjoyed my work immensely. I am one of those who do not like to compare the bouts of my days to those of the present, for things were different then and there is no doubt that boxing, like all other sports, has made tremendous strides.

I have been asked to write a series of stories, reminiscences if you choose, and I shall gladly comply with THE RING Publisher's request.

* * *

THERE is a story related concerning an athletic display which was being held in North London, in the course of which the master of the ceremonies distinguished himself in a somewhat unique fashion. He was a prominent local tradesman, and had been a fairly generous patron of the club which was holding the display, so that they readily requested him to officiate as Master of Ceremonies at some slight recompense for his past services.

He was highly flattered by the honor and was more than anxious to carry out his duties to the satisfaction of everyone present. Hence, observing that the principal item on the program was a big wrestling match for the championship of the district, in order to get an idea of how to announce this very important event, he went to the dressing room of one of the contestants and listened attentively to such conversations as he could overhear on the subject. Obviously he got himself well informed on the subject, for his announcement when introducing the wrestlers, ran as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the next item which I have the honor to announce, is a great contest for the wrestling championship between Tom Jones and Bill Smith. They will wrestle in the catch-as-catch-can style. The first bout will last 10 minutes and 30 seconds, and will be won by Smith. The second fall will be contested for 12 minutes 40 seconds, and will be won by Jones. The third and deciding fall will—" But at this point he was hustled off the platform and was almost mobbed.

* * *

I can't say that I was ever face to face with a situation of this description, but I ran up against one not wholly dissimilar once at Bob Habbijam's old place in London.

I was the official referee for the evening, and one of the items which had just been announced was a three-round exhibition bout between Bill Jones and one Devonport. The master of ceremonies concluded his announcement with some muttered finale, which sounded something like "may be three rounds and may be 100," but I felt certain that my ears had deceived me.

Be that as it may, the men came together (to box an exhibition, as I understood), so that there was no need for me to interfere. I could not help noticing that the exchanges were a bit heavy even in the first round, while by the time the third had been reached, it had become one of the fastest and most furious boxing contests one could wish to see.

At this stage Old Bob came up and whispered to me, "You had better let this fight go on, Mr. Corri, there's 'undreds of pounds hanging to it."

I can always look back on this as being about the most exciting "exhibition" of boxing I have ever seen.

* * *

Probably the most exciting fight at which I ever officiated as referee was that at Newcastle, between George Crisp and Ben Taylor. Taylor was at that time a greatly fancied man, and expected in many quarters to make a champion of whom England might well be proud. Crisp, who hailed from Gateshead, was naturally favorite with the crowd, who encouraged him with shouts, which shouts became positively blood-curdling when for a minute or so it looked as if Taylor might prove to be the winner.

"Go it, George!" they yelled. "Kill the——. Kill the blank referee!" In other words that mob warned me as to what I should have to expect if Taylor won, and if in the interests of justice and true sport I decided that he had done so. As it happened, however, Crisp won fairly easily, so I was mercifully released from having to expose my instincts of self-preservation and my love of fair play to any really severe struggle.

* * *

AND then also, referees themselves give both spectators and boxers some very awkward shocks at times, as for example the fight in which Sailor Burke knocked out Joe Grim.

Joe Grim, as most of my readers are no doubt aware, enjoyed the reputation of being a man whom no one could knock out. Bob Fitzsimmons even had failed to do it. No matter what calibre his opponent, or how hard his punch, Grim could always defy him to knock Joe out.

He could be punched down as often as the other man wished or were able to accomplish the feat, but Grim's iron jaw defied any attempt to handing over the sleep producer, until at last he ran up against Sailor Burke and an accommodating referee. Burke put Grim down, and the referee proceeded to count:

"Two, four, six, eight—out." The incident may or may not have damaged Grim's reputation, but the fact goes to prove that with some referees there are more ways of winning a fight than—well, by that of winning one.

* * *

Talking about knock-out blows reminds me of an incident that occurred in a novices' competition. The incident is not without interest, as it well illustrates the point so often disputed, that the knockout blow is in reality a perfectly harmless affair. It renders a man oblivious to his surroundings, but that is all. He suffers, and remembers having suffered no pain.

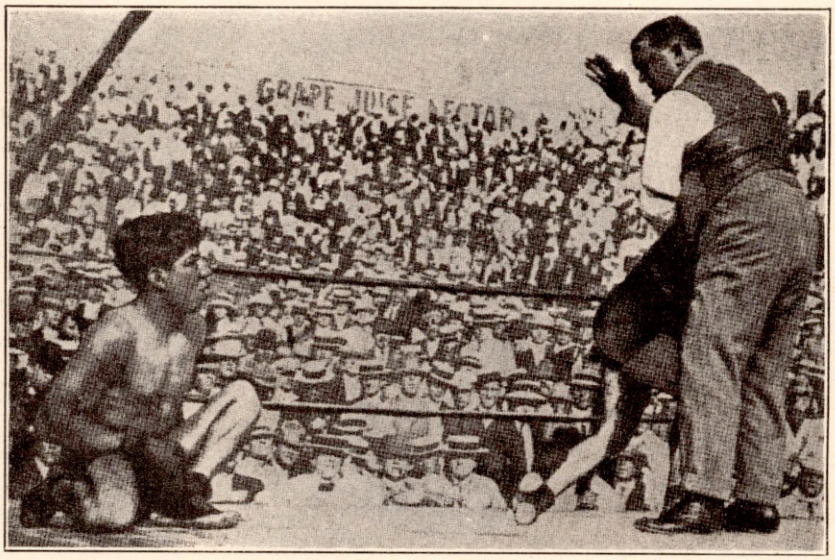
Well, on the occasion in question, namely, at a novices' competition, one of the competitors was put down for the count by a hard right on the jaw. He was picked up unconscious, and was still being attended by his seconds after the winner and his party had quit the ring. The loser's seconds were just about to carry their principal away, when he suddenly came to himself. Up he got, and stared round him in bewilderment, wondering what on earth had become of his opponent. Finally he turned to the referee and asked.

"Where's 'e gone to. 'As 'e give in?"

(Editor's Note: This interesting series by the most famous referee overseas will be continued in forthcoming issues of THE RING.)

GALLERY GODS *and the* REFEREE

NOT in many years have referees been the target for such abuse as has been their lot in recent months, and all because decisions they have rendered have failed to meet with the approval of many of the spectators. I was a fighter, and if I must say so myself, a pretty good lad with the gloves a quarter of a century or more ago, and in later years, I have received assignments as third man in the ring in some of the most important battles. Hence I feel well qualified to say that in my opinion, the booing, hissing and hooting that one often hears when a verdict is contrary to that which the majority feels should be rendered, is unjustified.



The world's most famous double knockout. Here we see Al Wolgast, lightweight champion, being assisted to his feet while Referee Welsh counts Joe Rivers out at Vernon, Cal., July 4, 1912.

Like all other referees, I have come face to face with many intricate problems in deciding the winner of a fight, but I have never found any difficulty in making my decision. All one must do is to follow the rules and regulations laid out for him by the state commission under whose supervision he is officiating, and if such rules call for the winner to be decided on the greater number of rounds won, that ends it.

Recently I was the referee in a fight in which one fellow was floored seven times while his opponent was on his feet throughout the bout. On the system under which this bout was ruled, the boy who was floored seven times in three rounds, lost those rounds and a fourth was even, but he had won the remainder on points.

Naturally, the fans were with the boy who had scored these knockdowns. He had his opponent on the verge of a knockout when the bell rang, yet he lost the fight because on the round by round system he had won only three out of ten.

There is a situation which in my opinion, is the most difficult any referee is confronted with. Under the rules which were in force when I fought, the fellow who scored seven knockdowns and almost had his man out, would have been declared the winner. To-day, however, things are quite different.

* * *

A REFEREE'S job at best, is a most unpleasant and difficult one. One cannot please every one of the thousands who attend present day fights. The nationality of a fighter, the color of his hair, his general appearance, the manner in which he squares off, his speed or lack of speed, his hitting power—each of these has some sway on the fight fan. What one may like, the other dislikes. One fan might applaud a fellow because he is exceptionally clever, while his neighbor will keep shouting at the top of his voice, "Throw the bum out."

That is the psychology of the fight fan, and when a referee enters the ring, he must be fully prepared to forget the spectators, to ignore them as if they were not a part of the arena make-up for that occasion if a just decision is to be rendered. His sole duties, once he sends the fighters on their way, is to judge the bout impartially and to render his verdict without fear and without bias.

What are the essentials for a good referee, I was asked by the physical training director of one of our high schools recently. I replied that fearlessness, sound judgment, keenness of eye, and a thorough knowledge of ring rules, were in my opinion the four most important qualifications.

* * *

THERE are many stories of peculiar ring incidents in which the referee has figured that make interesting reading. There is the case of one official who stepped in the path of a wild swing that Sailor Burke sent towards an opponent and instead of landing on his rival, the punch crashed against the jaw of the perspiring referee and sent him unceremoniously into dreamland.

Then there is the amusing if unfortunate case of a Western official, Oliver Swinnerton by name. He was acting as third man in a Colorado mining district ring in which two ham-and-egg gladiators weighing two tons or more were pitted against each other. While engaged in headlock holds, these men had gained such a firm grip on each other that both went to the mat with a thud as the referee attempted to pull them apart and landed on top of the poor official.

And still another laughable incident is the case of the referee who leaped to the corner to count over a battered fighter, and while counting over the unconscious form, suddenly found a pail of water tossed on him from an excited second who had tried to bring his man from out of the arms of Morpheus.

And another story is of the official who found himself in the midst of a barrage in a North Carolina ring when the spectators bombarded the fighters with tomatoes, straw hats and other paraphernalia because they were engaged in giving the fans a beautiful exhibition of the Merry Widow waltz. As the official faced the gallery gods to plead for order, an apple not quite so much the worse for wear as the other exhibits,

Gallery Gods and the Referee

By KID MCPARTLAND

(Famous Fighter and Boxing Official)

struck him square on the jaw and knocked him cold.

We referees have much to be thankful for that boxing as at present staged throughout the country, is under the direct supervision of a state commission. No more do we have to fear the consequences of an unpopular decision. So long as it is only the hissing or booing, we at least feel that our life is safe.

But not so in the old days when gunmen surrounded the ring and often intimidated the official. It was a case of life or death in many of the famous oldtime scraps for a referee to decide against the popular lad. The day of the guns is gone. The day of the rope cuttling element is a thing of the past. That is what legalized boxing has done for the sport. It has raised it to the level of all other healthy athletic competition.

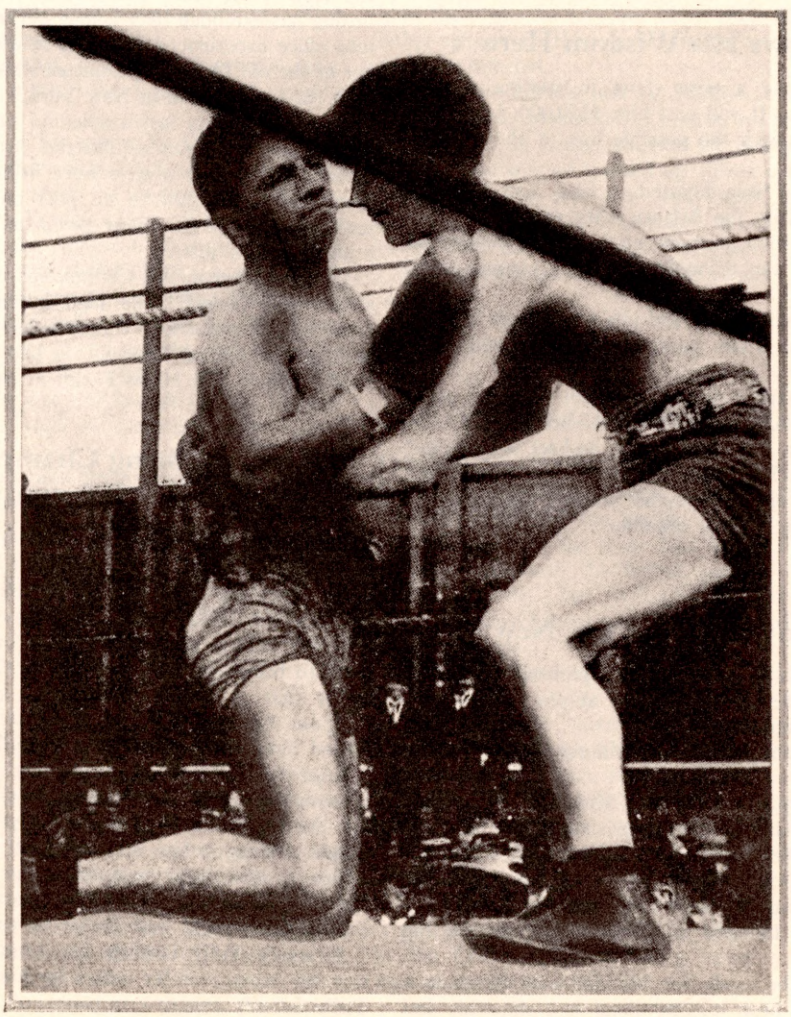
* * *

THE RING publishes the picture of a fight in which Ad Wolgast and Joe Rivers were the participants. In that contest, a terrific battle, Wolgast and his rival were both down at the same time, and the referee, Jack Welsh, temporarily lost his head and failed to abide by ring regulations. Instead of counting over both at the same time, he dragged Wolgast towards his corner, and while holding Ad up he counted Rivers out.

That is one of innumerable instances in which a referee, ordinarily exceptionally calm, loses all sense of judgement in the emergency when he should be most self-possessed, and violates the very rules which he is put there to enforce.

Out in Chicago years ago, at the Watita Club, Gloomy Spencer and Bat Feeney were engaged in a ten round mill. The bout was a humdinger from the start. A slugging match that thrilled the house was on view that night. In the first round, a terrific right hand uppercut put Spencer down for a count of eight. Spencer came back with fire in his eyes and whipped across a right to the heart and a left swing that caught Feeney plumb on the jaw and sent him down for a count of nine in the second round.

Then came the treat of a lifetime—a simultaneous knockdown in the third. Both swung viciously and their blows crashed against each other's jaw, sending the fighters down in a heap. Referee Abe Pollack became bewildered. He was a most experienced fellow but he never had encountered such a situation before. It was a new experience to him and instead of counting over both, he remained dumbfounded. Fortunately, Feeney got up at the count within four seconds and his opponent shortly after and the fight continued.



Another phase of the Wolgast-Rivers imbroglio

* * *

BUT what if both fellows had remained down for more than ten seconds? Would the referee have permitted them to continue? Had one gotten up after ten seconds had elapsed, and the other remained down, would the first fellow to arise have been declared the winner?

These and many other questions were discussed after the fight which ended in a draw despite the fact that Spencer forged far ahead in the last four rounds and had Bat at his mercy. The newspapers the next day had quite a discussion on the referee's action and one paper went to the extent of asking the very questions I have listed above.

There was such a commotion amongst the fight fans as a result of what had happened, that the gymnasium where the fans congregated became the hotbed for heated arguments. Many bets were wagered on what might have happened, and two of the leading referees of the period were asked to decide.

George Siler was one of them and he declared that it was a simple matter. All the referee had to do was to count over both when they went down. If either arose before the count of ten, that fellow would have been declared the winner provided his opponent was still down. If they both arose within the time limit, the fight would have been continued, but if both had still been down when the ten seconds had elapsed, Siler said he would have declared the fight, "no contest."

* * *

JERE DUNN took issue with the last point by declaring that under the same circumstances, he would have declared the bout a draw. This undoubtedly would have been the only fair verdict.

Dunn at the time was the leading referee in Chicago and shortly after this occurrence, he had occasion to practice what he preached. It was in a fight between Johnny Files and Tommy Chandler. That bout took place in an old livery stable on State Street in Chicago and a tremendous crowd gathered at the festivities. Both boys were extremely popular, especially Chand-

(*Continued on page* 44)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

That Sharkey-Scott Fight It Brings Solution Nearer Could Not Ignore the Briton

JACK SHARKEY, versus Max Schmeling, for the world's heavyweight championship, on June 26 in the Yankee Stadium in New York.

That's the way the matter stands now that the German has announced the collapse of the Atlantic City idea of sending him into the ring with Otto Von Porat or some other heavyweight.

Of course, there is the little Sharkey-Scott affair in Miami. We all know that often there is a slip twixt the cup and the lip. We know how many so-called sure things turned out amazing surprises.

But on form, Sharkey has a tremendous advantage over the English heavyweight, and it seems safe to believe that Jack the Talker will meet Schmeling in New York, to settle at last the matter of donning the crown left homeless and unprotected by the retiring Gene Tunney.

* * *

German Shows His Wisdom Here

SCHMELING has done a wise thing in passing up the Atlantic City match. It will cost him $250,000, but that's nothing when compared with the possible loss of the Sharkey match.

Schmeling would have been favored to beat Von Porat or any other man provided by the Atlantic City enterprise. But there would have been some element of danger in connection with this bout—danger for Schmeling and his championship hopes.

It may be that after hanging around idle for so long Schmeling isn't so sure that he is the world beater he seemed to be after the Risko fight.

In any event, the Sharkey match has been made to order for the lucky Teuton. All he has done has been to sit tight and talk pretty things in that dear Berlin, and let others clear the path for a title match. It seems to be a sad commentary on world conditions among the heavies when a situation like that involving Schmeling is made possible.

* * *

Al Singer—Sammy Mandell for New York

THERE is talk of a lightweight championship fight between Sammy Mandell and Al Singer at one of the New York ball parks next summer.

Mandell is ready to go and Singer certainly is eager to get the chance.

The workmanlike way in which Jack Kid Berg beat Tony Canzoneri in New York injected the Englishman right into the lightweight squabble. He would go big with Mandell in New York. But not as well as would this Singer boy, who has fired the fans' imaginations in New York, and has a following rivalling that of Benny Leonard in his palmiest championship days.

Whether Singer will be ready for Mandell next Summer is a question. Singer has been coming along fast since his setback by Fernandez, but there is no getting away from the fact that Mandell is a cagy and wily and clever campaigner and might give Singer a serious blow. We all remember what Mandell did to the ambitious McLarnin in New York, when McLarnin was at a stage of development somewhat similar to that of Singer at this time.

Of course, Mandell isn't getting any younger or any better. And Singer is a more clever boxer than McLarnin was for his Mandell shot in New York.

It's an intriguing situation and boxing followers will await developments with unusual interest.

* * *

Welcome to Gen. Phelan in New York

THE RING extends congratulations and a warm welcome to Brig. Gen. John J. Phelan, newly appointed member of the New York State Commission. Gen. Phelan's interest in boxing has extended over a long period of years. He has come into office experienced and well informed, for he was a member of the old License Committee which at one time functioned with the Commission in New York.

The Commission lost a splendid man with the appointment of George E. Brower as District Attorney in King's County. Brower's ambitions always have been along judicial and legal lines, but he brought to his post on the Commission a keen understanding of the many problems which beset boxing, and a high sense of justice.

In Gen. Phelan the Commission has gained an able substitute for Brower. The high integrity and position of the New York Commission certainly have been retained with the addition of General Phelan to a body which already had William Muldoon and James Farley as members.

* * *

Heavies to Bring Championship Nearer Solution

PHIL SCOTT, British heavyweight champion, and Jack Sharkey, American title holder, in their Miami match, bring closer the settlement of the much-muddled heavyweight situation. Although there are many who believe that Scott does not belong in the semi-finals of the elimination tournament to bring about a successor to Gene Tunney, the fact remains that as British title holder and victor over Vittorio Campolo, South America's representative, and Von Porat, Phil placed himself in a position where he could not be ignored.

Regardless of how the public might feel about the Croydon fireman because of his tendency to claim foul, neither Sharkey nor Schmeling could have a clean path to the world's heavyweight championship without Scott being given the opportunity to test their position. For that reason, those who have the interest of boxing at heart and are eager to see a champion crowned, were happy to see Phil get the match.

Although Tuffy Griffiths has been shunted aside to make way for Scott, it is far better for him that this has been done. Tuffy is only twenty-two years of age. He is the greatest

prospect among the present crop of heavyweights. Had he been chosen to face Sharkey, this great prospect would have been whipped and possibly discouraged and the fight game would have suffered through such procedure.

As things now shape up, Tuffy, within another year, will be stronger and a greater ring general. He will have picked up that necessary experience which will make of him one of the toughest boys in the heavyweight ranks. With this in his favor, at least one more good heavyweight will be in the front rank prepared to keep alive the 1930 interest in the division. Griffith will be in a position to give a good account of himself against the man who next summer will be declared the undisputed heavyweight champion.

No matter who the champion may be, the fellow who will succeed the next title holder is likely to be Griffith, provided, of course, he continues to show improvement.

* * *

International Interest in Florida

THE Sharkey-Scott fight at Miami is the first important international heavyweight contest staged in Florida since the memorable Corbett-Mitchell battle at Jacksonville, on January 25, 1894. It is just slightly over 36 years ago that Gentleman Jim knocked out Mitchell in the third round, and since then, not an Englishman has been a menace to the supremacy of the American heavyweights.

Scott is the first fellow to reach even to the heights of a semi-finalist and should he emerge the victor at Miami, he will be the first Englishman since Mitchell's days to fight in America in a world's heavyweight championship contest. That added interest to the Scott-Sharkey match.

It is interesting to note that in the Jacksonville bout, Mitchell's defeat was the means for bringing the world's championship to America.

When Sullivan was shorn of his crown by Corbett, Gentleman Jim won only the American title for Sullivan previously had failed to beat Mitchell, whom he engaged in a thirty-nine round draw at Chantilly, France. Hence Corbett's clean-cut victory enabled Corbett, the American champion, to leave the battle-ground as Corbett, the world champion.

The fight took exactly nine minutes. During that period Mitchell was hopelessly outclassed. Corbett in that final session, sprang from his corner, let fly a right that drew the claret from the nose, followed with a stinging left to the jaw and Mitchell went down. The instant Mitchell was up, Corbett leaped at him, and crashed a right to the mouth that caused the blood to flow freely.

Beaten, outclassed, Mitchell was again floored. He turned and then staggered to his feet only to meet another rush and a swinging right to the jaw that ended proceedings.

From that day to this, no Englishman has reached the heights which Scott now enjoys. Tom Heeney gained a championship match with Tunney, but Heeney was an Australian.

* * *

The Old Rules vs. the New

"THE referee has no business calling a foul at all unless one is claimed by the chief second of the boxer supposed to have been hit low. That was the way it was handled in the old days and there wasn't as much hullabaloo about fouls then as there is now."

Thus declares Joe Choynski, one of the best heavyweights of the early days of boxing. But in the matter of rules, Joseph is not up with the times. It is true that under London rules when a foul was claimed by the second of a fighter, the referee and umpires immediately got together and decided if the claim was to be allowed. But under modern rules, the seconds have for excellent reasons been eliminated and have nothing to say except to their principals.

Under New York rules, the referee may call a foul and if one judge concurs with him, there is a disqualification. If Choynski can offer a plan whereby losing boxers can be prevented from hitting low blows, he will do a great service to the sport.

* * *

Von Porat Strengthens Scott's Cause

WHILE Phil Scott is basking in the Miami sunlight awaiting his bout with Sharkey, the man who enabled him to gain this much-coveted battle, Otto Von Porat, finds himself out of the heavyweight picture, at least, for the time being. By scoring a one-sided victory over Von Porat, Paulino Uzcudun, the tough hombre from the Basque Mountains, strengthened the cause of Sharkey, Schmeling and Scott. Had Von Porat whipped Paulino easily, he would have gained even more sympathy than he already had because of his loss on a foul to Scott, and had he knocked out the Spaniard, Von Porat would have thrust himself right into the heavyweight picture and would have made things very uncomfortable for Shufflin' Phil.

Those who saw the Scott-Von Porat contest, know that Phil showed a lack of courage in giving his most dramatic act following the Von Porat foul, but be that as it may, the fact remains that Scott won that fight and as he previously had eliminated through decisions, Campolo, South American champion, Pierre Charles, Belgian title holder and three champions of Germany, not to mention Schmeling's refusal to meet him, there was no way out of it—Phil Scott had to be placed either against Sharkey or Schmeling before a world title holder could be selected.

Now Von Porat's loss to Paulino, a one-sided victory for the Spaniard, makes Scott's case so much stronger. When Paulino was so badly whipped by Schmeling it was reported that Paulino was all washed up. Then comes the same Basque Woodchopper to outscore Von Porat, eight rounds to two, and Von Porat, only a fortnight before, was regarded as one of the three outstanding heavyweights.

It's a queer business, this fight game!

* * *

The Carnera's Unveiling a Big Event

PRIMO CARNERA, the Italian Mastodon, was unveiled in the Garden in New York, with Big Boy Peterson playing the role of the victim. The Venetian's debut was a very big event in the sense that Carnera is the biggest fighter extant, and boasts the largest pair of feet ever seen in a New York ring. Jess Willard was pretty well provided with feet, but this Carnera person has it all over Jess by a matter of a few sizes.

Just what Carnera means to the heavyweight situation is not quite clear as yet. The mere fact that he is big is not so very important, though it is more interesting than it would have been in the days when Jack Dempsey made it a delectable custom and exemplary habit to knock over the big boys with despatch. We all remember what Jack did to Firpo. Dempsey liked those gargantuan stationary targets.

Carnera is fast for his size. He seems to know something about hitting, and he may learn a lot more within the next year.

The Italian will have to be handled very adroitly. But it is not necessary to handle him with the extreme care shown in the Peterson match, which never should have been approved by the Commission.

The next year will prove Carnera a heavyweight contender or just another Dunkhorst.

The Great Luke

The Story of a Ball Player Who Thought He Could Fight

"IT must be wonderful to be a real fighter," said Lucille Dulane that hot July night, as they sat on the open porch of the Edgelake Beach Hotel, sipping lemonade.

They had been to the Cubs' ball park and had seen Battling Gamin, middleweight champion, knock out Joe Stultzie in four rounds. Gamin had played with the setup for a couple of "heats" and then had started a short but merciless cutting down process which left Stultzie lying on the canvas, fast asleep, after only one minute of boxing in the fourth.

Gamin had blue eyes and blond hair, and there was something about him which won the admiration of women.

Lucille's oft expressed eulogium of the physical prowess of the champion already had got on Barton Luke's nerves.

"Yes, it must be wonderful to be so strong and sure of oneself as is this Gamin person," Lucille repeated.

"Yeh? Well, what about going out there day after day and smacking that apple, and playing second like Eddie Collins never played it in his life?" asked Luke.

He was the second baseman of the Chicago Bears, and had come along at a rapid gait after only a couple of years of tuition down in the Sally League. Luke thought himself quite a personage. He was crazy about Lucille, and he wanted Lucille to be crazy about him.

"Fighting? Just a soft racket," Luke went on. "If them bozos had to be out there for one hundred and fifty-four games a season they'd collapse around July Fourth. This boxing training ain't like the work we have to do down South, slaving morning and afternoon under a blazing sun—and ask the secretary for a hundred in advance. Yeh, you ask him. I ain't got the heart!"

* * * *

"YES, I know how you ball players slave in Florida and California. I saw it all in the movies. Poor boys," Lucille assented, with a twinkle in her eye which was lost on the slightly thick graduate of the bushes.

"But there is something manly and appealing about a fighter as he steps into the ring and gets into action. Something of classic Greece and gladiatorial Rome. This Gamin has the look of an Apollo."

"Well, I don't know just how a 'pollo' looks, but if it looks like Gamin, it can't be much," chuckled Luke.

"These boxers are plain mugs, without education or manners. You got to hand it to the ball players for class. Now the way you talk you'd think I was a ringer for Joe Grim or something."

"Don't be silly, Bart," Lucille laughed. "I do believe you're getting jealous."

"If this ain't a laugh," roared Luke, with a forced, bull-like cachinnation. "The second sacker of the Bears, the Beau Rummel of Augusta, Ga. jealous of a pug! Ho, ho." And Barton Luke, sipping the lemonade, choked until he got as red in the face as he did arguing with Bill Lemm over a "bad" third strike.

That night, in his lodgings, Barton Luke sat on the edge of his bed and did some hard thinking. It was quite an event for Luke to think. Joe Crockett, manager of the Bears, often said that when Luke began to think baseball history of a strange sort soon followed.

"So that fight gag has got her, eh?" said Luke, as he held a dialogue with another self.

"Thinks this Gamin guy is Greece and Rome and looks like a 'pollo', eh? Well, Lucille, my girl, watch the Great Luke from now on!"

* * * *

THE first three months of the baseball season had disclosed Luke as a talkative, egotistic, bragging type—the kind the baseball writers call the true busher.

The next two weeks developed Luke into a Gascon with a chip on his shoulder.

"So she likes the scrappers, eh?" he said to himself one afternoon, during a game with the Giants. The Broadway boys had been ragging Luke for several innings, and suddenly he rushed over to the New York bench, punched Happy Grogan, the big righthander, on the nose, and smacked "Baby Face" Temple, the first baseman, on the chin.

In half a minute the park was a bedlam, and the Giant dugout a scene of riot. The police hustled Luke off the field, and after a while restored order.

The newspapers made much of the incident. Back in the old days, when ball players ran from the field to the beer bar and back again, such stuff only added to the gaiety of an ordinary afternoon. But now a fight between ball players had become as rare as a foul-less battle between heavies.

The president of the league held a hearing, but all the time he was laughing behind his hand. Luke was exonerated. He had defended his honor and reputation, and the integrity of the well known Luke family of Georgia.

As for Barton Luke, he had got some of Baby Face's blood on his hands. Baby Face bruised and bled easily. The smell of the claret had gone to Luke's head like strong wine.

"So she likes the scrappers, eh?" Luke laughed to himself, as he left the executive hearing.

* * * *

"LISTEN, Luke, this business has got to stop," said Joe Crockett one night. It was in New York. Luke had punched Terry Keyser, the third baseman of the Giants, that afternoon, and this time there had come a suspension.

"Five days and one hundred bucks, and we need you in this series, and down in Pittsburgh," Crockett continued. "You've got to stop trying to be a Dempsey. I'll warn you right now. You may be able to lick some of these ball players, but you're going to run into trouble before long."

"Wait a minute, Joe, they's a reason for this slugging stuff—and it's strictly private," Luke tried to explain. "I'd like to tell you, and yet you wouldn't understand. You have to know women like I do, Joe, to appreciate this thing."

"I may not know a thing about women, Bart, but I do know that the Big Boss is going to set you down for thirty days on the next outbreak," said Crockett, and he stamped out of the room and slammed the door.

The newspapers made much of the Keyser assault. The Dempsey of the Dugouts, they called Luke. The Champion of the Bench, and a lot of alliterative stuff which was written with a tongue in the cheek, and always with knowledge of Luke's egotism.

Fight managers began to besiege Luke with offers. Five hundred to meet a setup at the St. Stephens Club in New York. A thousand to fight "Toe Hold" Swansen, the bulky outfielder of the Yankees.

"Nothing doing while the baseball season is on, boys," Luke told the ring gentry. "Wait till the fall, and then you'll be

Learns About Women

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

paying me five grand instead of five hundred to fight for you. And no punks, either. Sign this Swansen for me. He said something fresh about me in the *Star* today. Tell him that the Great Luke is itching to sock him into the Harlem—or Lake Michigan. I ain't choosy."

* * * *

"WELL, Lucy, what do you think of your handsome scrapper now?" asked Luke, as they sat on that same porch of the Edgelake Beach Hotel, sipping lemonade on a hot August night.

"I like gladiators, Bart, but not rowdies," said Lucille, in her quiet, meaningful way.

"It is one thing to go into a ring and imitate the noble wearers of the cestus of ancient Rome, and another to start little rowdy arguments on ball fields."

"Well, if this ain't rich. I can't get you women at all," wailed the puzzled Luke.

"You don't seem to understand, Bart," Lucille went on. "Only this morning I read in the *Telegram* that President Holley had said that rowdyism must be stamped out, and that the next player starting a fight would draw ninety days.

"Why not play out the season? If you still think you are a gladiator in the fall, go into training and get Jack Dempsey to put you on at the Coliseum. But in the meantime, play ball."

"This is too much for your Uncle Bart," said Luke. "I'll do as you say. But first I want to sock that fresh Danny Lutey of the Phillies. I owe him one."

"Nothing doing, Bart. Promise."

And the Great Luke promised.

* * * *

THAT October the fight managers of Chicago and New York got after Luke. He took the whole thing very seriously—established training quarters in Jim Mullen's gymnasium, and announced that he was after the crown which Tunney had cast aside.

They matched him with "Pal Mittler"—and the Great Luke won with one punch.

"Pal Mittler" was just a rubber in the Loop Gymnasium—a never-was who couldn't go a full round with a week's training. But the fans swallowed the thing—hook, line and sinker. The Great Luke became a real attraction.

They fed him another setup, and this time Luke won in the second.

"Listen, Jake," he told his manager, the veteran Wallingert. "Listen, no more of these cream puffs. I'm serious about this fight game. I want a tough one."

The fans had become more exacting too, and the promoters had to bring on a third rate heavy by the name of Battling Benny, a ham and egger from Pittsburgh.

"Bart, let's call this thing off," Lucille begged him the night after this match was made. "I don't think you should give up your fine career as a ball player and go in for fighting."

"Well, if I ain't a son of a gun," ejaculated Luke. "First you tell me what a great thing it is to be a fighter, a 'pollo', a Greek and a Roman, with a gladiatorial cestus and classy features.

"I go and make myself a second Dempsey, and then you throw a bucket of ice water on me and ask me to give up a world title, and a fortune. This is a breeze, honey. I never imagined the fight game could be so soft. Let me take on this Benny guy, anyways, and then we'll talk it over."

* * * *

LUKE—the Great Luke—had won his point. The Coliseum was jammed. Thousands had been turned away. Luke had intrigued the fight fans and the baseball devotees alike.

"Listen, Bart," Wallingert told him as they sat in the dressing room. "Watch me closely. This guy may be dangerous. He has been knocked out a lot, but he has experience. Watch me closely."

"Listen, Wally, this bozo goes out in the second," Luke promised. "I'd make it five, only I got a date with Lucy. She's at the ringside, and I want to take her for a ride through the park."

Wallingert warned, "Get the dame out of your head just for tonight. This guy is tough."

The Great Luke got an ovation that shook the arena. Battling Benny, battle scarred, with two cauliflower ears and a broken nose, veteran of sixty fights and now known as a tanker—a fighter who could be relied on to take a dive—was the scorned and the pitied.

In the first row sat Lucille Dulane. Luke waved a glove at her. "Two rounds," he said, in an aside.

Battling Benny took all this in, and got sore. "Dame's goofy over him, crowd crazy about him, and me not getting a tumble—me, Battling Benny, which has went five rounds with Tunney, don't get a tumble. Well, here's where this bird gets mad."

The first round was tame. Benny was determined, but not over courageous. He wanted to sample Luke's best.

"I'm Joe Beckett if that guy don't hit like a featherweight," Benny told his handlers—and the bell clanged for the second.

* * * *

"GET ready," the Great Luke shouted toward Lucille, as he stepped out to meet Benny.

Luke lashed out with his left. Benny side-stepped and landed a left to the jaw. They clinched, and then Benny crashed a right to the wind.

Luke danced around, one of those forced smiles on his face. He had been hurt—for the first time.

Luke shot a straight left to the "whiskers" but Benny, with the adroitness of the experienced campaigner, brushed the blow aside and came in with a left hook, which was followed by a right to the solar plexus.

Luke—the Great Luke—grinned. What was this? A strange numbness was attacking him at the knees. He wanted to lie down on the bench and wait for the second game.

No use of working in that hot sun. What if Joe Crockett didn't like it? He was the Great Luke. And say, if this Crockett guy got funny, he'd sock him, too. Caught him sort of getting friendly with Lucille over at the Beau Monde the other night. Yeh, better sock that Joe guy.

They danced around the ring, and Benny kept belaboring Luke with rights and lefts. The bell rang, and Wallingert pulled Luke—the Great Luke—into his chair.

"Say, that pitcher out there ain't got a thing," said Luke. "Yeh, I swung at three, but he ain't so hot."

"What in hell are you kidding about?" quizzed the panicky Wallingert. He had counted on Luke for a fat winter after three bad years.

"Say, I ain't kidding. That guy out there pitches like this here Grimes. Ain't got a thing."

Wallingert began to suspect *(Continued on page 72)*

Mothers of Mighty Men

By JACK KOFOED

MEN inherit physical strength from their mothers. Great athletes may have puny fathers, but there are practically no examples of weak mothers in their case histories.

So far, science has been unable to place a definite finger on the cause—but the effect is beyond dispute. This statement may bring resentful jeers from the robust fathers of athletic young men and women, but it is accepted as a fact by physical experts. Vitality, strength and endurance are drawn from the maternal side of the family.

In an age when men settled their problems with clubs, spears and heavy-bladed swords, a people in Italy, angered because there weren't enough wives to go around among the warriors, set out to remedy matters. They attacked other people, slaughtered the men, enslaved the children and carried off the women to their huts and tents. And from their mating with these women of the Sabines, the Romans built a race of power.

History has little record of this greatest mass experiment in "mater familias", but romance and mythology have attributed the might of the Roman Empire to the physical qualities bequeathed to their progeny by the mothers of this despoiled tribe.

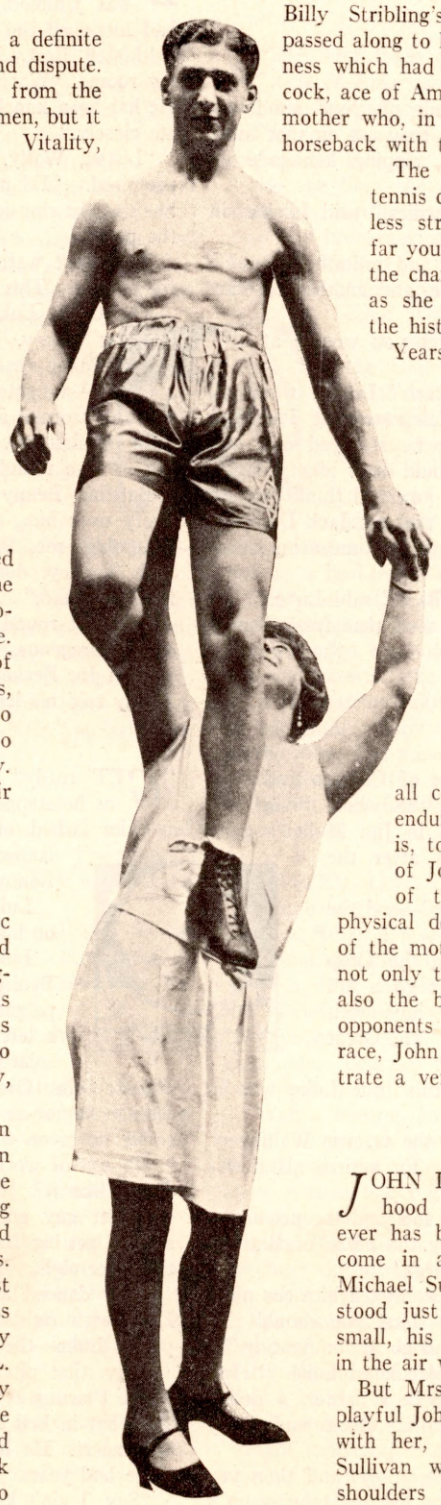
A tragic but magnificent fate, that of the Sabine women, torn from their homes, violated by rough warriors, but leaving to posterity children who were destined to shape the course of the world's history. Strong healthy women, even in their despair.

* * *

THOSE who discredit this romantic tale of the ages need not look beyond the records of sport in America to find significant substantiation. For those records will show that upon one question there is no doubt at all—the ability of mothers to endow their children with tremendous vitality, strength and endurance.

Science has found a fascinating study in the mysteries and powers of motherhood, in the knowledge that women, presumably the weaker physical vessel, are able to pass along to their children the muscle, bone and stamina that go to make physical champions.

With one notable exception in the last fifty years of sport in America, the prowess of all champions has been attributed directly to maternal gifts. This is true of John L. Sullivan, and Bob Fitzsimmons; for Stanley Ketchel and Tommy Loughran; for the terrible Zbyszko brothers, Stanislaus and Wladek. It applies as directly to Hack Wilson, the strongest man in baseball as to Cy Young and Grover Cleveland Alexander, whose endurance has been the wonder of baseball; to Reggie McNamara, the "iron man" of the cycling world, and to a host of other sport celebrities.



Sandwina's mother finds him no burden

* * *

The mother of Gene Tunney was a strong, robust woman. Billy Stribling's was a professional gymnast who passed along to her son the strength, agility and quickness which had brought her renown. Tommy Hitchcock, ace of American polo players, owes much to the mother who, in her sixties, still takes the hurdles on horseback with the skill of an expert male rider.

The mother of Helen Wills, international tennis champion famed for her grace and tireless strength, is an active, vigorous woman far younger than her years. Gertrude Ederle, the channel swimmer, has a mother as robust as she is herself. And so it goes through the history of sport.

Years ago, Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, Harvard scientist and physical authority, outlined a definition of the peculiar factors of motherhood. None clearer or more understandable to the lay mind ever has been given. It was made after John L. Sullivan, then at the height of his fame, had come to the scientist for a complete physical examination. Said Dr. Sargent:

"All men, though the product of two beings, are born of women, but that a woman should so be able to impress her progeny with the strong points of her own physique as to enable him to meet all comers in tests of strength, skill and endurance for a term of a dozen years, is, to my mind, the most valuable lesson of John L. Sullivan's life. If the women of the land can learn from Sullivan's physical development how potent the influence of the mother is in fashioning and transmitting not only the refined parts of her organism but also the brawn and sinew that conquers both opponents and environments and sustains the race, John L. Sullivan will have served to illustrate a very important fact."

* * *

JOHN L. was a perfect example of motherhood rule. No more powerful physique ever has been developed, and it couldn't have come in any measure from Sullivan's father. Michael Sullivan weighed only 130 pounds and stood just five feet three inches. He was so small, his son could lift him and dangle him in the air with one hand.

But Mrs. Michael Sullivan? The rough and playful John L. never dared to take any liberties with her, big as he was. For Mrs. Michael Sullivan weighed 190 pounds. Her hips and shoulders were broad and powerful, her arms muscular as a lumberjack's. In height she was six inches above her husband. One look at her, and it was evident whence had come John

Heredity and the Part It Has Played in the Development of Fighters

L's "stuff." He had inherited his strength from her.

Sullivan's heritage of virility is all the more emphasized when his mode of living is considered. Present-day champions guard their bodies carefully, spending years under the supervision and restrictions of expert handlers.

Sullivan would have none of this. He ate prodigiously, when and what he wanted. He drank to excess and was seldom sober. When he stripped for the ring, he was a beefy, immense figure, but underneath the layers of fat were the bone and muscle his mother had put there, and few men dared to face him, drunk or sober.

No wilder champion ever held the world's heavyweight title, but around his mother's house John L. was meek and uncomplaining. When drunk, he was wont to tell his friends that "everything I am in this world I owe to my mother." John L. had in mind her encouragement and her advice in the early years of his fighting career. He did not realize just how much he really owed to her.

* * *

STANLEY (KIECAL) KETCHEL, the "Michigan Assassin", was another striking example. One of the greatest middleweights who ever stepped into the ring, Ketchel had for a father a little, dried up man. His mother, though, was a big-shouldered, wide-hipped, deep-chested woman, tireless in her strength and cheerful in the face of adversity. It was a bitter struggle to find money to clothe and feed the children. Mrs. Kiecal smiled and slaved to keep her family happy and united. Her courage and determination were reflected in the fighting traits of her son.

Stanley first won notice at Butte, Montana, where he was running an elevator. Ketchel went at his man with the ferocity that earned him the sobriquet of "Assassin." Experts had come to watch Melody battle but took more note of the newcomer.

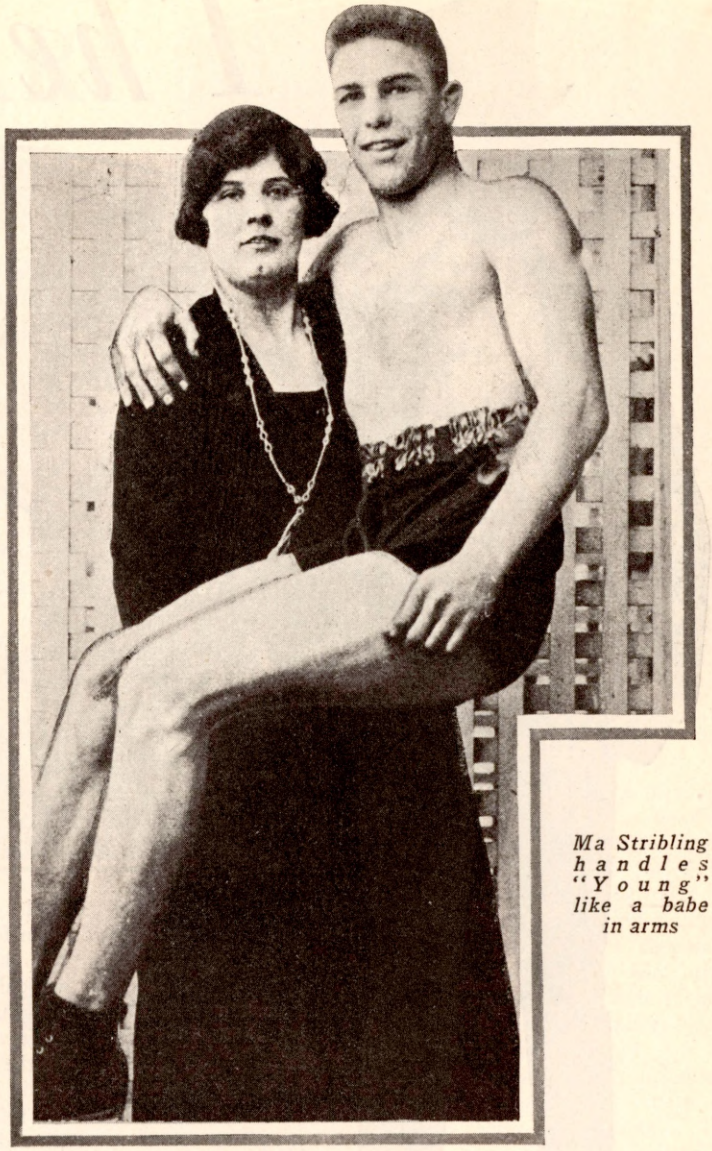
From then on Stanley went up fast. He beat Joe Thomas, and became middleweight champion of the world in a few years of sensational battles. He fought Billy Papke, Hugo Kelly, Sam Langford, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and dozens of others. None seemed able to hurt him. The "Assassin" was on the way to unparalleled success when a bullet ended his life.

* * *

Most of the heroes of the ring, the ball field and the wrestling mat come of poor families in which there are many children. The mothers, harassed by the struggle to make both ends meet have no time to provide proper watchfulness and care during the children's formative years.

Ketchel cut loose as a boy from the poverty which his mother bore so cheerfully. His character was formed in the years he tramped the West as a hobo, and nothing his mother could do when he returned to her a champion could change his ways. Neither could the strong-willed mother of John L. Sullivan swerve him from his roistering and his drinking once he had left the family home.

Some mothers are more fortunate. Tommy Loughran, lightweight champion of the world, drew from his mother not only his well developed body, but he remained at home through his early manhood and she shaped his character as effectively as she had carefully built up and shaped his splendid physique.



Ma Stribling handles "Young" like a babe in arms

Mrs. Loughran took no backchat from Tommy even when he was fighting such stars as Tunney and Greb. Promptly at 9 o'clock each evening, Mrs. Loughran gave him his orders: "It's time for bed, young man." And Tommy always went, meekly.

* * *

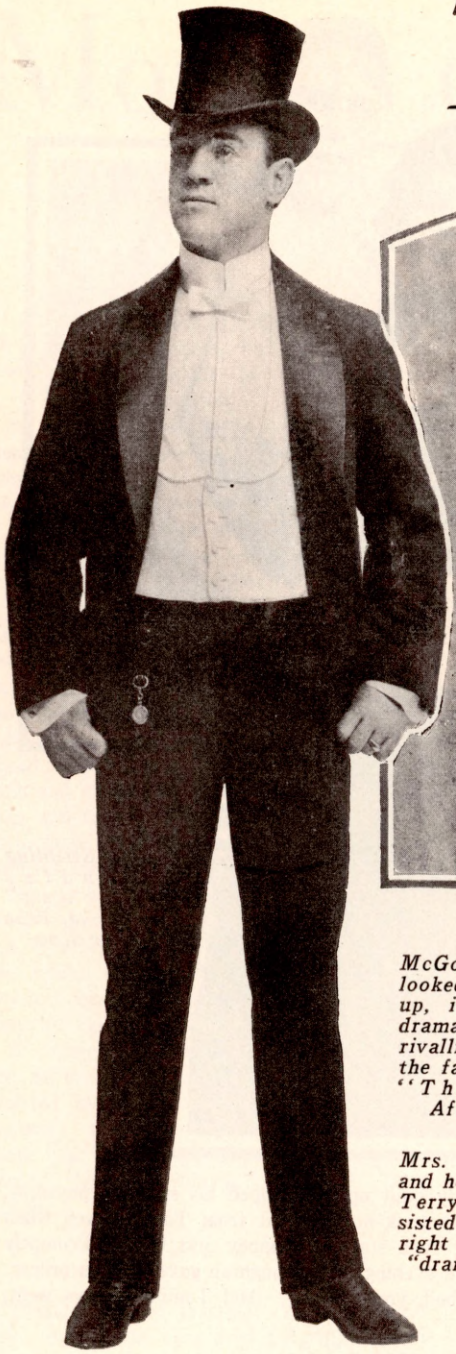
ONE of Europe's promising fighters is Ted Sandwina. As a physical specimen he is as nearly perfect as mortal man can be. Tall, broad-shouldered and slim flanked, he radiates power. All this he owes to his mother, who is noted as a strong woman in Europe and whose strength compares with that of the best of professional strong men. Her son has her physique. She was known on the stage as the Strong Woman!

The Zbyszko brothers for twenty years were among the world's wrestling champions. Their father was rugged, but it was from Mrs. Zbyszko, big and broad-shouldered as a man, with wide hips and muscles she inherited from sturdy Polish stock, that the brothers drew their bulk.

Wrestling is the cruelest of all sports. Weight and strength are absolutely essential and no amount of agility, skill and brains can make up for the lack of them. George Bothner, probably the smartest wrestler that ever lived, would have been powerless in the hands of either Zbyszko.

Both Stanislaus and Wladek gave the impression of irresistible force. They could wrestle for hours without fatigue and, at fifty, both still were men to be dreaded on the mat, men that only champions dared to tackle. (*Continued on page 45*)

The BOWERY



McGovern as he looked, all dressed up, in his great dramatic triumph, rivalling that of the famed Salvini, "The Bowery After Dark"

Mrs. McGovern, and her boy, Joey. Terry's wife insisted on breaking right into the "drammer", too.

FIFTY years ago, on March 9th, at Johnstown, Pa., there was born the great Terry McGovern. Fighters may come and fighters may go, but there never again during my life time will appear a fighter whose greatness will be the equal of Terrible Terry. To me his name will always bring back the fondest of memories. He was my ideal. He embodied everything a great pugilist should have and that is why he left behind a legion of admirers.

Much has been said and written about Terrible Terry's fighting career, hence for this little yarn on the Brooklyn Wonder—it was in the City of Churches that he spent the greater portion of his life—I have decided to touch upon his histrionic career. Terry, as the world knows, was an illiterate chap, with very little schooling. He was brought up in the toughest part of Brooklyn where the polished fellow was a person unknown, yet, strange as it might seem, he was as great an actor as he was a scrapper. Sam Harris, who managed him, can testify to that.

At the Olympic Theatre, owned by Tony Pastor, I remember well the day he played for the last time, his part in "The Bowery after Dark." Terry kept complaining of the hardship of his stage work. He insisted that he could not properly train for his fights because of the strain which his daily acting and the rehearsals entailed, and on the night referred to, he walked up to Sam Harris and told him he would quit.

Naturally Sam was dumbfounded, for Terry was a hit wherever he went and his presence meant the display of the S. R. O. sign wherever he showed. Sam tried to persuade McGovern to change his mind, but Terry was obstinate. He refused to budge, whereupon a few line of farewell were penned for him and he read them from the stage.

"I have quit the stage," said Terry to an audience that jammed the theatre. "This is my last performance. I did my best on the boards.

"My play was moral in tone despite its roughness and it taught a lesson. Acting is a noble profession, but it runs a fighter down. It saps his strength and since I feel that my game is fighting, I've decided to stick to that and give up acting."

Those words brought sadness to thousands of theatre goers, especially in New York where McGovern was idolized. There was a little applauding when he finished, then a few seconds of complete silence followed by wild clamor from the gallery gods, his greatest friends, not to retire.

* * *

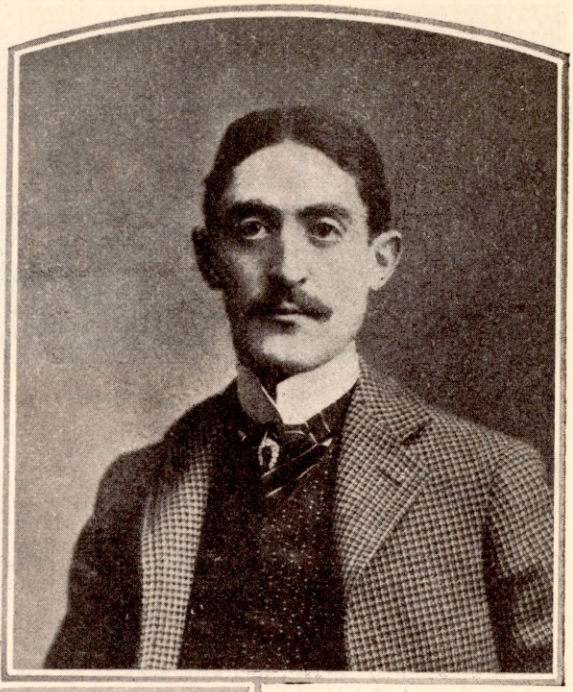
THAT official announcement from Terry McGovern was flashed around the country, and the next day every paper where boxing had its allotted space, carried the news of the retirement of the featherweight champion from the play that was made famous by him, "The Bowery After Dark."

McGovern was a great ring hero. Many a fight fan willingly spent his $5.00 for a seat to see him, and a five-spot seat in those days was equal to a $20 ringside seat to-day. They would gladly pay that and much more when called upon to view McGovern pound an opponent into insensibility for they felt they always got their money's worth. But there were just as many thousands who paid from 25 cents up to $1.50 to see Terry before the footlights who left the show with the same kind of a feeling. They had received far more of a thrill

After DARK

By JOE HUMPHREYS

World-famous Announcer



Sam Harris, manager of McGovern, as he looked years ago

than they had bargained for and always went home happy.

Under Terry's spell in that Bowery drama, the gallery gods went mad, gray-haired men in the more costly seats pounded their approval with feet and canes and bedlam broke loose from all corners of the house every time Terry came to the rescue. It took the older folks back to the time when they, too, were boys and the world was all rosy and "rags were royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake."

* * *

MCGOVERN at the time only 5 feet 3 inches in height, and weighing 122 pounds, the weight at which he fought his great battle with Frank Erne, made an extraordinary appeal when he fought the villains. Those who saw him in "The Bowery After Dark", will testify to his fine acting, a most worthy performance.

The play itself, was a remarkable one so far as melodramas go, and was played in remarkable fashion by a remarkable company. At least so the critics of the time said, and it was their notices and Terry's popularity that made the play a hit.

One line in it gave the keynote of the whole play:

"She's not a woman; she's a lady." For stage purposes, there were no women on the Bowery; they were all ladies.

The cast on the occasion of McGovern's farewell was:

Joseph Howe, a Rough Rider....Robert Cummings
Robert Morris, a Refined Criminal.....Stanley Ross
Twang Lee, a Chinese Gambler....James Corrigan
Izzy Cohen, a Jolly Good Fellow...George Hernandez
Flora Morris, the Villain's Wife.....Lorena Atwood
Nellie, a Bowery Waif, Mrs. Terrence McGovern
Terry McGovern, a Bowery Boy..Terrence McGovern

THAT play was built with so singular a skill to fit the star, our own Terry, that the star seemed to shine only to illuminate the play. It contained many references to "mudder". "Mudder" with the Bowery audiences throughout the country, always proved a strong card. And don't forget that every city has its Bowery just as it has its Main Street.

Joe Humphreys, the author, as he was when the Bowery was the Bowery, and the boys sang, "I'll Never go there any more."

I had seen the play night after night. I was the official announcer. I knew Terry's words by heart for I had helped write the play, yet he gave me a thrill with each performance. I suppose if the emergency had arisen, and some one were required to take Terry's place, I could have filled the bill.

In this moving melodrama, McGovern was known as "Terry on the Spot". That name fitted him well for he was just that. In every scene he was "on the spot". The same agility, the same courageousness which he so often showed in the ring, were on view on the stage. If his fists wouldn't serve, or his audience showed a tendency to tire, Terry was furnished with a horse pistol to create additional excitement and he never failed.

From the rising of the curtain until the going down of the same, he was the God of the machine. Uppercutting wrong, countering on infamy, smashing the solar plexus of conspiracy and landing corkscrew blows upon the jaw of crime—these were his stage specialties.

There was plenty of "trubbel" which "Terry on the Spot" was always looking for. As in his ring career, a most notable one, he found it regularly and went through it with head down and both

(*Continued on page 71*)

Along the Great Fite Way

BY ED SULLIVAN

OUT at Gus Wilson's magnificent training camp at Orangeburg, N. Y., the other day, Tom Kennedy, heavyweight of the Jeffries era, movie star and now manager of Ace Hudkins, the Nebraska Wildcat, was reminiscing about the old days with Gus Wilson and Johnny Dundee while grouped about them sat Hudkins, Pierre Charles, Al Singer and some other youngsters taking it all in with attentive and appreciative ears.

"You hear a lot about psychology in the ring and how it often wins fights," mused Kennedy, shaking off the polo coat which he had brought on from Hollywood to house his huge frame. "I want to tell you about a bit of psychology that I tried only to have it explode right in my face.

"I was in France years ago, taking it easy with the wife, when I got a cable from Hull, England, asking me to fight a local heavyweight over there. The dough was good so I cabled right back, packed my bags and with the wife, started for Hull.

"Now Hull, England, is actually an Irish town. It developed that the fellow I was to fight was one Con O'Kelly, yes, the father of the Con O'Kelly who was over here last year fighting the modern heavies.

"I got a good hand as I got into the ring but when Con O'Kelly came down the aisle, the place went crazy.

"I figured I'd pull some psychology on this local idol. I turned my back to him as he entered, figuring I'd scare him to death by ignoring him. As I stood there with my back to him, I was laughing to myself as I pictured him staring at me and marvelling at my calmness.

"Finally, having given him enough, I turned around.

"My Lord! I almost collapsed on my chair. Looking at me, glaring at me, was a giant 6 feet 4 inches high and weighing about 230 pounds. If I grinned, it was a sickly grin. I had never seen such a monster and when he stripped, the chills ran up my back. He had arms like steel bands. His chest was the chest of a Jeffries. I thought of my psychology and wished I had seen him coming instead of turning my back, for I might have been able to get out an away.

"My legs were numb but I was thinking fast like a guy does who's scared stiff. As we came to the center of the ring for instructions, I doped it out. I'd have to beat him before the fight if I was to beat him at all. What to do? I had it. Setting myself as the referee talked about rules, I let fly with all my strength and plunked Con right in the stomach. As he sagged to the floor, I asked the referee casually: 'That kind of a blow won't be called foul, will it?' The referee was so dazed he could only nod 'no'. O'Kelly, relaxed when he was struck, hardly was able to get back to his chair. He never recovered from it.

"I knocked him out in the third. My second piece of psychology was better than the first and thank God for that for O'Kelly was certainly a monster."

* * *

A Dead Man Knocked Out Fitzimmons

YOU won't find it in the record books but Bob Fitzsimmons, immortal Ruby Robert, was knocked out in one round at Syracuse, N. Y., in 1893, in the prime of Fitzsimmons' pugilistic life. A dead man knocked him out and Fitzsimmons was tried for manslaughter and almost convicted.

Pull up your chairs, imagine that you are seated in the Friars' Club, on West 48th Street, New York City, while Fred Block, man-about-town and secretary of the Jewish Actors' Guild tells the strangest story ever told. Seated at the table as Block unfolds the weird yarn are Jimmy Elliott, Jack Pulaski, of Variety and myself.

Fred Block is the chap who chartered the Friars' special train to the Sharkey-Scott fight. He handled Fitzsimmons on his eastern tour, he took Corbett to England, he handled Terrible Terry McGovern when Terry was uplifting the drama with "The Bowery after Dark." As a kid, he saw Corbett beat mighty John L. Sullivan at New Orleans.

Block, although he is only 55 years old, is deeply steeped in the lore of the ring and the glamour of some of its great personalities.

"It was at Syracuse, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1893, that it happened," recalled Block. "I was touring the hinterlands with the Bob Fitzsimmons Specialty Company and we were routed into the Salt City.

"Fitzsimmons was featuring his boxing act and he had two spar mates along, a fine big Australian by the name of Con Riordon and an American fighter by name, Joe Dunphy. Fitz had brought Riordon along with him from Australia, was genuinely fond of him and had asked me to room with Riordon to see if I could make him stop drinking.

"That afternoon I had taken Riordon out for a walk before the matinee. A pair of new shoes were hurting him as he walked along and stopping, he cut the toe of one of them open. 'That dam booze is even leaking out of my feet', he kidded. I was to remember those words.

* * *

Fitz Thought It Was Double-Cross

"RIORDON, that afternoon, was the first to go on with Bob. Halfway through the round, Fitz clipped him in the belly and he sagged to the floor. He seemed to be stupefied from drink so instead of slowing up the act, Fitz called Dunphy into the ring with him and we dragged Riordon to the wings and propped him on a chair.

"Just as Fitz and Dunphy were mixing it, there was a crash from the wings. Involuntarily all of us, including Fitzsimmons, turned to look and we saw Riordon slipping to the floor. His head had struck the chair and that was the noise we heard.

"Before Fitzsimmons could turn back, Dunphy sneaked in a right-hand punch and Fitz went down as though he had been struck by a pole-axe. He was out cold and in a frenzy, I rang down the curtain.

"As Bob came to, his only thought was that Riordon and Dunphy had deliberately framed him. His first words, muttered, were: 'Wait until I get that double-crossing b—— in the ring with me tonight.' He meant Riordon.

"But he never got Riordon into the ring with him. Riordon was dead. They had counted the last ten over the poor fellow as he slipped from the chair.

"Syracuse was in an uproar. This was murder, they shouted Fitzsimmons was jailed and brought to trial for manslaughter. The reformers were after him hot and heavy.

"Fred House, later Magistrate House of New York City, saved him. We brought House up from New York to defend Bob and he did a masterful job. Expert testimony proved Riordon died from the blow on his head as it hit the chair.

"The testimony that freed Fitz, however, came from the dead fighter's lips. 'That dam booze is even leaking out of my feet,' Riordon had said jokingly on the afternoon of the tragedy. That testimony, from the lips of the dead fighter, was strong enough to win the case."

* * *

When Jack Johnson Proved His Courage

JUST as Primo Carnera, the "Walloping Wop", was seating himself on his stool at the Garden for his sensational American debut against Big Boy Peterson, of Chicago, a big colored man charged down the aisle to Carnera's corner.

It was Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion of the world. Johnson, who has been packing them in at the Canton Palace, Broadway and 50th Street restaurant as leader of his own colored jazz band, had taken the night off to see Carnera in his first fight because Li'l' Artha had taken a fancy to the huge fellow from watching him at Stillman's gym.

"I hope," sneered a ringsider, "that Carnera shows more heart than Johnson showed while he was fighting."

The dapper fellow sitting next to him turned on him.

"Say listen, Mister," he barked, "don't let anyone tell you Johnson didn't have plenty of heart. He proved it to me one night at Paris, France, and proved it so convincingly I never questioned his courage again.

"Johnson, that night, was fighting Battling Jim Johnson, an American negro, who was all arms like Elbows McFadden. In the second round Johnson let go with a hook. His forearm must have landed right on Battling Jim's elbow for Jack's arm was broken twice, clean.

"When he came back to the corner, he was pale as your shirt-front. 'I'se broke my arm,' he told me. 'Don't touch it, it hurts somethin' awful.'

"For twenty rounds, with his title at stake, Jack Johnson kept on fighting and earned a draw with one hand. When he got back to the dressing room, he fainted dead away from pain. The doctor who set the arm wouldn't believe Johnson had fought with it. 'It ees not pozzible for a man to stand such pain,' he said.

"So never think Jack Johnson didn't have heart aplenty."

The dapper man relaxed. He was Dan McKetrick, the American who introduced boxing to France.

* * *

Carnera Greater Card Than Louis Firpo

THIS Carnera, the "Walloping Wop", took Broadway completely by storm in his American debut at Madison Square Garden, thousands being turned away from his fight with Peterson because fire department officials found the huge arena jammed tight as a drum before 9 o'clock.

Opposed to Peterson, a second-rate heavyweight, and despite the fact that the New York fight writers insinuated that Peterson had been selected to take a 'dive', the fight fans stormed to the Garden and battled to get in to see Carnera in action.

There has never been a gate attraction to equal this huge fellow, who weighs 269 pounds in fighting condition, stands six feet six inches tall and incongruously enough wears baby-pink underwear.

His dressing room, after his spectacular one-round knockout of Peterson, was the tip-off as to his drawing power.

There you found William Bolitho, the literary gentleman who writes on profound topics for the New York World; Maurice Chevalier, French movie idol; Jack Johnson, Johnny Dundee, Matchmaker Tom McArdle, Assistant District Attorney Gene Finnegan and a host of others. It was the kind of dressing room gathering reserved for a Dempsey.

The papers may scorn and scoff at Carnera but the people at large, not so sophisticated, want to see this modern giant. The people are intrigued by his mammoth proportions and they flock to gape at his huge shoulders, his mastodonic feet, his huge hands.

He is the greatest drawing card in the ring to-day and if the million-dollar gates inaugurated by Dempsey are to return, Carnera is the foundation upon which they will have to be built. He alone has sufficient color to beguile that sort of money.

He Is as Fast as a Huge Cat

DESPITE his tremendous bulk and girth, the "Walloping Wop" is as fast in his movements as a huge cat. Those size 16 feet glide in and out with the soft tread of a panther.

Whether or not Peterson had any thought of fight was unimportant. Carnera swept out of his corner and was on top of the Chicagoan before Big Boy knew what had overwhelmed him.

Carnera is a straight puncher, avoiding the round-house swing of the novice for the deadly short, straight blow.

It is in clinches that his terrific strength is most deadly. Tearing his arms loose by sheer power, he flails that right hand back and forth in a clubbing uppercut that sprawled Peterson on the floor as though he had been ejected from a cannon.

Leo P. Flynn and Dan Morgan, two canny veterans, watched him and were eloquent. "He's the next world's champion," said Flynn. "He's your next million dollar gate," said the more practical Mister Morgan.

* * *

That Chicago Black Doesn't Scare Easily

JACK O'KEEFE, manager of Tuffy Griffiths, has another great fighter in Larry Johnson, the colored light-heavyweight whose knockout sock has stirred up the light-heavy division once bossed by Tommy Loughran.

They say negro fighters are not game. Johnson, born, believe it or not, in Ripley, Okla., is as game as a pebble.

Before his fight with the slugging Fred Lenhart, Spokane, Wash., knockerout, I was chatting with Johnson in his dressing room when one of his handlers came up and spoke to him.

"I was just in Lenhart's dressing room, Larry," said the handler. "He says it will be all over in two rounds and to tell you that." Larry snickered: "That white boy is wrong as hell," he cracked calmly. "Instead of TWO rounds, it will go just one round and he won't be there when it ends."

Lenhart, as if to fulfill his prediction, had all the better of the early rounds. Johnson, after dropping him five times with right hand shots high on the jaw, finally nailed him right on the button in the seventh and they carried Lenhart out, heels first.

O'Keefe picked up Johnson for $50 in Chicago when the negro paralyzer was looking for coffee and cakes. He'll make a fortune with him.

* * *

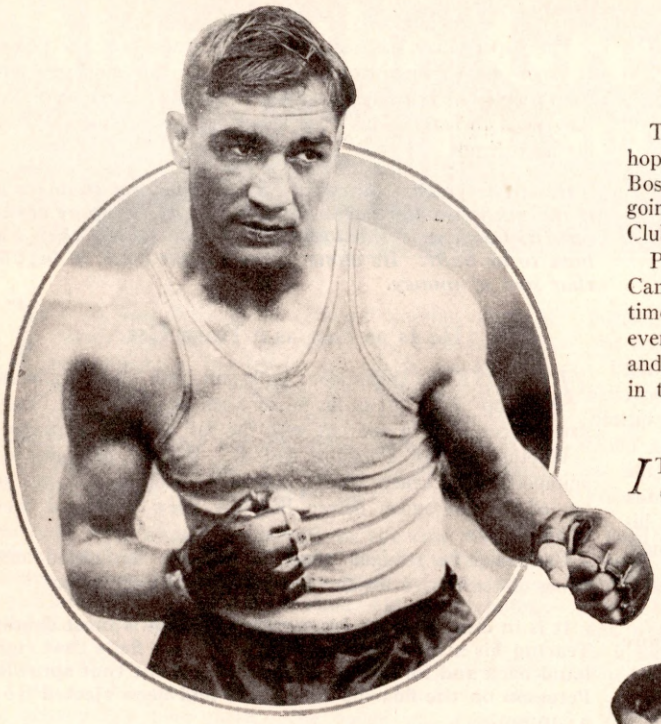
Delaney Has $200,000 to Live On

JACK DELANEY is not as sad as he might be over the news that a shortened right arm will prevent his contemplated come-back to the ring which treated him so handsomely in return for a few good fights and a lot of bad ones.

Delaney has at least $200,000 over and above all taxes on his dough.

The Rapier of the North can buy plenty of beer, his favorite drink, with that sort of money.

Amateur Boxing Gets



Paul Berlenbach

YEARS ago when the Harvard University football team lost a particularly close game to its Yale rival, Bostonians patted themselves on the back and found cheer in remarking, "Well, though the Crimson lost the game it scored a moral victory," much stress being laid on this seeming point of triumph.

While all of this is neither here nor there as regards an article on fisticuffs, it sums up in a way Boston's position in the sport as regards champions.

Of ring champions Boston has had few since the palmy days of John L. Sullivan—his memory will continue for all time—but Beantown, though admittedly shy in the matter of being the home city of titular heroes, has had the "moral" satisfaction of having seen many of them cut their eyeteeth within its sacred precincts. As for lesser lights of the ring, they count up into the scores.

Not as professional money-chasers but as boys breaking into the great sport of boxing as amateurs, have these warriors of the ring passed on to fame through the gateway of the National A. A. U. boxing championships—an annual fixture which Boston brains, enterprise and ambition have successfully encouraged and sponsored, with but one break, for close to a quarter of a century.

* * *

FROM a very small beginning—one evening of boxing with but from 30 to 40 bouts and gate receipts but comfortably above actual expenses—the championships have grown to a three-night affair with receipts close to $30,000, a tribute to the city, the management of the event and the downright hard work of all of those contributing toward its success.

The fact that the National tourney of 1928 saw 159 bouts and 33 hours of actual ring competition, with that of the present year practically a repetition, shows how the amateur swaddling of years ago has grown into a giant. In truth, the growth has been so great as to threaten to become a bit cumbersome. It is likely that 1930 will see either two rings in operation or the cutting down of the number of contestants as the result of a more rigid system of state championships throughout the country.

Boston Starts 'Em Off

To enumerate, or even attempt to do so, the entire list of hopefuls who from year to year have put up their "dukes" in Boston amateur rings since this branch of the sport really got going years ago, by Eugene C. Buckley, and the Riverside Boat Club of Cambridge, would fill more than one page of agate type.

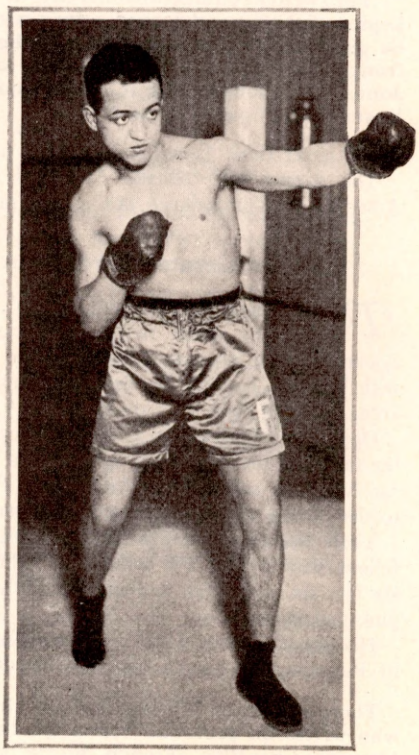
Practically every state of the Union, also the provinces of Canada, where boxing has any standing, has from time to time sent to Boston its quota of ring representatives. About every profession from that of arms as represented by our army and navy, to that of the dental office, has had its candidates in togs on the Hub's resined canvas.

* * *

IT was in Boston that Jackie Fields, present world's welter champion, began his march to ring fame, as also did Fidel LaBarba, one time flyweight king, and Paul Berlenbach, the ex-ruler of the light heavies. Joe Lynch, former bantam champion, also should be included. Jimmy Maloney and Ernie Schaaf, now in the limelight, also Phil Schlossberg, Ernie's manager, won their initial honors as amateurs in Hub amateur tourneys. Al Mello, present New England welter and middleweight title-holder, got his start in the Nationals, also Johnny Indrisano of East Boston, Mello's greatest rival, who, like the N. E. champion, had the honor to defeat Joe Dundee of Baltimore while the Oriole held the world's welter crown.

And, so we might go on. The names are legion. Among those that memory brings back to the writer are those of Al Reich, Tommy Reagan, Billy Hitchin, Bill McKinnon, Fred Bradley, Dick Stosh, Tom Kirby,

Fidel LaBarba



Frankie Genaro

Great Impetus in Hub

By "Doc Almy"

Arthur Sheridan, Howard Root, Pat McCarthy, Billy Spengler, Tony Vatlin, Augie Ratner, Al Kaufman, Harry Carlson, Johnny Gaddi, Edward Eagan, Tony Canzoneri, Dan Dowd, Danny Kramer, Dick Finnigan, Red Chapman, Eddie Shevlin, Frankie Genaro, Joe Monte, Tommy Lown, Joe Eagan, Sammy Fuller, Johnny Vacca, Bobby Josephs, Benny Valgar, Eugene Brousseau, Martin Burke, Nate Siegel, Harry Goldstein and Jimmy Frazzetti.

A few of these still are in the game—others have turned their activities to other lines—some are no more. Many names, worthy of record, have slipped from memory. It is our regret that the many fine and gallant boys who in the years that have gone passed through the fire of the Nationals with honor cannot be given mention here.

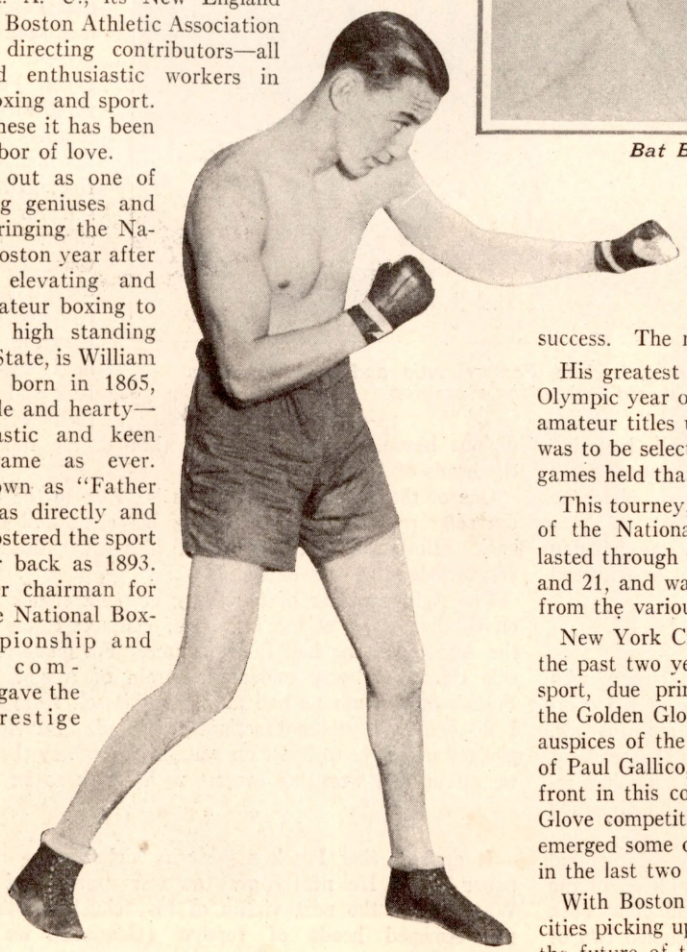
* * *

THOSE whom we have named, along with hundreds of others, won their golden spurs in the Boston amateurs—contributed through their fire, zeal, willingness, sand and skill for ring scribes to write into history. Their names fill pages of records.

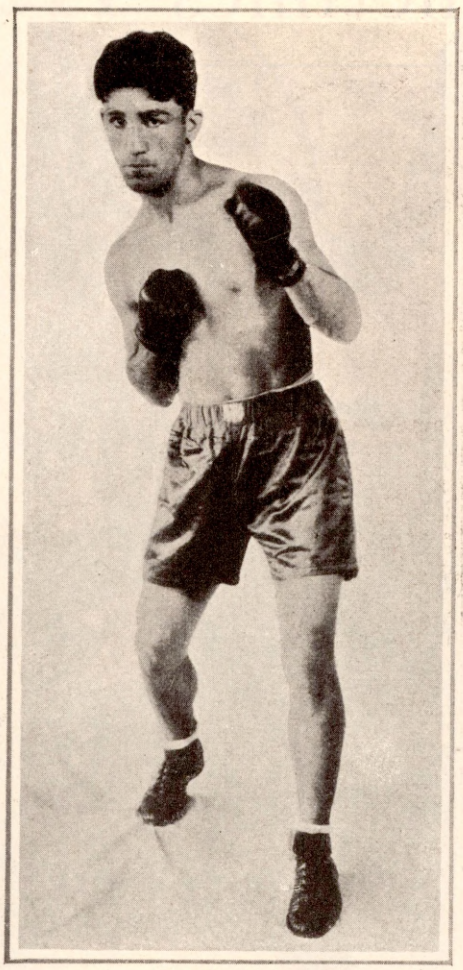
The fact that year after year, barring 1906 when the championships were staged in Frisco, the event has been assigned to Boston, has done much for boxing at large and must stand for all time as a tribute to the directing management. These tournaments have been, almost without a single exception, both a financial and sporting success—a credit to the active heads of the National A. A. U., its New England branch, the Boston Athletic Association and other directing contributors—all tireless and enthusiastic workers in behalf of boxing and sport. For all of these it has been largely a labor of love.

Standing out as one of the presiding geniuses and guides in bringing the Nationals to Boston year after year, also elevating and keeping amateur boxing to its present high standing in the Bay State, is William H. Cuddy, born in 1865, but still hale and hearty—as enthusiastic and keen for the game as ever. Widely known as "Father Bill", he has directly and indirectly fostered the sport since as far back as 1893.

As former chairman for years of the National Boxing Championship and Olympic committees, he gave the game a prestige never before attained—made the championships a country-wide and an All-American institution.



Jackie Fields



Bat Battalino

* * *

IN the years from about 1919, up to the beginning of 1928, when Cuddy retired from office, inter-city and tri-city tournaments between representative American and Canadian teams of picked men were featured, booming the sport tremendously. In addition, it was Cuddy's guiding hand which brought to Boston and this country the all-British boxing team in 1925, the Pan-American tourney of the same year in Boston, the return visit of the North American boxing team to Buenos Aires in 1926, and the trip to the States in 1927 of the Nordic boxers representing Denmark and Sweden, the latter competing in a tourney in Boston of wonderful brilliancy, sensation and success. The meet did credit to amateur sport.

His greatest triumph, however, as we view it, came in the Olympic year of 1924, when not only were the eight National amateur titles up for competition, but a team of real fighters was to be selected to represent the United States in the great games held that year near Paris.

This tourney, staged in the Boston Arena under the auspices of the National A. A. U. and Boston Athletic Association, lasted through the greater portion of the nights of May 19, 20 and 21, and was rated as one of the best and most successful from the various angles ever staged in the Hub.

New York City, long a center of professional boxing, within the past two years has made wonderful strides in the amateur sport, due primarily to the wonderful incentive offered by the Golden Glove tournament. This tourney, staged under the auspices of the Daily News and under the direct management of Paul Gallico, has done more to bring amateur boxing to the front in this country, than any other item. From the Golden Glove competition in New York, Chicago and Cleveland, have emerged some of the finest prospects developed in this country in the last two years.

With Boston as the cradle of amateur boxing and the other cities picking up the trail, there never need be any worry about the future of the ring sport in the United States.

Watching Wrestling Match Sometimes Hectic Event

A War Minister's Experience

By "AJAX"

AS the bugle sounded clear and shrill recently calling the herd of non-ruminant pachyderms to the New York wrestling grounds, several of the stars of a year or more ago were among those missing. The query arose at roll call:

What has become of John Pesek, the Nebraska catamount? Hardly had the question been asked when there came hissing over the wires from far-off Australia this definite and convincing report:

"William Hughes, War Premier, had a narrow escape at a wrestling match here when John Pesek, Nebraska husky, got rough with his opponent, Joe Zigmund of Poland, and chucked him out of the ring.

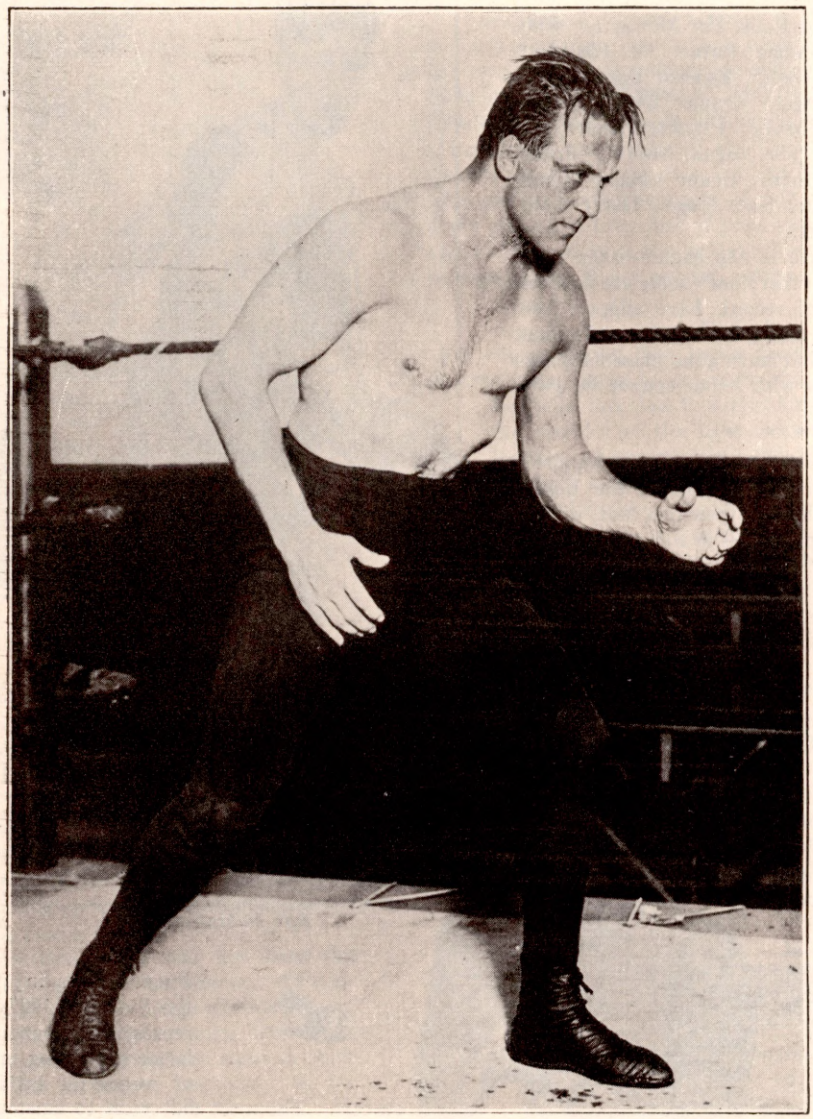
"As Zigmund disappeared through the ropes, spectators rushed to the spot and found that Hughes, who was witnessing a wrestling bout for the first time and was sitting immediately under where the wrestler fell, had disappeared. After the fans had lifted all of Zigmund's 218 pounds, they found Hughes crouched under his seat, which he had vacated just in time.

"The contest then proceeded, with the American winning when police stopped the bout after Zigmund had been tossed out of the ring three more times."

* * *

In very truth, the man, war premier or plain citizen, who attends a wrestling contest in which Pesek is one of the combatants, assumes as great a risk as he would in a world war. "Chucking" his opponents out of the ring and on the heads of innocent onlookers is nothing new with Pesek, who has just returned to the States as a challenger for Shikat's wrestling crown.

The full force of this assertion, accompanied by a 250-pound Alsatian, was experienced by the writer and Tom Rice, of the Brooklyn Eagle, at the 71st Regiment Armory in New York City several years ago. Rice and the writer occupied two of the trick chairs provided for the use of those entitled to ringside seats, and were happily discussing the leading topics of the hour when Pesek and his victim entered the ring. As the large person opposed to Pesek was refractory and declined to be flattened on the canvas, Pesek became peeved and resorted to hurtling tactics.



Richard Shikat, recognized in Pennsylvania and New York as world's wrestling champion

I am not certain that Pesek had animus against Rice or myself. In any event, Pesek, after three ineffective attempts to "chuck" his man out of the ring, gathered himself for a supreme effort. Getting a waist hold on the big fellow, Pesek trundled him across the ring to a spot in front of where Rice and I sat, and then with a prodigious heave, sent him hurtling through the ropes and on the heads of Rice and myself.

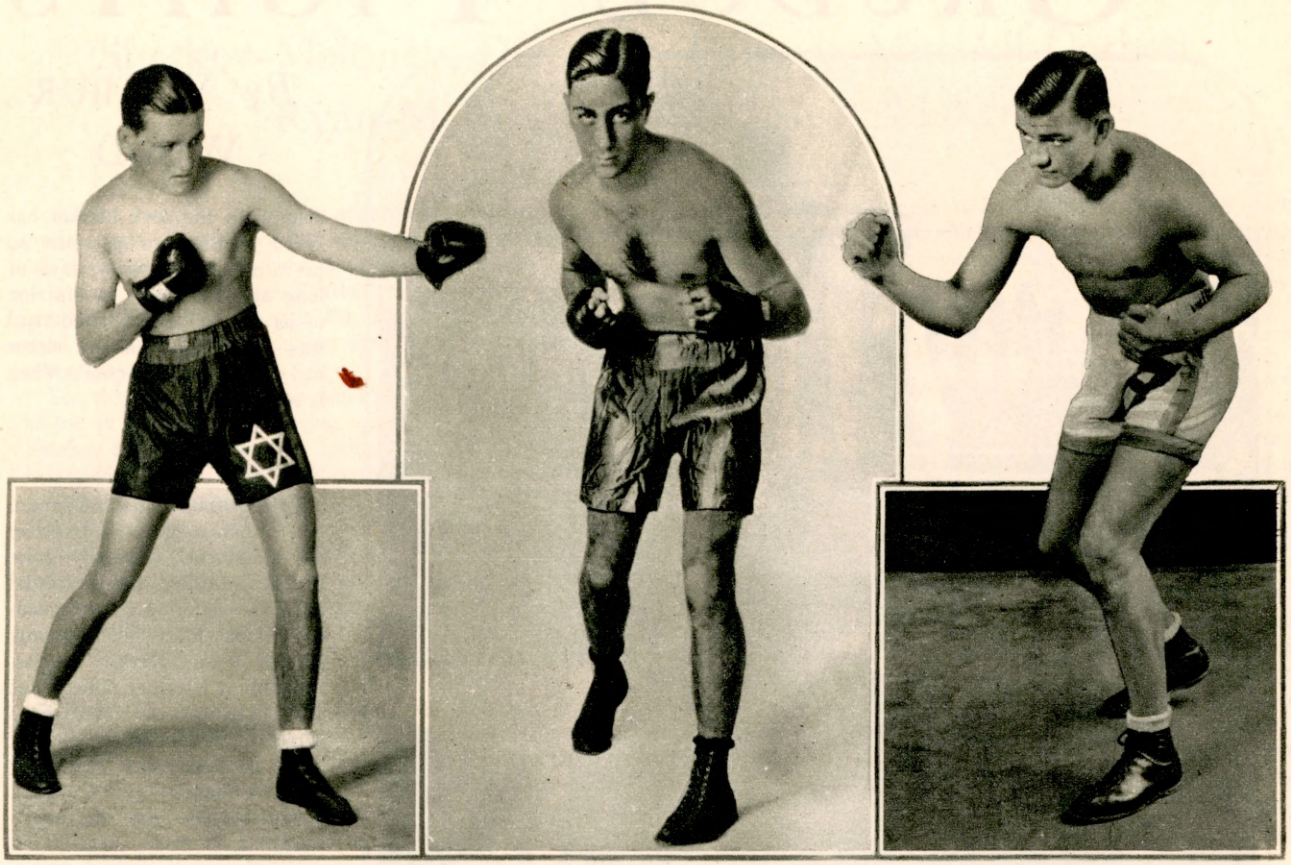
One of the human torpedo's legs hit Rice in the vicinity of the solar plexus, knocked him off his chair and flat on his back. Both shoulders and both hips went down, and he acknowledged he was defeated.

The right shoulder of the flying grappler struck the writer on the head, and at the instant of contact, I was convinced the Armory ceiling had fallen on me. Fortunately, the ringside chair gave way under the strain of weight, and after Pesek's human missile had untangled himself from the debris, I discovered I was not seriously injured. But Rice and I pledged ourselves to insist on seats in the gallery the next time we attended a wrestling contest with Pesek as an attraction.

* * *

It appears that Pesek now seeks higher game than newspaper men. He nearly got the war premier of Australia. Who will be the next victim of his "chucking" tactics? If the crowned heads of foreign (*Continued on page* 45)

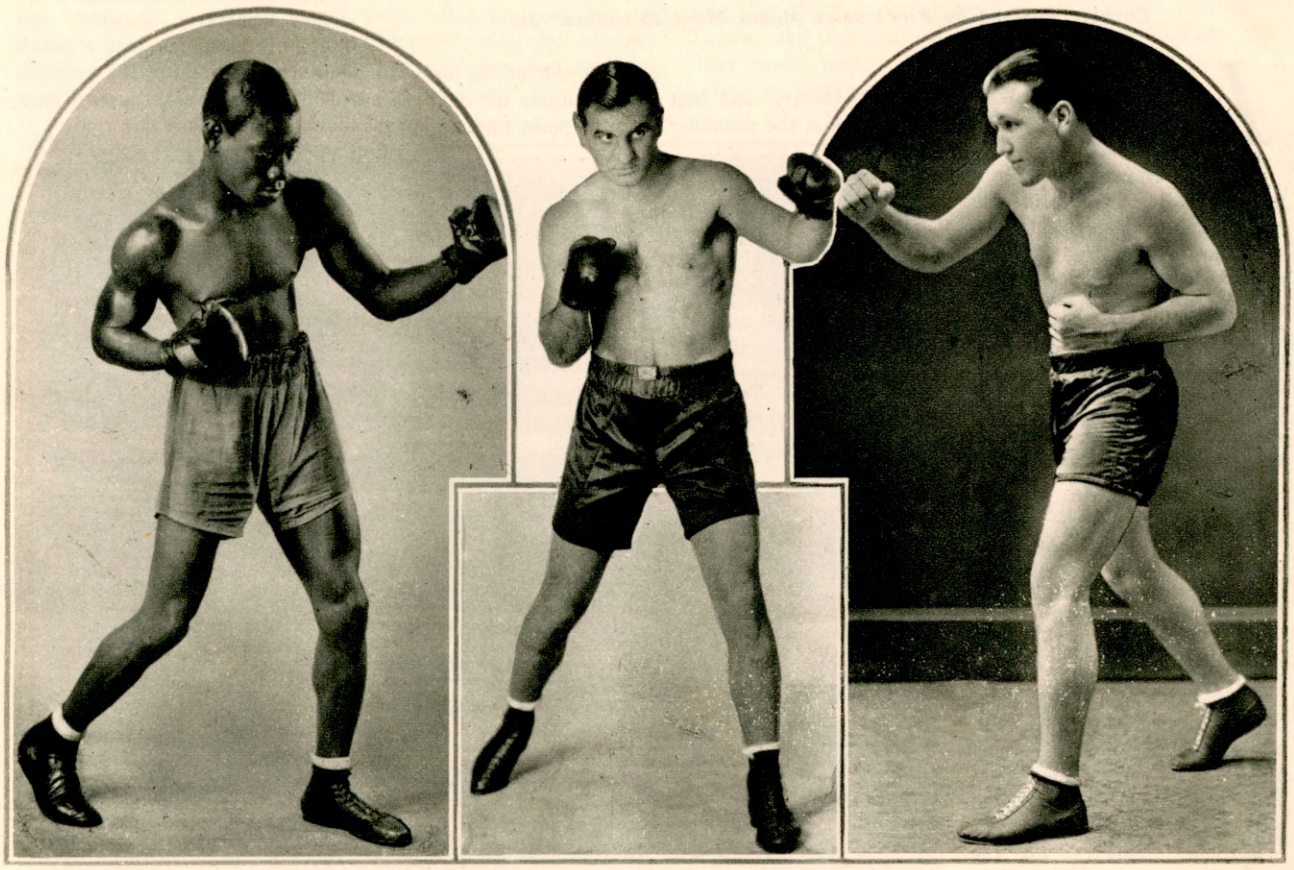
Trades in Punches from Various Sections



Phil Goldstein, Pittsburgh
lightweight

Tony Leto, Florida's star
featherweight

George Hoffman, New York
heavyweight

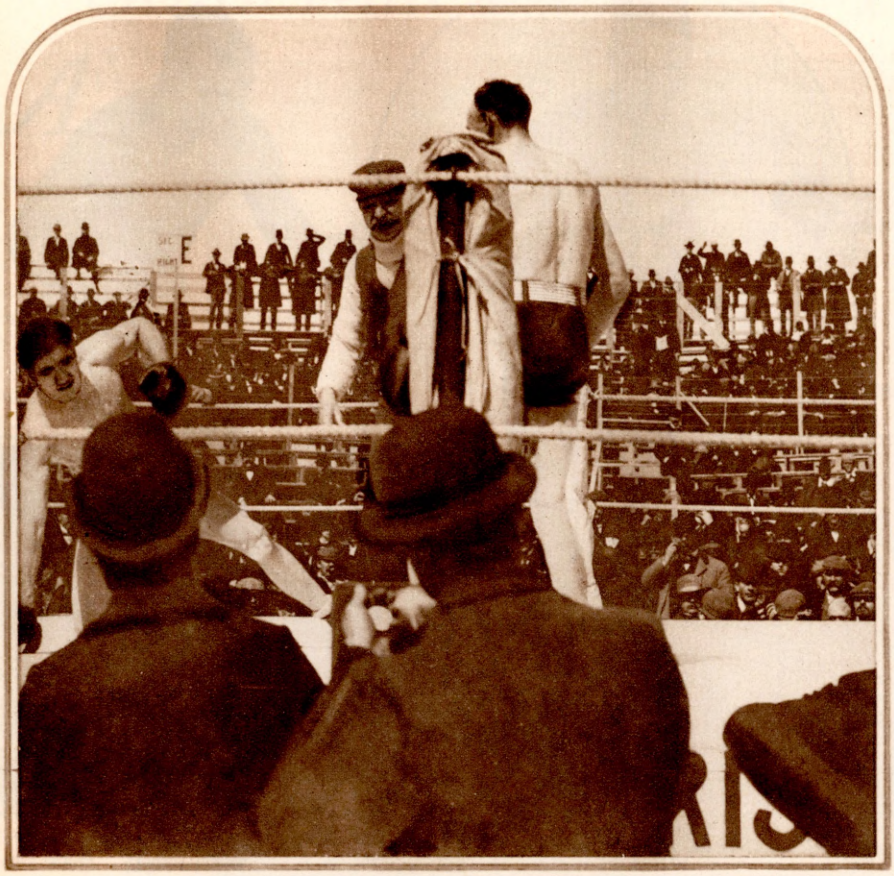


Black Bill, Cuban flyweight star

Paul Cavalier, Jersey
heavyweight

Frankie Crawley, Pennsylvania
heavyweight

GRUDGE FIGHTS



Corbett, downed by Fitz's solar plexus blow, is counted out

By WILBUR WOOD

"IT'S a grudge fight!"

Those four words constitute the shortest and best ballyhoo a fight can have. Fortunate is the promoter who lands one.

Farther back than the memory of even the oldest fan reaches, the grudge fight has held a peculiar fascination for the genus customer. The boys figure, and rightly, that when they see two boxers engaged in seeking personal satisfaction upon each other they are going to get their money's worth and something to spare. There seems to be a keener pleasure, as far as the customer is concerned, when he believes the fighters are peeved at each other than is the case when it is merely a matter of business, with no hard feeling between the combatants.

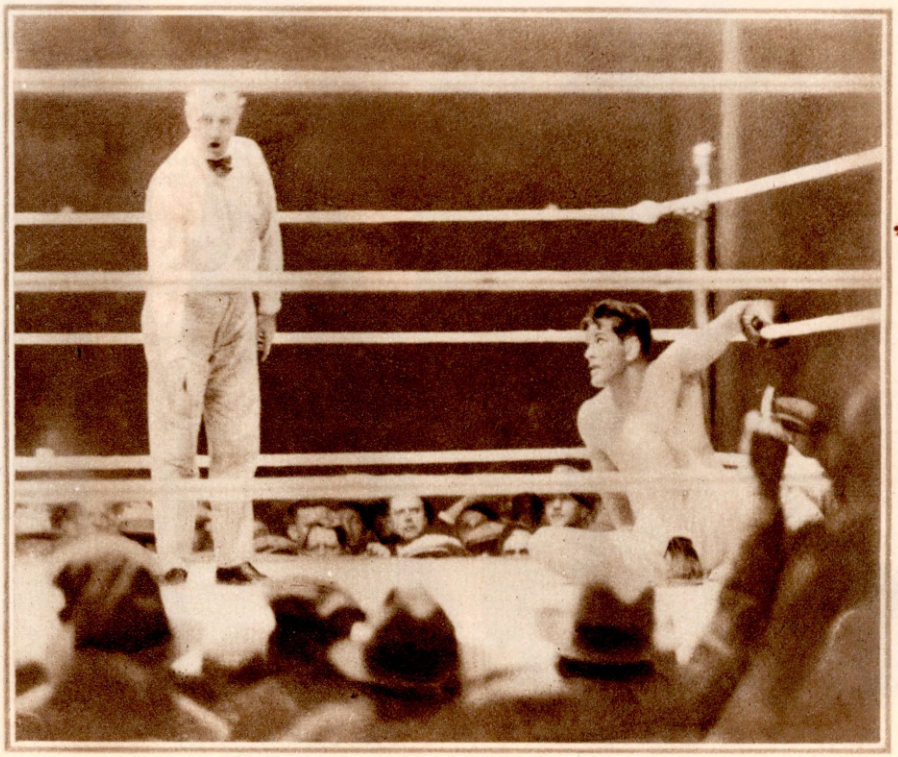
One of the oldest of the ballyhoo gags is to dress up a strictly business battle as a grudge fight. Sometimes that trick works, but, not often. There is something about a genuine grudge fight that cannot be counterfeited well enough to fool the fans.

Oldtime followers of the Queensbury art will tell you that grudge fights are dying out; that the big money which has come into the sock market has killed off the grudge spirit so prevalent in the misty days of long ago when the satisfaction of having whipped a hated rival was about all even the victor had to show for his efforts when it was all over.

* * *

PROBABLY there is more than a grain of truth in that statement. Certainly, some of the so-called fights foisted upon the suffering public nowadays look more like necking parties than grudge battles. Probably it is rather difficult for a boxer to work up a venomous hatred of his opponent when he bears in mind that the other fellow is helping him collect a young fortune for an hour's work.

Yet the grudge fight is by no means extinct. We had one of them only last September, when Jack Sharkey knocked out Tommy Loughran with a punch to the side of the forehead. Those two lads had petted a smoldering dislike for each other over a period of years until it grew to the point where it overshadowed even dollars and cents.



Gene Tunney, listening to Dave Barry tolling off the "long" count

and THEIR FASCINATION

Sharkey-Maloney, Dempsey-Tunney, Mitchell-Corbett, Ryan-McCoy Battles, History Makers

Sharkey seems to have been generously inoculated with the grudge germ. It is a fact that almost every one of the Boston gob's good showings has been made in a grudge fight.

It is no secret that when Sharkey enters the ring with a personal dislike of the fellow in the other corner, he is twice as good a fighter as when he looks upon his opponent as just another fighter.

For that reason the gob's handlers make earnest efforts to arouse in him a strong feeling against his opponent. When Sharkey either develops that feeling of his own accord or has it instilled into his mind, he is certain to put up a great battle.

Sharkey's best battles have been those against Harry Wills, Jimmy Maloney, Jack Dempsey and Tommy Loughran. He looked like a great fighter in all of them, even though he did lose to Dempsey on what is written into the records as a knockout but which many who were in a position to see what happened and were not blinded by prejudice, will insist to their dying days was a foul, or series of fouls, by Dempsey.

SHARKEY came by his hatred for Maloney naturally enough. Jimmy is of the South Boston Irish, their idol. Sharkey came up the fistic ladder contemporaneously with Maloney. To say that it irked the Boston Irish for this "Polock," as they contemptuously referred to Sharkey, an American citizen of Lithuanian descent, to have the crust to dispute with Maloney for heavyweight supremacy, is putting it mildly.

It got under Sharkey's none too thick skin, naturally enough, to be booed by Boston crowds even when he made a good fight. It irked him mightily to find himself unpopular whereas Maloney, the favorite, winning or losing, remained the idol of Beantown fandom regardless of how he fared.

Sharkey's feeling against Maloney was accentuated by their first meeting in Boston, which Jack won on a foul in the ninth round. He was convinced that Jimmy deliberately hit him below the belt. When they met a second time, Sharkey received the decision, but still he was not satisfied. He wanted a knockout over his Boston rival and in 1927 he got it, before a huge crowd in New York.

"I'm going to beat up that big boy before I knock him out," Sharkey told his friends before they entered the ring. That is just what he did. Jack probably could have flattened Jimmy in two rounds that night, but he held off the finishing punch until he had given the Irishman a humiliating pasting. Sharkey looked like a great fighter that night.

* * *

THOSE who were fortunate enough to wager a few simoleons on Sharkey the night he boxed Loughran, played the hunch that the gob would turn in one of his good fights because he was brimming over with feeling against Tommy. Loughran, ordinarily a sweet-tempered young man, was just as bitter against Sharkey.

But for that mutual dislike, the fight probably would have consisted of fifteen rounds of dully scientific boxing. The grudge consideration made a brief but spectacular combat. Sharkey, as you will admit, if you were there, never looked better.

Grudge fights may be rarer in these days of important money than they were in the earlier times, but it so happens that the most expensive bout of all times, that between Tunney and Dempsey at Soldiers' Field in Chicago, was a super grudge fight.

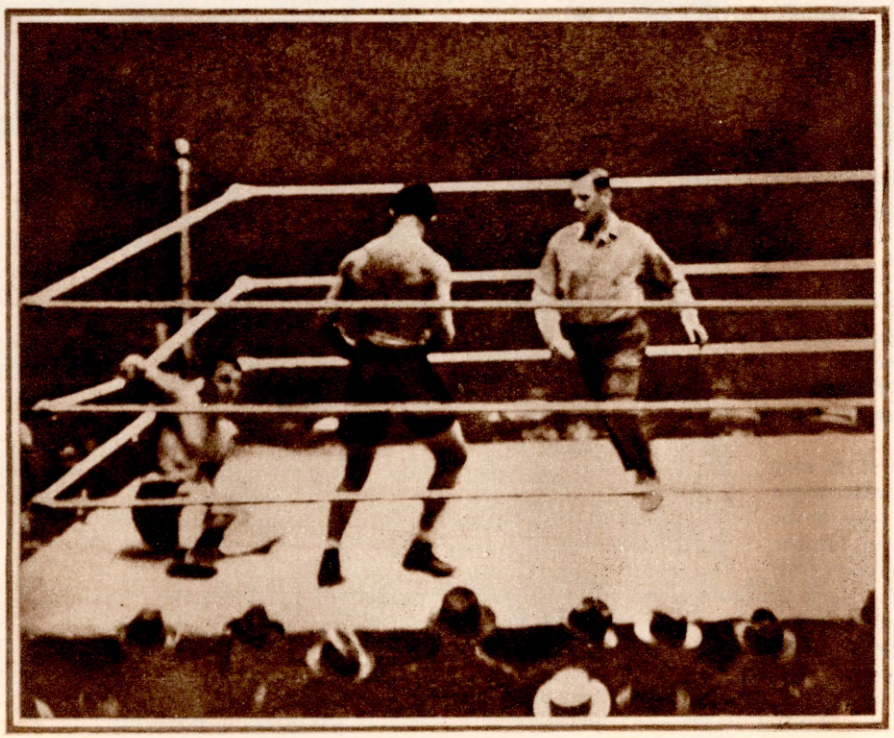
It is no secret that Gene and Jack each took into the ring that night a burning dislike for the other, though each had a high regard for the fistic prowess of his opponent.

Tunney made no secret of his feeling against the things that Dempsey represented in the fight game and Dempsey was just as intolerant of Tunney's ideas.

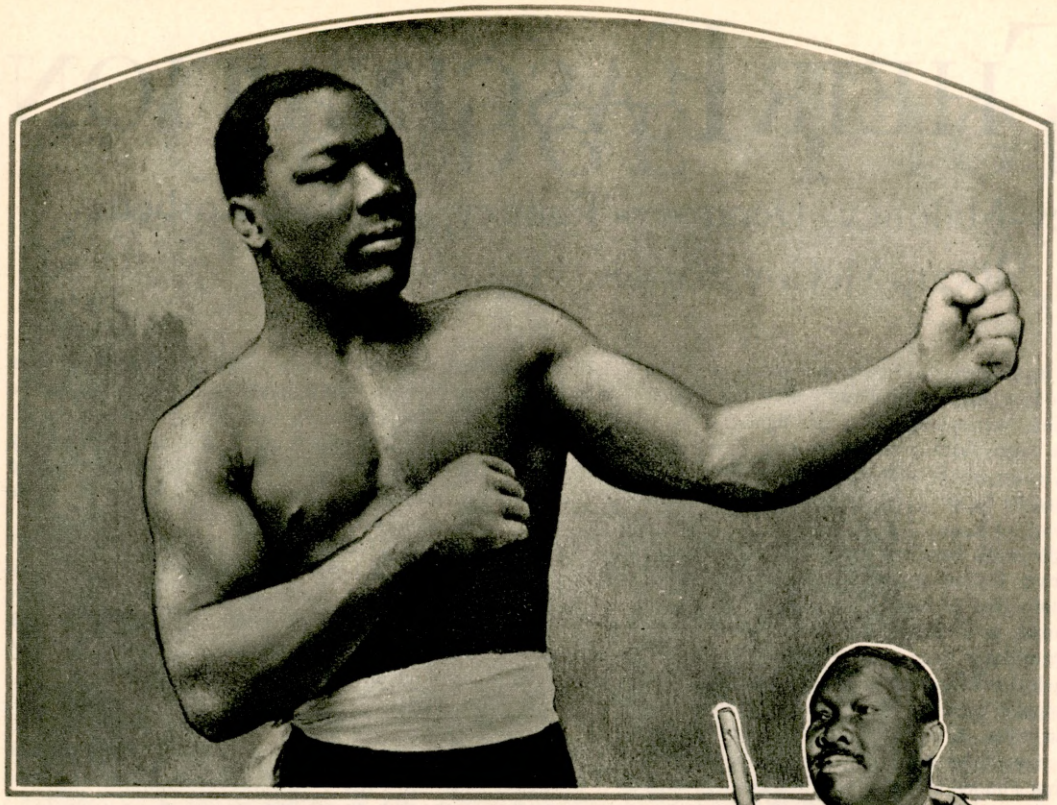
Many of the things that they said about each other in the presence of intimate friends are unprintable. When it came to putting the rap on each other, in private, they finished even up.

Tunney's dislike for Dempsey was intensified by the tremendous popularity which Dempsey acquired after being dethroned by the Marine. When both were introduced from the Madison Square Garden ring some weeks after their first joust, Dempsey was given one of the most tremendous ovations ever accorded a fighter. Tunney, a native New Yorker, introduced as champion of the world for the first time in his own bailiwick, was greeted with jeers and jibes.

(*Continued on page* 44)



Jack Sharkey taking a count in bout with Jimmy Maloney



By EDDIE BORDEN

Joe Walcott when in his prime and as he looks to-day

RING'S HANDIEST CLEAN-UP MAN

JOE WALCOTT, the Barbadoes Demon, at one time was the handiest clean-up man in the roped square. Big or small fat or lean, young or old—they all looked alike to this great fighter when he was in his prime.

'Tis often said that the ring adage, "The bigger they are the quicker they fall", originated with Bob Fitzsimmons, but Tom O'Rourke, veteran promoter, manager and trainer who handled the affairs of Walcott and George Dixon, another wonderful negro boxer, is authority for the statement that it was Walcott and not Fitz who first used that saying.

To-day, Joe Walcott, who found it so easy years ago to floor all comers, from welterweight to heavyweight, and not the set-up type, is the handy clean-up man at Madison Square Garden. Instead of doing it with gloves, however, Joe uses a broom. To him is designated the job of cleaning the ring canvas and preparing it for use on fight nights.

Were the Barbadoes negro in his prime to-day, he would be reaping a harvest. With present purses, and the demands of the fight fans for sockers, Joe would fit in splendidly.

Taking Joe from his job for a few minutes, the negro was asked what he thought of the present crop of fighters.

"Dere's only one fighter now dat reminds me of my time. Jimmy McLarnin is de fellah. Yas sah, he's de boy for me."

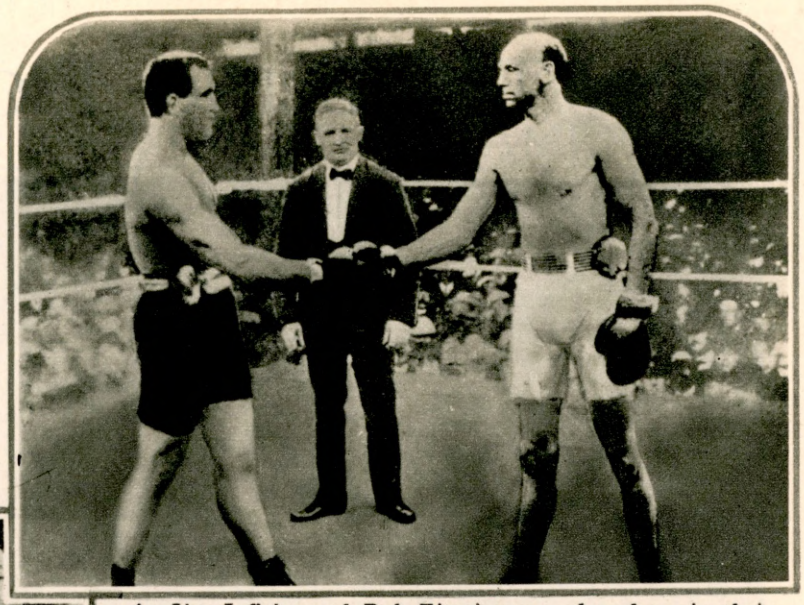
And Joe laughed.

"You call dem fighters? No sah, dey wouldn't stand no chance in ma time. Tuffy Griffiths, yas sah, he's good, but ah met bettah men dan him and ah beat 'em. Boy, what ah'd gib to be back where ah was when ah could fight!"

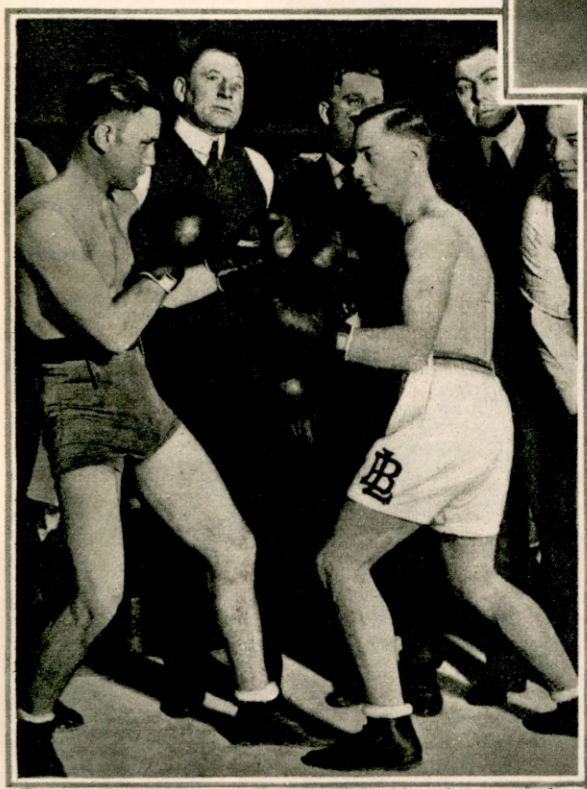
And with that, the Barbadoes Demon of years ago rubbed his hands, his thoughts wandering back to the old days.

Famous Fights Recalled

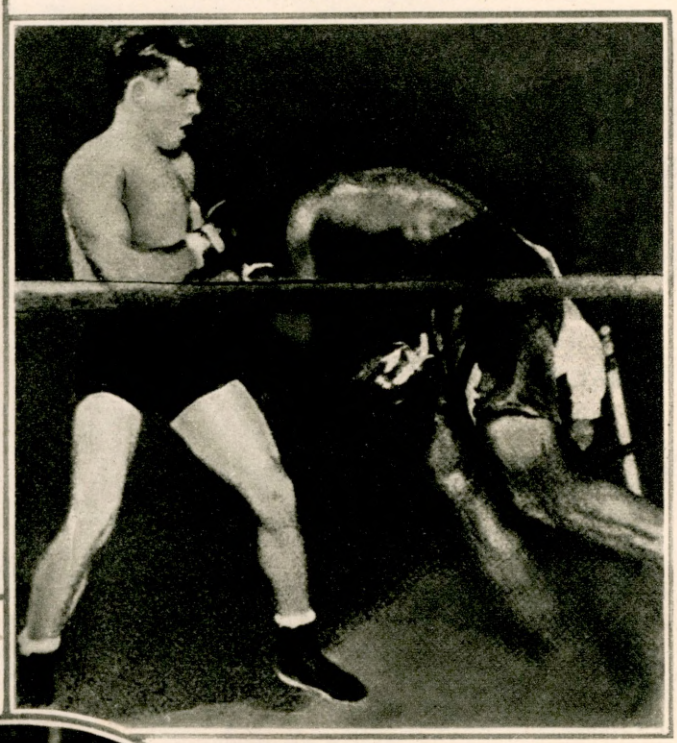
Series No.3



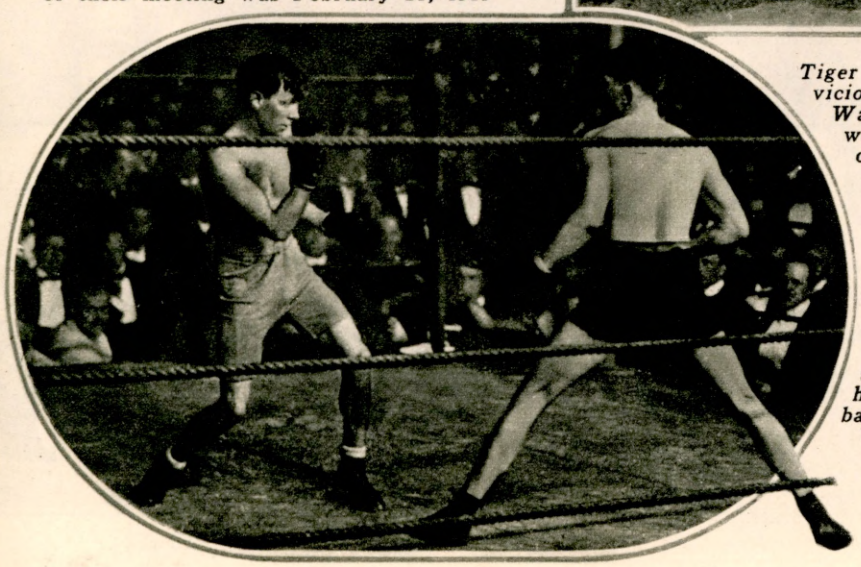
As Jim Jeffries and Bob Fitzsimmons shaped up in their memorable battle at Coney Island on June 9, 1898, which was won by Jeffries by a knockout in the eleventh round. The late Charley White refereed that go



Benny Leonard and Willie Ritchie sizing each other up prior to their four-round bout on the Pacific Coast when champions and real fighters were the rule rather than the exception. The date of their meeting was February 21, 1919

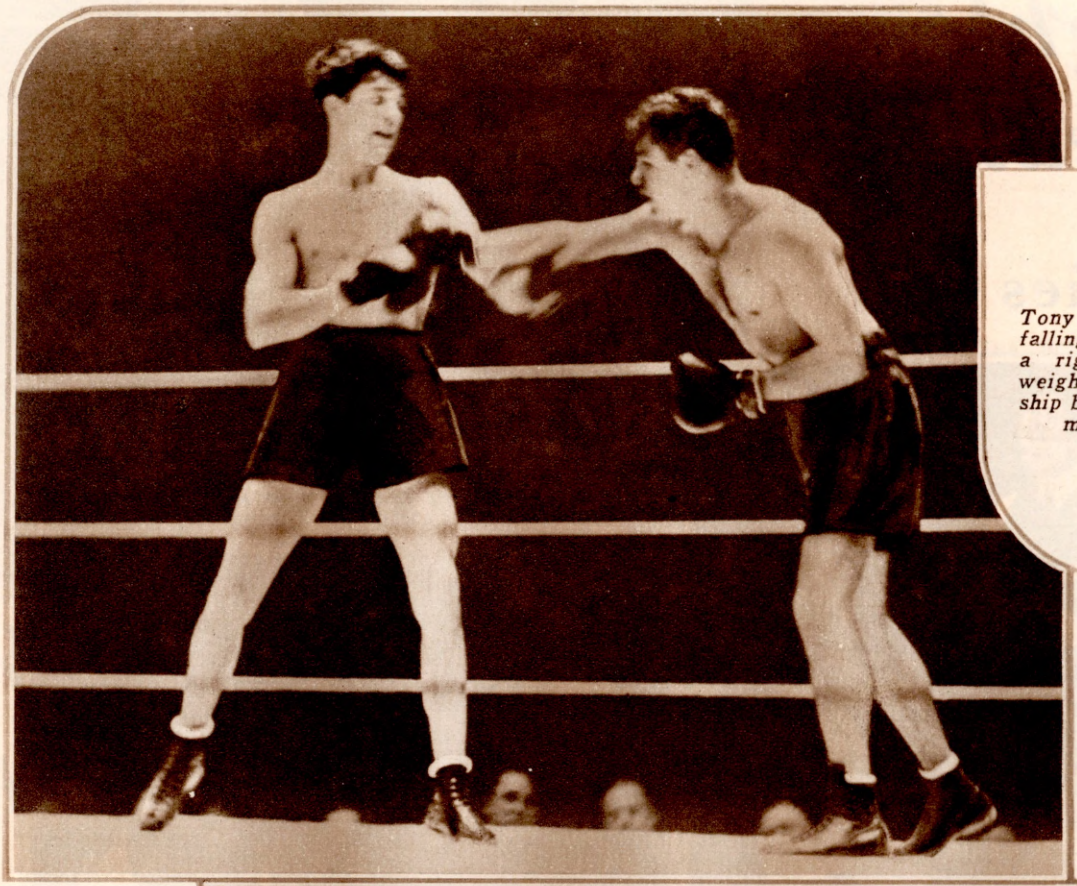


Tiger Flowers covering up under the vicious body assault started by Mickey Walker when the "Toy Bulldog" won the world's middleweight championship at Chicago, December 3, 1926

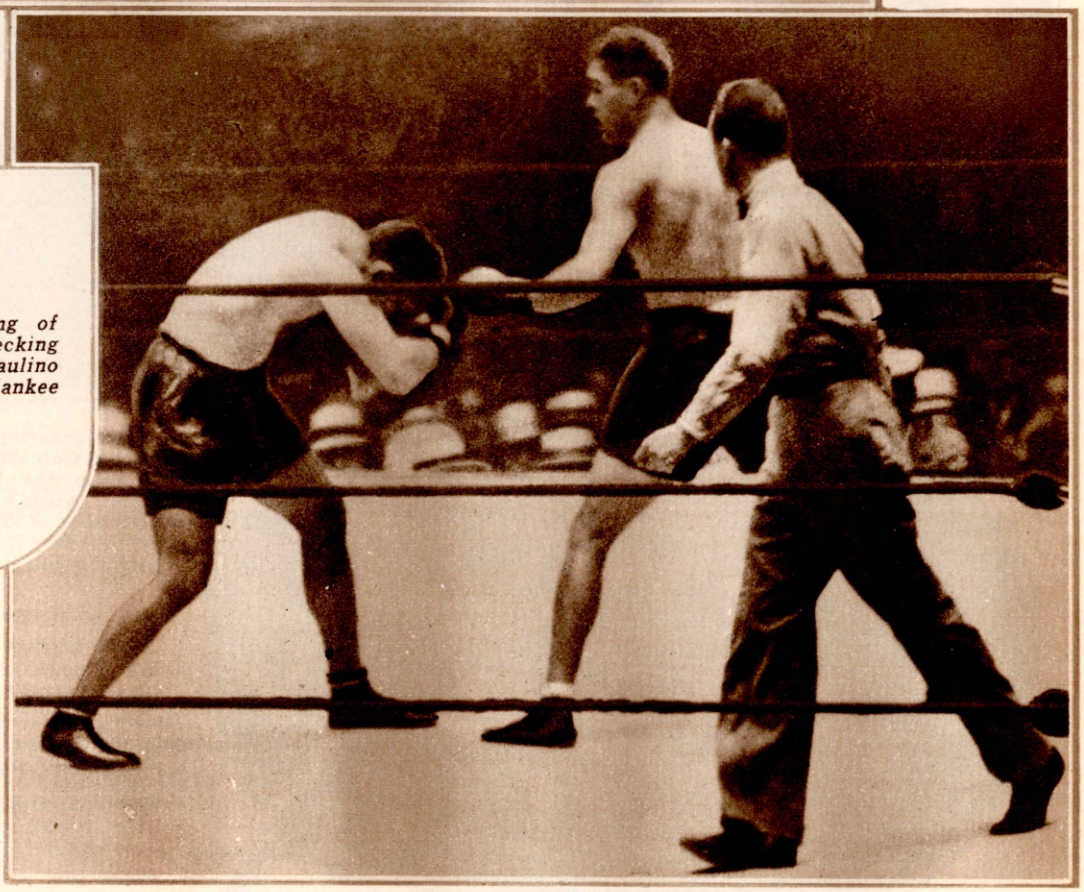


Jimmy Wilde and Joe Lynch sparring for opening in one of the hot sessions of their fifteen-round battle in London on March 31, 1919. Wilde was awarded the decision

Two Thrilling Fights of 1929

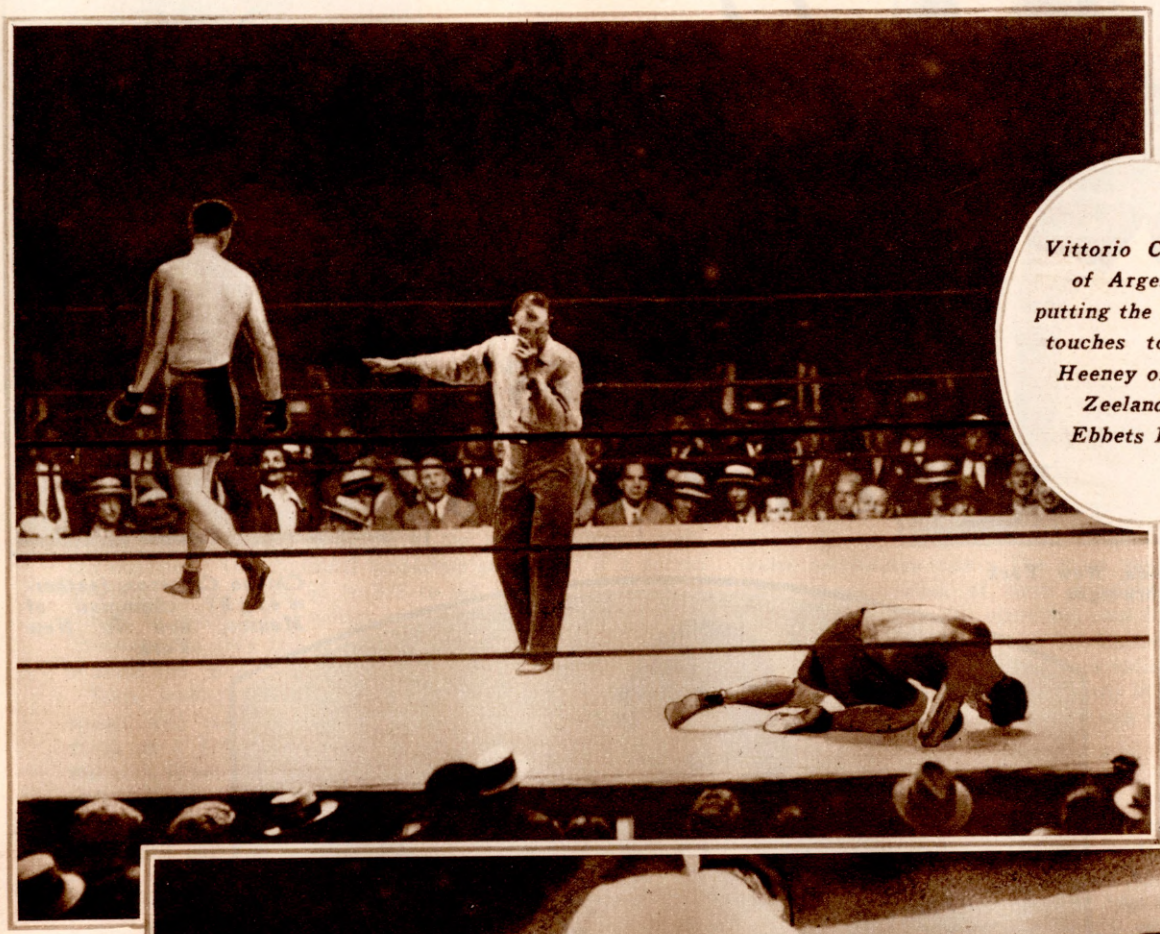


Tony Canzoneri falling short with a right in lightweight championship bout with Sammy Mandell

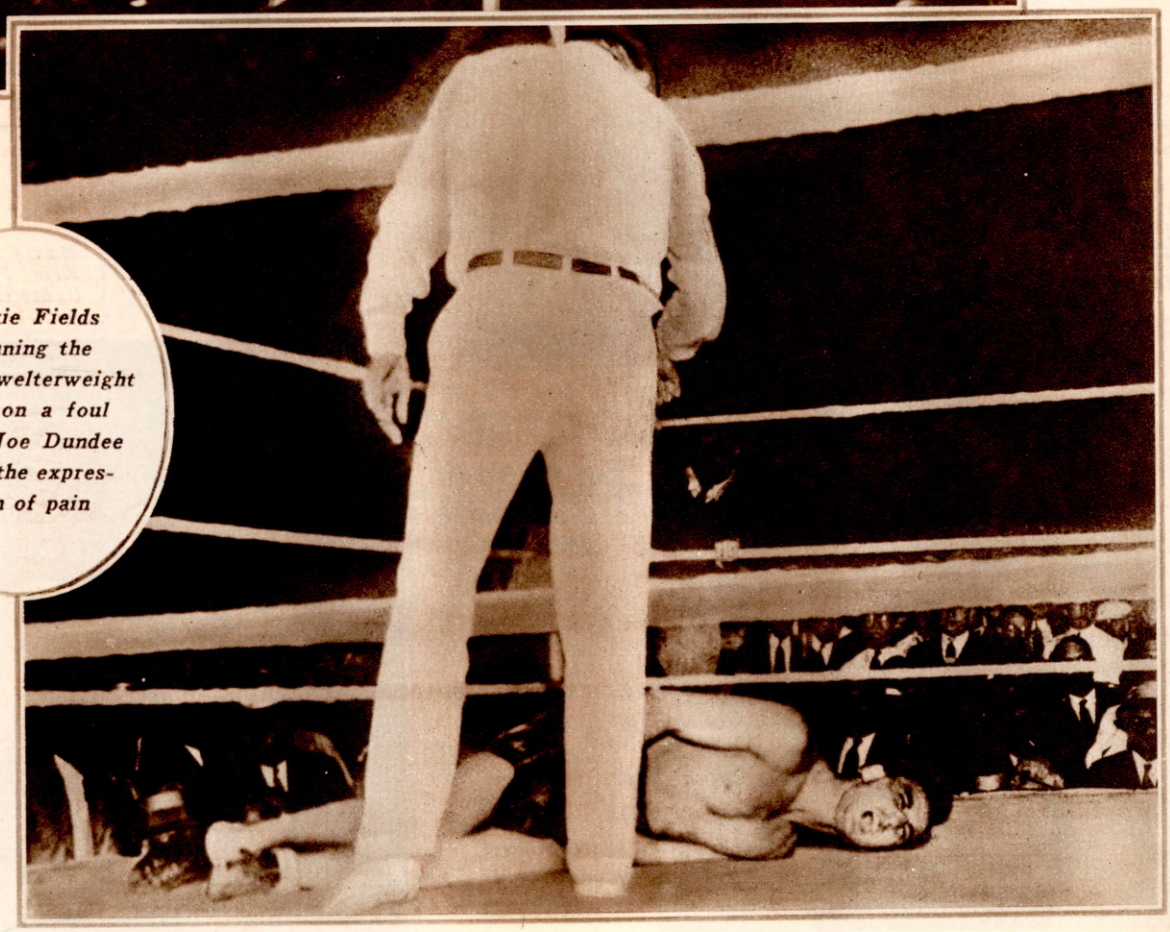


Max Schmeling of Germany, pecking away at Paulino Uzcudun at Yankee Stadium

Thrills Recorded by the Cameraman

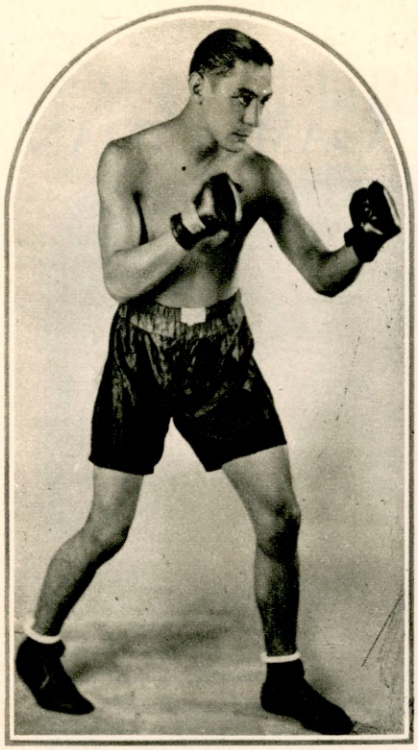


Vittorio Campolo of Argentina putting the finishing touches to Tom Heeney of New Zeeland at Ebbets Field



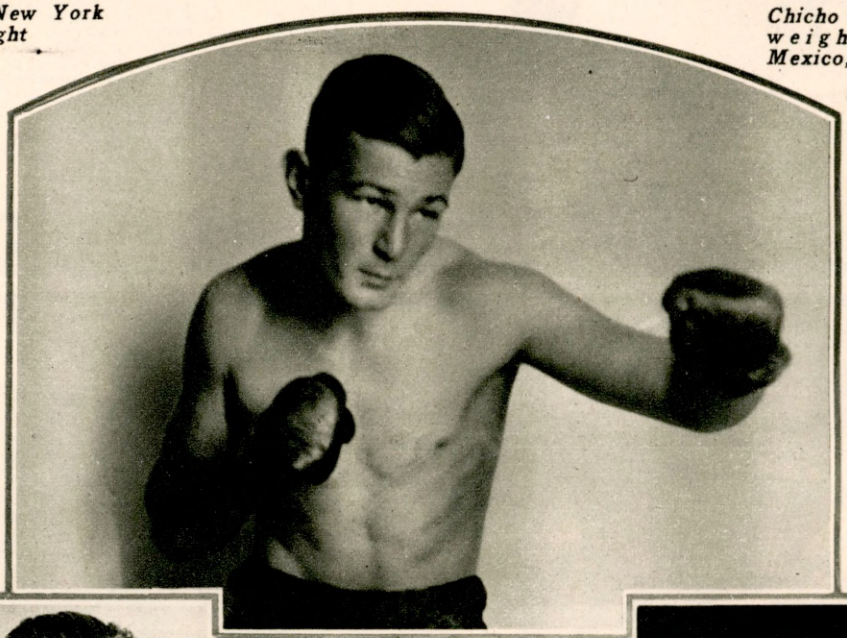
Jackie Fields winning the world welterweight title on a foul from Joe Dundee Note the expression of pain

Promising Boys in Various Divisions



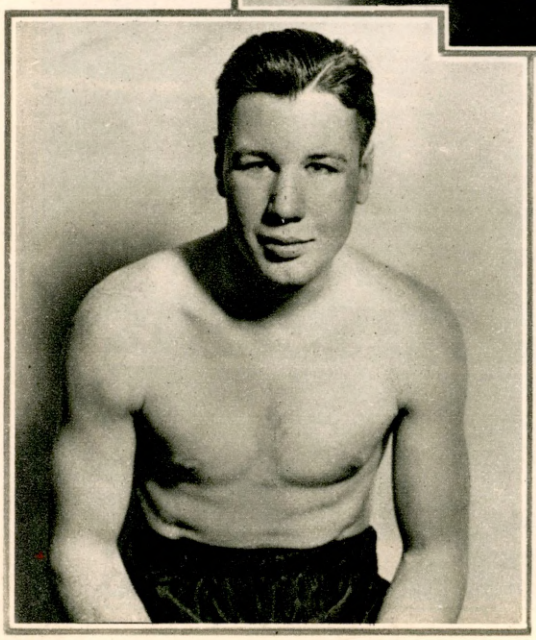
Eddie Guida, New York lightweight

Chicho Cisneros, featherweight champion of Mexico, now in New York



Jack Buck McTiernan, Braddock, Pa., welter

Maxie Strub, Erie, Pa., junior lightweight star



Ray Van Hook, Pontiac, Mich., flashy little scrapper

An Appeal to Congress

Elimination of 25 Percent Tax and Repeal of Fight Film Law Urged

By The Ring Editor

FOR many years those who have the future of boxing at heart have advocated national, in addition to state control of this popular sport, but to date our legislators have turned a deaf ear to the suggestion. The Ring, which stands for all that is good in the field of boxing, has been foremost in the demand for such control, primarily because Congress has seen fit to place an exorbitant burden upon those who like to enjoy a good bout but has never been willing to lend a helping hand through the appointment of a commission of one or more men to aid in the national supervision of boxing.

Boxing has grown into a great commercial organization. The taxes which Uncle Sam receives from both spectators and talent, amount to millions of dollars annually. Only recently, when Tommy Loughran fought Jack Sharkey, the United States treasury received more than $50,000 as its tax, this sum being slightly in excess of the amount which Loughran obtained. Our National legislators argue that if a person is willing to pay from $5 to $25 to see a fight, he should be willing to spend a few dollars more to help the United States Treasury, but they fail to see why boxing, alone, of all sports, is made the "goat."

Were boxing placed in the same category with other sports, and taxed accordingly, those who pay Uncle Sam $6.00 on a $20 ticket would find no reason for complaint. But such is not the case. Boxing is the only sport upon which such a demand is made.

So illogical are the arguments of these tax supporters, that The Ring editor is more determined than ever to present the case of the tax discrimination before his readers with the hope that some of them, when appealed to for a vote in the next Congressionel election, will cast their ballot only for the candidate who offers to fight the battle of the fight fan in an attempt to kill the twenty-five per cent tax on tickets.

* * *

IF this is refused, then at least the public that supports boxing and makes it possible for the United States Government to collect its millions annually from boxing bouts, should be nationally protected. This can be accomplished through the enactment of a law placing the control of boxing in the hands of a supreme court of boxing, a supervisory commission over all state boxing boards. The tax now exacted from the public, would pay ten fold the expenses of such a commission, and at least then there would be some sane reason for a twenty-five per cent burden on the fight fan, a tax to pay for the support of the commission.

A national organization of this kind would be the means of relieving boxing from such unpleasant situations as the recent Schmeling case. It would enable all states to have uniform rulings on important matters, would curb the unscrupulous boxers, managers and promoters because their means for obtaining a livelihood would be in jeopardy through decisions which would be respected in all states. The states' agreements which now constitute mere scraps of paper, would be done away with.

In discussing this with a United States Senator, I was informed that such a move would be impracticable and that even if feasible, he doubted that a sufficient number of national legislators could be mustered for a favorable vote. Be that as it may, it might surprise Ring readers to learn that the very action which this Senator declares a majority of our national legislators would vote against, was passed upon favorably recently *in re* boxing in Hawaii and Porto Rico.

Hawaii for several years has tried to have boxing legalized. Until last August, only service men were permitted to engage in boxing bouts and naturally, there were not sufficient sailors and soldiers stationed there to make the sport worth while.

Hawaii is a sports haven. The people are sports-loving folk who see no reason why civilians should be barred from boxing and the public thereby prevented from attending a legitimate entertainment. Through J. Donovan Flint, a well known Honolulu lawyer, plans were formulated and an appeal made for the legalization of boxing.

As Hawaii is a U. S. Territory, such appeal had to be made to the Governor General who then placed it before the United States Congress for action, and strange as it might seem, this august body for once forgot itself and passed the necessary legislation to permit boxing in Hawaii under commission rule. The rules were drawn up by Mr. Flint, a commission of three reputable business men was chosen to supervise the sport and thus for the second time in the history of this country, the United States Government had officially recognized boxing as a national sport. The same procedure had been followed previously in Porto Rico where boxing was legalized by the United States Congress last summer.

* * *

PERHAPS those who voted in favor of this Congressional control of boxing in Hawaii will now see the light a little further and remove a double hazard to the further development of boxing and its enjoyment by millions of people. I refer to those who cannot afford to pay the promoters' demands for twenty or more dollars for a seat at a championship match, but could afford to pay fifty cents to a dollar to see a good movie reproduction of such a contest.

These same Congressmen who acted the part of true sportsmen in giving Hawaii and Porto Rico its boxing, should now add to their prestige by pressing the elimination of the heavy tax on boxing. They should also bring about the repeal of the law against inter-state transportation of fight films. When the law was first enacted in 1910 there was a good reason for its passage. Fear of race riots when Jeffries was whipped by Jack Johnson, brought it on.

But the world has progressed since then. Great strides have been made in education. Bigotry is at a minimum and race hatred breaks out only in spasms. In short, the arguments advanced in 1910 no longer hold good to-day.

We have such star negro boxers as Kid Chocolate, Al Brown, Gorilla Jones and Baby Joe Gans, right up in the top ranks of their profession. Every time these boys fight, the cheers of thousands of white folk greet them.

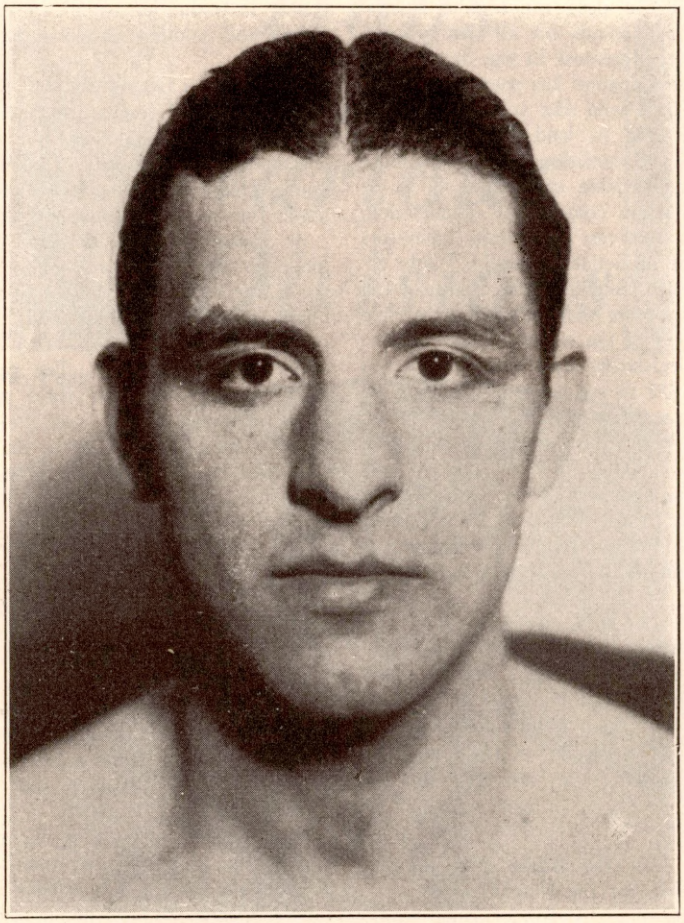
Boxing is a wholesome, vigorous, animating sport. To it is attributed the success of the American Army in the world war and the breaking of the German morale. What was good then should be equally good for us now, and this being the case, the obstacles which have been placed in the path of its progress should be eliminated by our Congressmen and Senators.

A National Boxing Commission, the moderation of the exorbitant head tax, and a repeal of the fight film law are now in order. Who among our courageous Congressmen will be first to endear himself to the hearts of millions of fight fans by introducing the necessary bills?

Berg No Disciple

JUDAH BERGMAN cannot understand why his forwardness should occasion so much surprise and comment on this side. He points to Dom Volante and Nel Tarleton, his stablemates, as something in the way of proof that there are others at home just like him.

Yet there never was an English boxer of his weight with more force than Bergman, otherwise Jack "Kid" Berg. The good-looking lightweight who beat Tony Canzoneri at Madison Square Garden is not the type of British fighter the world knows. He is not a stand-up, pretty boxer, who sharpshoots with his left and crosses with his right, though he does all of this at intervals. Phil Scott, with all his faults, comes much closer to typifying the British boxer the trade expects to see.



Jack "Kid" Berg

Berg is no disciple of the Jim Mace school. He is a rip-tearing fighter with all the American tricks. He hits from all angles. His relentless attack often stands the spectators on their chairs. Despite the fact that he has waded through barrages laid down by experts, he is unmarked. But, as Berg says, England has sent a number of great fighting men to America — fellows who would slug it out with the best, especially when cornered.

Jem Driscoll probably was the greatest pugilistic product of Piccadilly. He held the featherweight championship of his native land for many years. Jem was the most elusive boxer of his time. It was next to impossible to hit him. He even made the remarkable Abe Attell look foolish in ten rounds at the old National Sporting Club, afterward the Pioneer—built in the old stable salesroom on East 24th Street in New York. There has been no one quite like Driscoll since.

He fought Leach Cross at the historic Fairmont Club and the dentist has yet to hit him, aside from a slap on the back when Jem was going away. His knockout record proved Driscoll could apply the old sockareeno when it was required. There was nothing in boxing he could not do. Even when through and a victim of pulmonary trouble he boxed the very capable Owen Moran a 15-round draw in London.

* * *

NEXT to Berg, Moran was the most aggressive English fighter, and he was a much more accomplished and polished performer. He was a tough, rough fellow in and out of ring togs, and did not have to adjust himself to American methods. He was not exceptionally clever, but foes respected his wallop. He rushed in headlong much like Berg and winged punches from all directions. He fought Abe Attell and was knocked out by Ad Wolgast in 1911 in thirteen rounds.

Matt Wells, who beat Freddie Welsh for the English title and then lost it back to him, was another slugger, but not of the reckless sort. He mixed cleverness and footwork with his hitting, but relied principally on a right hand sock, with which he trimmed Valentine K. O. Brown when the latter was at his peak. Wells was strong and withstood the heaviest and most sustained firing.

Ted Kid Lewis, the former welterweight champion, was ready for any style and any kind of company when he docked in New York for the first time. He did not stop to call his shots. Teddy Baldock, the current bantam, refuses to stand and wait. Bermondsey Billy Wells was a fair sort of welter and carried the fight to everybody he met. Ted Moore, the middleweight, was another who conducted himself along Yankee lines.

The tradition of the British ring is built around the stand-up style, however. Billy Plimmer, who beat George Dixon when Little Swayback was good, in a six-round battle at the old Garden, was a great boxer. He had to be to outpoint the real Dixon as he did.

Jimmy Wilde led, parried and countered in the approved British fashion. He was a deadening hitter though he never weighed a great deal more than 100 pounds and conceded weight to all. He made the other fellow do what he wanted him to do and then crossed him. Joe Bowker was another who could hit as well as box. His outstanding feat, or rather the one that brought him international fame, was his defeat of Frankie Neil in London.

Freddie Welsh, of course, was a boxer with a wonderful defense. Nunc Wallace—about the first of the great little English fighters—and Charley Mitchell employed the elusive and defensive British style. Digger Stanley also clung to the style at which his countrymen always have excelled.

Bombardier Billy Wells was even a better example of the British school than Scott, and one of the first to demonstrate the true art of collapsing. Ian Hague was another who stressed the difficulty British big boys have in remaining perpendicular. Joey Beckett completed the work now being carried out by Scott.

* * *

JACK KID BERG appeared drawn and pasty-faced as he squared off with the heavy-chested Tony Canzoneri at Madison Square Garden. The bones protruded from his thin body as though he were underfed. Many expected the sunkist

# of Jem Mace School

By HARRY GRAYSON

Italian to belt him out in a round or two. The weight hadn't done him any good and he was overmatched in the first place, they reasoned.

Berg surprised the 19,000 spectators by discarding his rushing style, and walking in standing erect he attempted to outbox the former featherweight champion.

The talented Italian, superb physically and radiating confidence, seemed tremendously superior. He agreed with the great majority. He considered himself the better boy, and fashioned his thick lips into smiles for ringside acquaintances. He was the favorite at 16 to 5, but for only one round did he fulfill the hopes of his backers. Seated in his corner between rounds, and his handlers worked on him feverishly, the plucky Berg shook the cobwebs from his brain. He realized he had made a mistake in attempting to outspar the masterful product of New Orleans.

So it was that he reverted to type to turn in one of the most amazing upsets in months. Today he ranks with Al Singer as an outstanding candidate for Sammy Mandell's lightweight championship. Berg owes his good fortune to his gameness and recuperative powers. He is intensely brave.

He survived a murderous first round—one that for sheer savagery and damaging punches seldom has been surpassed.

It fairly bristled with destructive punches, but the black-eyed English youth was there at the finish and went on to win eight rounds in a row and a one-sided ten-round decision. Canzoneri captured the first round only. The tenth was even.

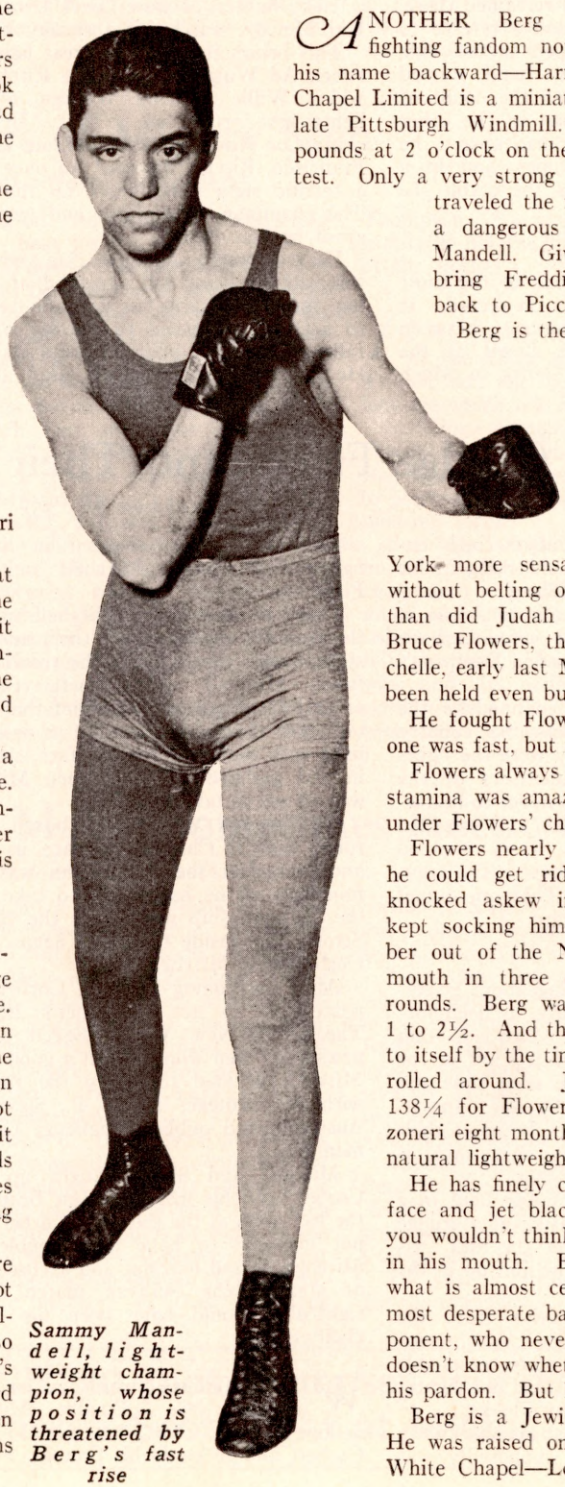
Bang! A right hand punch ripped a hole at the top of Berg's forehead which transformed the foreigner into a red-masked something that spit furious punches. Surcharged with energy, Canzoneri pumped left and rights to Berg's jaw. The Britisher swayed like the slender reed he appeared to be. He kept firing but his blows slid aside.

Canzoneri's troubles began, however, when a left hook opened an old cut over his right eye. Blood trickled down his face, adding to the crimson picture. They could not have done better jobs had they been equipped with knives. This was a fight!

* * *

BERG was edging in cautiously, and assimilating a fearful beating. His blinding courage added strength to his fragile-appearing frame. There was nothing for him to do but to return to his punch-a-second style in the second. The Italian boxing idol of Manhattan was a beaten warrior from the start of the second. He did not know it at the time, and neither did Berg, but it was true. Canzoneri became old as the rounds rolled by. His muscles went dead. His eyes lost their lustre. Finally he merely was waiting for the finish with no thought of victory.

Berg gave the Italian who looks like a miniature Babe Ruth, no chance to set himself. He kept him off balance with snake-like left jabs and followed up with volleys that turned Canzoneri, so trim at the start, into a sad sight. Jack the Kid's smashing attack had a good part of the huge crowd on its feet a great deal of the time. He was given one of the loudest and most sustained ovations ever to rock the Garden.



Sammy Mandell, lightweight champion, whose position is threatened by Berg's fast rise

Conzoneri will not forget this one in a hurry.

His eyes puffed and crimson streams trickled from them and his cheek. As he bled, he weakened. The Englishman battered him mercilessly when he dropped his arms during the latter stages and danced about in an effort to clown away Jack's splendid performance.

Had Berg boasted the kick of an aged horse in either fist, he might have finished Canzoneri. As it happened, he merely was able to pound out a decision by a vastly superior margin.

* * *

ANOTHER Berg endeared himself to fighting fandom not long ago. He spelled his name backward—Harry Greb. The White Chapel Limited is a miniature counterpart of the late Pittsburgh Windmill. Berg weighed 134½ pounds at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the contest. Only a very strong young man could have traveled the route as he did. He is a dangerous threat to Singer and Mandell. Given the chance, he may bring Freddie Welsh's old crown back to Piccadilly.

Berg is the best equipped English fighter since Ted Kid Lewis.

Jack Kid Berg, the White Chapel Limited—no stops this side of the final bell. No fighter ever broke into New York more sensationally, certainly not without belting out a highly rated boy, than did Judah Bergman in trimming Bruce Flowers, the negro from New Rochelle, early last May. Since then he has been held even but once in fifteen starts.

He fought Flowers twice. The second one was fast, but the first one was faster.

Flowers always backed up first. Berg's stamina was amazing. He had his head under Flowers' chin when in close.

Flowers nearly choked to death before he could get rid of his mouthpiece—knocked askew in the sixth, but Berg kept socking him. He belted the rubber out of the New Rochelle warrior's mouth in three of the remaining four rounds. Berg was on the short end at 1 to 2½. And the trade hadn't got next to itself by the time the Canzoneri match rolled around. Jack the Kid weighed 138¼ for Flowers and 134½ for Canzoneri eight months later, proving he is a natural lightweight.

He has finely chiseled features, a pale face and jet black eyes. At first sight you wouldn't think a bon-bon would melt in his mouth. Before squaring off for what is almost certain to be one of the most desperate battles of his life, an opponent, who never before has seen Berg doesn't know whether to fight him or beg his pardon. But he soon finds out.

Berg is a Jewish lad approaching 23. He was raised on Commercial Road, in White Chapel—London's Ghetto.

Gallery Gods and the Referee

(*Continued from page* 19)

ler, and the fight was secretly arranged to ward off any attempt on the part of the police to halt it.

The boys fought at a whirlwind clip. Their arms were working like flails. Until the final round, it was anybody's fight and when the gong brought the fellows together for that last session, they went at each other in hammer and tong fashion. Towards the middle of the round, each cut loose with a right hand swing and the blow landed squarely on the jaw of Files and Chandler with the net result that they both were pitched headlong to the floor and remained there.

Jere Dunn was too good a referee to lose his head. He jumped to one side and with a flourish of his hand, started the count. As he reached the count of eight, he looked from one to the other and at ten, when neither had stirred, he calmly walked to the ropes, and in a voice that carried across the stable, he shouted.

"As neither man is able to get up, I declare this fight a draw."

That was the end of one of the most thrilling double knockouts on record. It surpassed the great contest between Sailor Burke and Willie Lewis at the Fairmont A. C. in New York in which both boys hit the canvas simultaneously and remained there for the full count.

* * *

OFTEN a referee is spared the trouble of helping a boxer who has been fouled and dropped, or has slipped to the canvas or has fallen from exhaustion without being struck. His opponent receives the applause of the fight fans by doing the courtesy act. In such cases, it behooves the referee to be on his guard, for if the kind-hearted boxer is a tricky fighter, as were Leach Cross and Kid McCoy, watch for a sneaky blow.

This brings to mind the great fight between Ad Wolgast and Willie Ritchie in which Willie relieved Wolgast of his lightweight crown on a foul. In that contest on November 27, 1912 out in San Francisco, Ritchie dropped Ad once with a terrific right hand crack on the jaw. The champion went down and when he arose he was dazed.

He staggered around the ring and then fell without being hit. Instead of waiting for Ad to arise or for the referee to act, Willie rushed to the aid of the fallen battler and helped him to his feet. He had only one thing in mind at the time, as he later explained. That was to finish his man and win the championship by a knockout.

Instead, Wolgast, before Willie could get set, fell into a clinch. With his eyes glazed and the men locked, Wolgast brought his left up to his side and landed a low punch. Referee Griffin, without a moment's hesitation despite the fact that one man was a champion and in those days the title holder always was favored, grasped Wolgast by the arm and yelled:

"Do that again and I'll disqualify you."

It took a lot of nerve for a referee to act as did Griffin and it took more nerve for the referee on the very next blow, another wild punch that landed in Ritchie's groin, to stop the battle and promptly hold up Ritchie's hand, awarding him a world championship on a foul.

This is just another of many "Big Moments" in a referee's life. A referee's work is no child's play. Make no mistake about that.

[In his next article Kid McPartland will relate some of his early experiences on the East Side of New York, the stamping ground and breeding spot for some of America's most famous of the old time fighters.]—Editor's Note.

Grudge Fights and Their Fascination

(*Continued from page* 35)

Added to all that, Tunney secretly envied Dempsey's punch, so lacking in his own pugilistic makeup. The fact that he had been dethroned by the last man in the world he would have cared to have push him off his perch, fanned Dempsey's feelings.

Nor was this feeling confined to the fighters themselves. Fans the country over took sides and many were the fights that resulted between members of the two factions after that never-to-be-forgotten seventh round when the so-called "long count" by Dave Barry enabled Tunney to escape a knockout. The argument still is going on. That one round strained many a friendship.

* * *

MANY things bring about grudge fights. Usually a neighborhood rivalry is the cause. Two lads from the same neighborhood will start in the sock market at about the same time and move up the ladder side by side. Inevitably there are arguments between their friends, with the result that each is steamed up against the other.

Sometimes a casual training bout in a gymnasium is the foundation of a grudge fight. One boxer will get the idea that the other is trying to show him up in the gym.

Other grudge fights arise from the rivalry between managers. And sometimes the grudge has no more reasonable basis than the mere fact that one fighter "doesn't like the other guy's looks."

Jim Corbett, for all that he was known as Gentleman Jim and supposedly was above such things, engaged in grudge fights with Charlie Mitchell and Bob Fitzsimmons.

Corbett's rows with Mitchell outside the ring did much to keep the readers of sports pages interested. The trouble between Mitchell and Corbett centered around the Englishman's belief that Corbett had beaten him out of a deserved fight with Sullivan; had, in fact, stepped in and grabbed the title when Mitchell was all set to take it over.

Sullivan and Mitchell had boxed a 39-round draw in Chantilly, France, in 1888, and thereafter the Englishman was certain that all he had to do to take over the championship was to get the Boston Strong Boy inside the ropes again. But Corbett beat Mitchell to it.

After dethroning Sullivan, Corbett appeared in an act at Miner's Bowery Theater in New York. Egged on by newspaper men who scented a good yarn, Mitchell decided to go to the theater, with his protege, Frank P. Slavin of Australia, and publicly challenge Gentleman Jim.

Mitchell and Slavin caught up with Corbett and his manager, Jim Brady, in the bar room at the theater. Corbett was not disposed to have any trouble but Mitchell cussed him out and accused him of stealing the Sullivan match which rightfully should have been his (Mitchell's).

* * *

WORDS followed words, as so often is the case. Finally Mitchell bellowed out that he could whip Corbett and so could his protege, Slavin. The Englishman accompanied this statement with a swing aimed at Corbett's chin.

Then the fun began. In the general melee one of Corbett's sympathizers, Fatty Langtry, just missed Mitchell's head with a wine bottle. While the mixing was going on Slavin laughed but took no part in the fracas. He was in a mellow mood, having imbibed rather freely.

* * *

SO Slavin, dressed in a Prince Albert coat, striped trousers, spats and a beaver hat and carrying a gold headed cane, leaned against the wall, viewing the hectic doings with an amused and tolerant eye. In the midst of the row, as Slavin reached over to the lunch counter for another piece of cheese, somebody hit him on the jaw with a blackjack.

Down went the Australian. He got up, dusting off his fancy togs and remarking, still with a benign tolerance: "That was a bloody good shot, old top, but, I say, don't let me get started; there's trouble enough here now."

Somebody had turned in a riot call and while the ruckus was going on at top speed, a squad of cops and detectives dashed in and flattened everyone they could get at.

Mitchell and Slavin escaped by a side door and passersby on the street were treated to the sight of a half dozen cops chasing Mitchell and Slavin up the Bowery for several blocks until the fighters finally hopped into a cab and got away.

Corbett vowed that he never would rest until he had got Mitchell in the ring

and given him the beating of his life. They met in Jacksonville, Fla., in January, 1894, with Corbett scoring a knockout in the third round. Those who saw the fight will tell you that Corbett more than paid off the Englishman.

Fitzsimmons chased Corbett for a long time in an effort to land a fight and the sight of the Cornishman became extremely obnoxious to Gentleman Jim. Fitz walked into the dining room of Green's Hotel in Philadelphia one morning, while Corbett was eating breakfast, and began to abuse him. In the verbal war which followed Corbett heaved the water bottle at Fitz's head, narrowly missing him, and a general engagement followed.

Later, while they were training for their fight at Carson City, Nev., they met on the road one morning. Fitz, according to the story, offered to shake hands but Corbett refused, saying there would be time for that when they met in the ring. It was in that fight that Fitz knocked out Corbett in the fourteenth round with his famous solar plexus punch.

* * *

SPACE is lacking here to list the many bitter grudge fights of the last thirty years. Even the younger generation of ring fans will recall many of them, such as the series between Steve (Kid) Sullivan and Pepper Martin, between Carl Duane and Frankie Jerome. Also, there was the battle between Sid Terris and Ruby Goldstein for East Side lightweight supremacy, with Terris getting up off the floor to knock out his rival in the first round.

A case where rivalry between managers communicated itself to the boxers was the joust at Scranton in which Pete Latzo took the welterweight honors from Mickey Walker.

Paddy Mullins, Latzo's manager, was overjoyed at this victory over one of Jack Kearns' stable, as Kearns and Dempsey for years had ducked a fight with Harry Wills, Mullins' heavyweight entry.

If space permitted much could be written about the grudge fights between Tommy Ryan and Kid McCoy and between other famous Queensberry characters.

The reformers may be able to find some ammunition to use against the sport in grudge fights, but the fact remains that such encounters are the delight of the customers.

Mothers of Mighty Men

(*Continued from page* 25)

Even in late middle life, Stanislaus was able to hold his own with the best American wrestlers.

* * *

BENDIGO THOMPSON, one of the best fighting men in England's pugilistic history, was the son of his mother if any man was. Of Bendigo, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once wrote:

Bendy's short for Bendigo—you should see him peel,
Half of him was whalebone and half of him was steel.

A breath-taking woman was Mrs. Thompson, with a buxom figure which gave evidence of great strength, always with a bold light in her eyes and as bold a saying on her lips. She was a ballad singer but all she cared to sing was stirring lines which dealt with the prize-ring. Bob Gregson, the pugilistic poet, wrote many of them for her.

Mrs. Thompson determined that her son should become one of the great ones of the ring and she drummed into his head the pugilistic axiom of that day—"Never lead off with the wrong mawler." When her son faced the Newcastle Youth in his first battle, she was at the ringside, black hair streaming around her face, her broad bosom heaving with excitement, her voice shouting encouragement above the din.

The crowd watched the mother as much as it did the fighters. She took possession of his corner during the rest period between rounds, ministering to Bendigo while she ordered him to "put the last foot first." All through the early days of Thompson's ring career, she was his mentor and advisor.

Mrs. Stribling, the mother of Billy, has one point in common with Mrs. Thompson. She also aspired to have her first-born become heavyweight champion of the world.

* * *

IN her youth, Mrs. Stribling was one of the ablest gymnasts in America. To her son she bequeathed a physical heritage which few fighters have received.

Stribling, though, has been poorly handled throughout most of his fights. Bad training and overwork have served to prevent him from reaching real championship form.

But "Ma" Stribling has not given up hope. Her boy, she says, yet will be the champion. She advises him, oversees much of his routine and struggles to instill in her son the determination she herself possesses. Aside from Mrs. Sandwina, and Mrs. Stribling, few of the powerful mothers of sports celebrities have been athletes themselves.

Watching Wrestling Match Sometimes Hectic Event

(*Continued from page* 32)

countries are wise, they will wear war helmets any time they sit at the ringside with Pesek in the inclosure. At least the Australian War Minister will go to that extreme the next time he consents to view a wrestling match from the observation trench.

It would seem that Pesek will not be satisfied until he tosses a 300-pounder on the dome of some famous ruler, and the intended victims are herewith warned to be wary.

While Pesek has not been among those who have answered to their names when the New York wrestling season opened recently in the 71st Regimental Armory under the capable supervision of America's premier promoter, Jack Curley, he is angling for a chance to show his wares in the Metropolitan district. Soon after his arrival from Australia, he deposited a $10,000 check with the National Boxing Association to bind a match with Sonnenberg and Shikat for the championship. Sonnenberg is the recognized champion of the National Association and Shikat is recognized by the New York and Pennsylvania commissions.

Regardless of the merits of Pesek's claim for recognition as a contender for the heavyweight title, there seems little chance that he will be given a bout with Shikat before he disposes of some of the new stars who have appeared this year under the promotion banner of Jack Curley. The greatest of these is Hans Steinke, famous German grappler, one of the strongest exponents of the mat game seen in New York in many years.

Then there are a brace of Russians who are sure to be heard from ere the indoor season comes to a close. They are Banky Cehennuriak and Marius Kirrinlenko, who hails from the Ukraine district of Russia. If their wrestling tactics are as difficult as their names, they will cut a wide swath in the game.

Another new face who would give Pesek a hot tussle is a Greek named Mallineros, a light heavyweight and a great wrestler. Still another is the Illinois College star, Ken McMillan.

The year is certain to be a banner one for the grapplers.

In the April issue of THE RING Jack Dempsey will discuss the result of the Sharkey-Scott fight at Miami.

New York Gossip

By MARTY BERG

AN almost unparalleled heavyweight consciousness overcame New York during the month of January, not the least important event of which was the clinching of the Jack Sharkey-Phil Scott duel at Miami on February 27th.

Once the match was signed and sealed, and word came that Scott was on his way across from England, while the Bostonian was already on the ground, everything centered on Miami. Speculation ran high as to the probable winner, while Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING, was immediately dispatched to the southern resort to prepare for the proper care of the newspapermen.

Whether the winner of this tilt will be eligible for nomination as the successor to Gene Tunney's vacated throne, depends entirely on the outcome. Max Schmeling, the Teuton, loomed large in everyone's mind, and became additionally important when he cancelled his scheduled meeting at the new Atlantic City Convention Hall.

Joe Jacobs, Max's manager of choice, issued a statement declaring that Max would await the winner of the Sharkey-Scott duel before doing anything else, and that they would clash for the Milk Fund at the Yankee Stadium in June.

Hardly a small item in the month's events was the arrival, on New Year's Eve, of Primo Carnera, Italian giant, whose Madison Square Garden debut against "Big Boy" Peterson is related elsewhere in this article.

It is doubtful that a day passed during the month when Carnera's name was not mentioned in the press. He cast his shadow over the month's activities even as did the Graf Zeppelin in its flight around the world. Never in the history of pugilism, we venture to say, has an untried man received such a fund of publicity.

The gargantuan Italian played to capacity houses at Stillman's Gym, where he prepared for the tilt with Peterson, and ring critics came away from the training quarters amazed at his size—especially the size of his feet.

Much commendation from all quarters was heard on the appointment of Brigadier General John J. Phelan to the place on the Boxing Commission left vacant by the naming of George E. Brower the Kings County District Attorney. General Phelan had previously served on the board as the chairman of the now non-existant License Committee, long remembered as the "key" in the famous Tunney-Dempsey controversy. The remainder of the month's activities are chronicled in order.

Primo Carnera, the Italian giant, climaxed gobs of publicity with a spectacular introduction to 17,692 people who paid $67,263.97 gross, and $60,-141.52 net, by putting the crusher under "Big Boy" Peterson, Minneapolis battler, in seventy seconds of the first round of their scheduled ten round windup at the Garden.

The frenzy of the crowd was so intense when they saw Carnera lift his huge hulk into the ring, that the commotion was given no opportunity to subside. Immediately Carnera moved into action, and Peterson began visiting the canvas, the crowd roared, and roared plenty.

Peterson was down no less than four times before he was finally counted out. It took some time to revive Peterson, and Carnera was immediately being boosted to the skies by everyone who saw the tilt.

The sensation of the evening, besides Carnera's win, was Larry Johnson's great knockout over Fred Lenhart, of Spokane, in the seventh round of the semi-final ten. The colored Chicagoan didn't move into action until the bout got well under way, and finally put Lenhart out, though he had no easy time of it.

Addison Exum Warren, the bright North Carolinian, made a fine showing in the first of the tens when he won handily from Buck Weaver, lanky Medicine Lodge, Kan., battler making his debut. Dick Gibbons, St. Paul heavyweight, won from "K. O." Billy Dugan, Utican, in the six, and Tommy De Stefano, Brooklyn heavyweight youth, won on a foul from Abe "Callahan" Lipshitz, East Sider, in the third round of the opening four.

In view of what the Boxing Commission had previously decreed, Maxie Rosenbloom's startlingly easy victory over Leo Lomski in their windup at the Garden put quite a damper on the solonic edict. While the board ruled that the winner of the Lou Scozza and Jimmy Slattery bout, jointly promoted by Hugh Shannon and Charley Murray in Buffalo on February 10, would be recognized as the world's champion, succeeding Tommy Loughran, the solons were forced to revise their decree by ordering the winner to meet Rosenbloom within sixty days.

It was an amazing contest. Rosenbloom was looked upon as a freak when he windmilled his way to victory over James J. Braddock, and when he consummated this with his win over Lomski, the 8,586 people who paid $26,288.76 gross, and $23,297.71 net, sat back stunned.

Joe Banovic, the quite capable Binghamton, N. Y., light heavyweight, was returned the loser to George Courtney, the Oklahoman, in the semi-final to the Rosenbloom-Lomski affair, though there was plenty of dissension from those who thought the up-state lad had an edge, and deserving of the victory on a foul twice.

Arturo Shackels, Belgian welter, won on a foul from Canada Lee, colored Harlemite, in the fifth round of what was a great tilt, and much to everyone's dissatisfaction. Marty Goldman, Brooklyn lightweight, won from Eddie Reilly in the six, while Sammy Binder shaded Sammy Fertitta in the four.

When Martin Oroz, an unheralded Spaniard, went the full route with "Baby" Joe Gans at the Olympia, not a few people were surprised. Ray Cummings won from Lew Moskowitz in the semi-final ten, and Owney Travers and Tony Crusco drew in the first ten. Eddie Cerda won from Al Tedesco, and Vince Routia outpointed Al Smith, in fours.

The anniversary of the death of Tex Rickard, the sixth of January, was remembered by few enough people in Gotham, we might pause to relate.

Fred Havighorst, for many years associated with the late Walk Miller, who managed Tiger Flowers, was named by Jess McMahon to take over the matchmaking reins at the Olympia. Good luck, Fred!

Eugene Huat, Gus Wilson's Frenchman, got off to a bad start as a bantamweight, when Archie Bell won from him in their windup at the St. Nick. We learned later that Huat had been ill from weight making. Vidal Gregorio stopped Sammy Tisch in the third round of their semi-windup ten, while Frankie "Kid" Anselm, dusky armory battler, won from Hughie Devine in another ten. Manny Wolensky Williams made his pro debut in a four round draw with Danny London, and Eddie Grant won from Billy Jankofsky in the other four. $3,750 was in the house.

Harry Smith, Dave Brown's colored Harlem middleweight, added impressively to his record when he halted Pal Silvers in the fifth round of their Broadway B. C. engagement. Lew Feldman easily defeated Nick De Salvo in the semi-final, while young, and promising, Johnny Krieger outpointed Leo "One Punch" Williams, and Cecil "Kid" Como defeated Connie Holmes, in other tens.

Gotham's boxing circles boomed with laughter when the New York Coliseum, with no matchmaker, and no organization, drew the grand sum of $374 for the Ted Sandwina-Pietro Corri windup—the only show of the month at the giant Bronx arena. The management, knowing nothing about the business, tried to palm off a terrible card to the customers—who just failed to show up. Sandwina won.

Andy Mitchell, who fought in the semi-final to the Sandwina-Corri duel, and won from Hermany Heller, was guaranteed $750, more than twice the net receipts. Eddie Roberts stopped Frankie La Pera in a six; Humberto Curi stopped Johnny Zapanis in two, and Abe Lipshitz halted Walter Sells in two. Bruno Sala won from Amadeo Grillo in the opening four. Tony Caragliano had the receipts of the house attached because he hadn't been paid for a fight at the club previously, which was the crowning blow of all.

Larry Biello won from Jack "Laughing Gas" Murphy, in the windup four on the Olympia "new talent" card. Nat Haber defeated Patsy Sylvester; Vic Morosco halted Solly Serafino; Ralph Esposito halted Vince Flood; Joe Simonetti won from Abe Levine; Jerry Billotti stopped George Kancar; Al Tedesco drew with Teddy Seidman; and Jim Murdock won from Benny Frankel, in other fours.

With Billy Gibson as his manager, Paolino Uzcudun, the Basque heavyweight, made himself an integral part of the current heavyweight picture when he bulled his way to victory over Otto Von Porat in their ten round windup at the Garden. Paolino hadn't been given more than an outside chance to win.

There was a crowd of 16,730 on hand, who paid $51,565.59 gross, and $46,406.70 net, when Paolino won from Von Porat, and Marty Gallegher, young Washingtonian, was returned a pretty close winner over Johnny Grosso in the semi-final ten. Fred Lenhart, Oscar Levitch's Spokane light heavy, impressed when he made his debut by putting the skids under Phil Mercurio in the sixth round. Edgar Norman won from Bremer Eddie Husil in the six; Raoul Bianchi outpointed Mark Sir on in the opening four.

Fresh from his loss on a foul to Arturo Shackels, Canada Lee stepped into the Olympia ring and polished off Billy Alger when the referee wouldn't permit Alger to come out for the sixth. Black Bill won again from Freddie Lattanzio in the semi-final ten, and Frisco Grande won from Tony Abrusci the way Lee won from Alger, Abrusci being unable to come out for the third round. Frank Gooseby won from Eddie Foster in the six, and Joe Siclari defeated Vince Renta in the four.

Whatever opposition was expected to be furnished the Garden management in New York during the summer by Jack Dempsey, in alliance with Jess McMahon, was spiked when the Garden clinched a return deal with the Yankee Stadium and Polo Grounds' owners for sole rights to the ball parks for promotion next summer.

Every one of his friends was happy to learn that Charley Harvey was out of the hospital, where he had been confined for several months, following an automobile accident. Charley even gets down to his office now, which is great!

Little Al Singer, New York's own entry for world's lightweight honors, and undoubtedly the greatest lightweight product of which Gotham can boast since Benny Leonard, chalked up another kayo when he halted Georgie Day, of New Haven, in the third round of their St. Nick tilt. There was $7,700 in the house.

Singer looked better than he had before, smarter, wiser, with better punching ability, and faster afoot. Jimmy Slavin and Cecil "Kid" Como drew in the semi-final six, and Jackie Schweitzer won from Joey La Bate in another six. Harry Stuckey drew with Steve Gotch in another six, while Phil Cohen halted Billy Rapp in two, and Johnny King won from Frank Grecco in the opening four.

Charley Raymond, Brooklyn armory battler, defeated Ray Cummings in the six round windup at the Broadway, while Sammy Delson won from Timmy Quinn in the semi-final over the same route. Jimmy Amber halted Jerry Granton in one, Jack Chasin and Danny London drew, Paul Gulotta stopped Herman Stern in two, Sid Silas halted Andy Persson in four, Frankie Lazarro defeated Joey Unison, Lew Farber outpointed Al Peters, and Nick De Matteo won from Phil Horan, in fours.

The "600 Millionaires" of the Madison Square Garden Club, gave William F. Carey, the Garden prexy, a $25 per plate dinner at the Hotel Commodore, among the most important features of which were the presence of W. F.'s kindly mother, and the presence of Mayor James J. Walker, who acted as toastmaster.

The country's business, banking, social, and sporting interests were well represented, to say the least, and Mayor Walker provided the wit and humor as he had rarely done before. Mr. Carey was presented with a bronze plaque signed by the members.

The 18,852 customers who filled every corner of the Garden, and who paid a gross house of $60,084.18, and a net one of $54,008.43, had their minds taken completely off the heavyweights the night Jack "Kid" Berg, the doughty Briton, put up the battle of his career to win from Tony Canzoneri, former world's featherweight champion, and idol of Brooklyn.

It was an amazing triumph for Berg. Berg went into the ring on the short end of the betting odds, and after a troublesome first round, settled down to business, made Tony fight his way, and romped off the winner.

Canzoneri's mistake, undoubtedly, was that he had gone three and a half months without any ring work, and had gone rusty. Berg's challenge to Sammy Mandell for a title tilt was held in abeyance by the Boxing Commission, Jackie in the meanwhile returning to England, where he took on Mushy Callahan on February 18.

Sammy Dorfman, East Side lightweight, proved too experienced for willing enough Harry Carlton, of Jersey City, in the semi-final ten on the card, and the Perlick twins, of Kalamazoo, Mich., made their debuts in the other ten and six.

Herman stacked up against tough Jake Zeramby, Boston southpaw, in the ten, and was forced to the limit to win. Henry, the other brother, had no easy time of it going to a draw with Edouardo Corti, the rugged Argentinian, in the six, though we thought he had won. Petev Hayes made his pro debut winning from Davey Brown in the opening four.

Izzy Grove, young Bronx middleweight, made a hurried return from the Coast, where he engaged in a tilt with Gummy Snyder in the windup at the Ridgewood Grove, winning it with ease.

Harry Smith, that colored Harlem middleweight, continued bowling them over when he put the rollers under the veteran Jimmy Francis in the second round of their scheduled tenner at the Olympia. Vidal Gregorio was returned the close winner over Benny Tressito in the semi-final ten, while Jackie Philips put the skids under Owney Travers at the end of the seventh round.

Tommy Grogan, Roy Feltman's Omaha lightweight, proved too smart and experienced for Billy McMahon, rugged Greenwich Villager, when they met in the windup at the St. Nick. McMahon got off to a fine start, but Grogan fathomed his style, and set the pace in a few rounds. Joe Barcellona, Harrison, whaled the stuffings out of Billy Drako until Referee Jim Crowley halted their semi-final in the third round, and George Daggett halted Jack "Kid" Bates in the second round. Humberto Curi defeated Joe Tinsley, Al Palladino won from Tony Pizzi, and Ben Kunkes halted Johnny King, in the fours.

Arthur De Kuh, John O'Brien's big jawed Italian, halted "Big" Bill Hartwell, colored heavyweight, in the ninth round of their tilt at the Broadway, which was to have been staged at the N. Y. Coliseum, but was cancelled, the management claiming too little publicity. Johnny Krieger had no trouble defeating Joe Oliver in the eight round semi-final, and Ralph Ficucello halted Kris Karchi in two, Ralph Esposito stopping Franklin Humboldt in four, Johnny Hinds winning from Mickey Dunn in six, and Marco Apicello defeating Johnny Zepanos in the four round opener.

Joe McKenna inaugurated popular priced boxing when he presented a local card at prices of 50 cents to $2 at the New Lenox, with Frankie Marchese, popular young Bronxite, romping off with the win over Ray Cummings in the six round windup. Murray Elkins won from Johnny Melton in a close six round semi-final, and Oscar Goldman defeated Lew Lampert in a six that was a classic. Mickey Marino won from Pete Cataldo in six, Arthur Helme and Benny Salaco drew in four, Jackie Chasin defeated Matty De Santis in four, and Jack Winakur stopped Tony Napoli in two.

While there was much hustle and bustle concerning the Sharkey-Scott tilt in Miami, Matchmaker Tom McArdle kept occupying himself arranging Garden cards, arranging for the Vittorio Campolo-Johnny Risko tilt there on February 7, the Maxie Rosenbloom-Ace Hudkins affair on February 14, the Kid Chocolate-Al Ridgeway encounter on February 21, the Chocolate-Battalino featherweight title tilt on March 10, and the Mickey Walker-Rene De Vos middleweight championship affair on March 14. We forgot to tell you previously that Campolo, the tall Argentinian, was among the boatloads of foreign heavyweights to step into New York during the month.

James Joseph Tunney, otherwise Gene, retired undefeated world's heavyweight champion, caused a mild sensation in boxing circles when the news was broadcast that he underwent an operation for a stone in his kidney. He's recuperating nicely now, thanks.

Mike Valentine stepped into the small club promotion field again by opening up the Columbus S. C., Yonkers, which doesn't seem able to operate unless he's in the role of matchmaker.

The Ray Campbell Memorial Fund show at Cleveland went over with a bang, to say the least, Ray's family realizing more than $11,000 on the show. Ed Bang and Elmer Wiener, of the Cleveland "News" staff, worked like trojans to put the show over. Johnny Risko whipped Riccardo Bertazolo in the windup.

Riccardo Alis, Jimmy De Forest's Spanish middleweight, won on a foul from Floyd Hybert in their featured tilt at the Ridgewood Grove, but was beaten by Harry Ebbetts at the end of the month.

Pete Latzo, former world's welterweight champion, stepped back into the spotlight after an absence of many months due to a broken jaw, by putting the skids under an unknown, Eddie Clarke, in the sixth round of their tilt at Atlantic City.

James J. Braddock, New Jersey's current heavyweight idol, and not a bad chap at all, should you ask us, was bound in marriage to Miss Mary T. Fox at the end of the month. They're honeymooning in Miami, bless 'em!

The Boxing Commission swung into the New Year by declaring itself on the "junior" titles, wiping off the records the junior lightweight and junior welterweight crowns. The edict was taken with most good grace by the average fan, who never displayed too much interest in either division at any time.

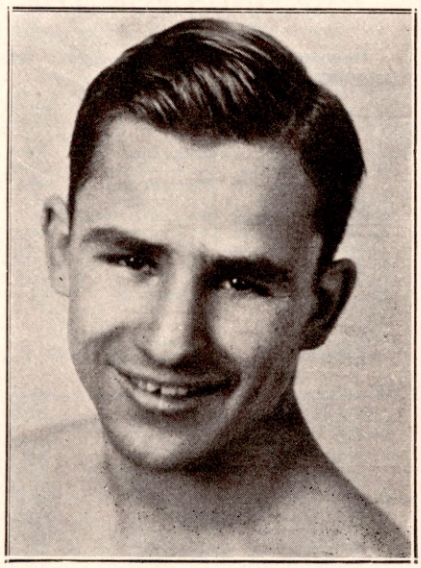
Of course, the evil smells that arose from Benny Bass' second round knockout of Tod Morgan in their so-called 130-pound crown bout at the Garden was responsible for the Commission's actions. The division was created for Johnny Dundee, who was the only one to really rate consideration. As for the junior welterweights, the solons never did recognize the class, and just went on record to round out a perfect day and make themselves clear on the subject.

Eddie Elkins pulled a bit of a surprise when he flattened Hubert Gillis in the first round of their windup at the new Jamaica Arena. Paul Canamere and Willie Hines drew in the semi-final six.

Vince Dundee, Joe's brother, kept himself in the limelight when he halted Syracuse Billy Leonard in the first round of their Newark tilt.

Eddie Walker, well known New York peregrinator, recently returned from the sunny climes of California loudly raving about the hospitable treatment accorded to him, Gaston Charles and Maurice Holtzer, his two gladiators. Holtzer is the greatest thing on the Coast right now and has grown so formidable that Fidel La Barba turned down an offer to meet him.

Holtzer has remained on the Coast under the care of Lee Moore and in all probability will clash with Earl Mastro, Bud Taylor or Joey Sangor. His last victory was turned in at the expense of Frankie Klick.



Vidal Gregorio, European bantam, now in New York seeking bouts

IN NEW YORK ARMORIES

MICKEY DIAMOND and Buck Oliva drew in their ten round windup at the 22nd Engineers' Armory, while Jackie Farrell won from Eddie Schneider in the semi-final, and Frankie Johannes and Sid Reisler drew.

Jim Bennett knocked out Ralph Hamby in the second round of their final tilt at the 102nd Medical Regiment, with Paddy Quinlan winning from Irving Spiegler in the semi-final.

Joe Marino defeated Pete Luchini in their main event at the White Plains Armory, with Frankie Johannes winning from Ray Halverson in the semi-final.

Jimmy Abbott won from Buck Duane, and Larry Marinucci defeated Willie Garafolo in the double windup welterweight tens at the 106th Infantry.

Joe Kelly and Joe Marino battled away to a draw in their windup at the 102d Medical Regiment, with Charley Handford winning from Harry Mulcahey in the semi-windup.

Maxie Liener, Benny Leonard's cousin, flattened Joe Curry in the ninth round of their main event at the 212th Regiment, Pete Laratonda winning from Al Gwynn in the semi-final.

Liener was held to a draw by Charley Nelson in their featured tilt on the Jewish War Veterans' charity card at the 212th previously; Paul Collins winning by a kayo over Al Weaver in the fourth round of the semi-final.

George Balduc continued to hold fast to his National Guard lightweight crown when he won from Sammy Chernoff in their twelve round feature at the 106th Infantry. Pierre Cote won from Jerry Kline, and Johnny Cucci won from Dusty Dumont, in eights.

Billy Freeman won from Jim Bennett in their ten round windup at the 22d Engineers', with Benny Nabors shading Dick Scalza in the semi-final.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

LOU SCOZZA, Buffalo's fighting student-boxer, and Jimmy Slattery, pride of the old First Ward, will have had their little setto in the ring, long before this appears in print. One or the other will be wearing the world's light-heavyweight crown, which was tossed aside by Tommy Loughran, clever Philadelphia lad, who was one of our few fighting champions of the present decade.

The dopesters have it that Slattery shall rule a favorite though judging from their records for 1929 it should be Scozza, not Slattery, as the logical choice to win. Scozza went through the year undefeated while Slattery took a knock-out at the hands of James J. Braddock and a lacing at Philadelphia from Maxie Rosenbloom. Later he beat Rosenbloom in a return bout.

Scozza won from Harry Dillon, Del Fontaine, Arthur Flynn, Tiger Jack Payne, Osk Till, George Courtney and other good ones.

Although Slattery is the flashier of the two and possesses more experience, Jim has also had some serious setbacks. He has been knocked out three times—by Dave Shade, Paul Berlenbach and James J. Braddock. Scozza, on the other hand, has never hit the canvas.

Both have good edges on Maxie Rosenbloom, picked as the logical contender to meet the winner. Scozza beat Maxie in their last Buffalo meeting and also trimmed the slapping Gotham Hebrew at Denver. Slattery has beaten Rosenbloom in four out of five matches.

Scozza is tougher, stronger and more rugged than Slattery. Lou has model habits and is a good trainer. He works hard in the gym. Right now I would say that he packs a better punch than Slattery. The latter has done no punching since Dave Shade tipped him over on the Italian Hospital card in New York.

Scozza is in no sense a knockout. He plugs along with good solid punching, wearing down his man by consistent work. He should be a good 15-round fighter.

Slattery did his work for the title tilt at Gene Tunney's old camp at Speculator, N. Y. Scozza worked nearer home at Delavan, N. Y.

Grant Quale and Hughie Shannon are the owners of the Crescent club while Charlie Murray and Billy Kelly own the Queensberry.

Tommy Paul, Buffalo's great little bantam, again proved his worth on New Year's day when he pummeled Johnny Datto, Cleveland Filipino, for six rounds and copped the verdict. Paul is a swell little fistic prospect. Looks as though he will have to venture into the featherweight division. He is getting heavier right along.

Prospective opponents for Paul: Bud Taylor, Bushy Graham and Kid Chocolate.

Billy Kowalik, Lackawanna Polish lad, who has been under the weather for some time, will soon be active in the ring.

Anse Carroll, matchmaker for the Rochester Club, is putting on some swell shows this season. Good boxers of all weights desiring to make Rochester their home will do well to communicate with Carroll. It's a good fight town.

Virgil Kinkade has quit the management of Nels Crawford and is now with Socking Jack Singer.

The new Crescent gymnasium, located at 199 Pearl street is the best of its kind in this city. The elaborate training quarters is the admiration of boxing men. Joe Lewis, the Cleveland manager, declares it's the best in the country.

Good boxers desiring to come to Buffalo should write Hugh Shannon, matchmaker, Crescent A. C., 302 Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Johnny (Fool'em) McCoy, veteran flyweight, is still going strong. He handed Charlie Pinto and Ernie Rosini, both bantams, good shellackings at Rochester.

Steve Haliako, former national amateur lightweight champion, hasn't been defeated since turning pro. He has won eight consecutive victories. Looks like a real star.

Harry Fuller, Niagara Falls lad, is coming along nicely. Fuller stopped both Tony Tozzo and Len Darcy in his last two local appearances.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE month of January was responsible for the initial appearance of the bulky Primo Carnera who started his American compaign with a one round knockout over Big Boy Peterson, scoring four knockdowns and making an altogether favorable impression. Another to share the spotlight is Jack Kid Berg, English lightweight, who came through in admirable fashion and earned the position of ranking contender to Sammy Mandell. The manner in which Berg won leaves the thought that Mandell will have a tough proposition on his hands to retain his throne.

Paulino Uzcudun retained a good position in the heavyweight ranks by licking Otto Von Porat. It was the general opinion that the Basque was slipping rapidly but the Von Porat defeat still gives him recognition in the ranks. Besides the Carnera defeat, Peterson whipped Mike Mandell in Minneapolis. Johnny Risko easily defeated Riccardo Bertazzolo.

Young Stribling sprang right back into the limelight by turning in a one round kayo over Jack De Mave. Jack was also beaten by Les Kennedy on the Coast. Jim Maloney was credited with a knockout over Armand Emanuel in two rounds but judging by the reports the verdict was an unfair one to Emanuel. Emanuel won the first round by a wide margin but was badly hurt by a low punch in the second but his claim was overlooked by the referee and he was counted out. Emanuel was beaten by Dick Daniels. Napoleon Jack Dorval stopped Murray Gitlitz in the sixth round.

Add Warren won from Buck Weaver at Madison Square Garden. Marty Gallagher scored over Johnny Grosso. Ernie Schaaf won from Al Friedman. Bearcat Wright defeated Long Tom Hawkins. Ted Sandwina licked Pietro Corri. Frankie Campbell kayoed Jack Beasley in one round.

Bud Gorman won from Ike McFowler. King Solomon kayoed Frank Montagna in eight rounds while Frank finished Henry Wills in two. Frank Simms stopped Pete Wistort in four rounds and drew with Jack Gagnon. Arthur De Kuh kayoed Big Bill Hartwell in nine rounds. Roberto Roberti whipped Maurice Griselle in Paris.

Art Shires turned in knockouts over Tony Faeth in one, and Al Spohrer in four heats. Andy Mitchell won over Herman Heller. George Cook bested Frankie Wine while Wine drew with Tiger Jack Payne. Jimmy Byrne scored over Harry Fay. Paul Pantaleo kayoed Blondie Davis in five and Rocky Adams in three rounds. Jeff Carroll bested Jerry Pavelic. Joe Monte kayoed Harry Allen in four rounds. Dick Gibbons stopped Bill Dugan in six, and Tom Kirby and Tony Galento went seven rounds before the bout was declared "no contest."

Maxey Rosenbloom still reigns supreme in the light-heavyweight division. During the month he whipped Leo Lomski while Leo came back to fight a draw with Jimmy Braddock. Larry Johnson, colored knockout sensation from Chicago, recorded another kayo at the expense of Fred Lenhart in seven rounds. Lenhart made his eastern debut by kayoing Phil Mercurio in six rounds.

George Courtney won over Joe Banovice after a tough battle at the Garden. Rosy Rosales scored over Chuck Burns and Jimmy Mahoney and Joe Anderson also whipped Mahoney. George Manley bested Young Firpo and Firpo stopped Ray Pelkey in two rounds. Billy Jones kayoed Don Petrin in three rounds. Pete Latzo returned to the ring after a long absence and stopped Eddie Clarke in six rounds. Len Darcy whipped Murray Gitlitz. Edgar Norman bested Eddie Husil and Soldier Turk. Jack Kelly whipped Primo Ubaldo. King Levinsky scored over Johnny Freeman and Johnny Krieger won from Joe Oliva.

Dave Shade turned back Joe Roche in the middleweight class. Harry Ebbets won from Willie Oster and Ricardo Alis. Alis won on a foul from Floyd Hybert in two rounds. Vincent Forgione drew with Willie Oster and whipped Billy Kohut. Harry Smith knocked out Jimmy Francis in three rounds and Frankie Kearns in four.

Johnny Mason knocked out Jack Matlock in four rounds and bested Roy Wortman. Vittorio Livan scored over Joe Zelinski. Izzy Grove won from Gummy Snyder. Bobby Brown outpointed Joe St. Hilaire. Jack Horner bested Benny Burns and kayoed Tiger Purvis in two rounds.

Jack McVey bested Billy Alger. Clyde Chastain scored over Haakon Hansen. Wesley Ketchell scored over Young George Dixon and Herman Ratzloff. Ben Jeby outpointed Joe La Grey. Johnny Oakey whipped Abie Bain. Jock Malone bested Red Uhlan, Henry Firpo whipped George Nichols and Danny Devlin kayoed Johnny Coates in two rounds.

Jackie Fields remains an active welterweight champion even though he has not defended his title yet. During the month he disposed of Jimmy Owens in two rounds and whipped Vince Dundee and Alf Ros. Dundee kayoed Billy Leonard in one round. Ros was also beaten by Johnny Roberts. Gorilla Jones, a formidable aspirant, whipped Young Angelo and stopped Floyd Hybert in the third round. Young Corbett scored over Babe Anderson on the Coast.

Tommy Freeman defeated Young Jack Thompson but was held even by Paul Pirrone in Cleveland. Sammy Baker turned in victories over Gene Moretti and Joe Trippe. Andy Di Vodi and Joe Trippe were credited with wins over Jack Purvis. Trippe was also beaten by Jimmy Goodrich. Canada Lee stopped Billy Algers in five rounds but lost on a foul to Arturo Shackels in the same round. Billy Drako was stopped by Freedy Polo in one and Joey Harrison in three rounds.

Young Terry kayoed Stuffy McGuinness in five and Mickey Chapin in six sessions. Bobby La Salle won from Clyde Hull.

Baby Joe Gans ranks as the best of the junior-welterweights. During the month he scored over Martin Oraz. Joe Glick bested Doc Snell. Harry Kid Brown defeated and fought a draw with Gaston Le Cadre. Eddie Murdock and Frankie Stetson battled to a draw. Murray Elkins outpointed Johnny Melton. Spug Myers drew with Billy Rose and Jimmy Evans bested Mike Payan in Cleveland.

featherweight titleholder, Battling Battalino kayoed Phil Verde in three rounds but was beaten by Lew Massey in Philadelphia. Freddy Miller kayoed Willie Michel in four rounds at Cincinnati. Eddie Shea disposed of Fay Kosky in two rounds, Joe Paglina in three and won on a foul from Midget Mike O'Dowd in the second.

Fidel La Barba returned to action by licking Ignacio Fernandez. Maurice Holtzer whipped Frankie Klick on the Pacific Coast. Phil Zwick stopped Calvin Reed in three rounds. Danny Kramer, making a comeback, disposed of Eddie O'Dowd in two rounds.

Harry Forbes scored over Jimmy Watts. Jimmy Slavin and Cecil Como fought a draw. Benny Gershe, another comeback gladiator, kayoed Art Wander in two rounds. Tony Leto stopped Joe Lucas in nine rounds.

Al Brown, elongated bantamweight, scored a victory over Pinky Silverberg in Cuba. Tommy

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY

The following are my ratings for the month ending January 27:

	Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
	Title vacant	Title vacant	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Jackie Fields	World's Champion Mushy Callahan
1	Jack Sharkey	Maxey Rosenbloom	Rene De Vos	Jimmy McLarnin	Baby Joe Gans
2	Max Schmeling	Larry Johnson	Dave Shade	Gorilla Jones	Manuel Quintero
3	Phil Scott	Jimmy Slattery	Ace Hudkins	Young Corbett	Freddy Fitzgerald
4	Tuffy Griffith	Lew Scozza	Harry Ebbets	Tommy Freeman	Stanislaus Loyaza
5	George Godfrey	George Courtney	Doc Conrad	Paul Pirrone	Eddie Murdock
6	Young Stribling	Leo Lomski	Harry Smith	Young Jack Thompson	Andy Callahan
7	Paulino Uzcudun	Charley Belanger	Len Harvey	Jack Hood	Harry Kid Brown
8	Johnny Risko	Fred Lenhart	Johnny Burns	Vince Dundee	Jackie Brady
9	Primo Carnera	Yale Okun	Jack McVey	Sammy Baker	Joe Glick
10	Otto Von Porat	Rosy Rosales	Vincent Forgione	My Sullivan	Frankie Stetson

	Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
	World's Champion Sammy Mandell	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title vacant	Title vacant
1	Jack Kid Berg	Eddie Mack	Lew Massey	Bushy Graham	Black Bill
2	King Tut	Sammy Fuller	Kid Chocolate	Al Brown	Willie Davies
3	Louis Kid Kaplan	Sammy Dorfman	Earl Mastro	Tommy Paul	Frankie Genaro
4	Tony Canzoneri	Cecil Payne	Freddy Miller	Kid Francis	Midget Wolgast
5	Al Singer	Goldie Hess	Eddie Shea	Vidal Gregorio	Willie La Morte
6	Billy Wallace	Al Ridgeway	Fidel La Bara	Teddy Baldock	Steve Rocco
7	Johnny Jadick	Roger Bernard	Bud Taylor	Emile Pladner	Speedy Dado
8	Bruce Flowers	Johnny Farr	Johnny Datto	Archie Bell	Phil Tobias
9	Tommy Grogan	Davey Abad	Nel Tarleton	Pete Sanstol	Pablo Dano
10	Tony Herrera	Pete Nebo	Maurice Holtzer	Joe Scalfaro	Johnny McCoy

Sammy Mandell, lightweight ruler, fought a draw with Manuel Quintero at Miami. Jack Kid Berg heads the list of contenders due to his victory over Tony Canzoneri. King Tut knocked out Billy Wallace in eight rounds and fought a draw with Bruce Flowers. Wallace came back and kayoed Danny Delmont in nine rounds.

Al Singer, now venturing in the 135 pound ranks, disposed of Georgie Day in three rounds. Tommy Grogan stopped Joey Kaufman in four rounds and whipped Billy McMahon. Maxie Strub licked Jimmy Reed, kayoed Ray Collins in five rounds and drew with Joey Goodman. Reed triumphed over Buster Brown.

Tony Herrera outpointed Jackie Pilkington while Jackie bested Ernie Caesar. Herrera also kayoed Tommy Crowley in one round. Harry Dublinsky, a great little boy from Chicago, scored over Ben Golden and Ray Kiser. Kiser turned in a victory over Eddie Kid Wolfe. Ritchie King and Billy Tounsend fought a draw.

Emory Cabano won from Dino Tesmpesti. Eddie Elkins kayoed Hubert Gillis in one round. Bobby Mays won over Harry Devine. Joey Abrams bested Al Bryant. Armando Shackels defeated Eddie Lord. Charley Greenberg kayoed Young Carmen in two rounds. Eddie Kid Wagner was beaten by Mike Dundee and Tony Ligouri. Alf Howard won the lightweight championship of Europe by winning on a foul from Francois Sybille in eight rounds. Herman Perlick bested Jaky Zeramby and Henry Perlick drew with Edouard Corti.

Action in the junior-lightweight class was very scarce. Chiefly among those participating were Sammy Dorfman who turned in a victory over Harry Carlton. Harry Sankey was beaten by Al Ridgeway. Goldie Hess and Cecil Payne fought a draw. Tony Caragliano scored over Georgie Mack and Jose Martinez while Herman Folins also whipped Martinez. Jack Portney whipped Jose Diaz in Baltimore.

Alf Greenfield whipped Jackie Cohen.

Starting his campaign as the newly crowned Paul, sterling youngster from Buffalo, turned in victories over Johnny Datto, Archie Bell and stopped Eddie O'Dowd in one round. Archie Bell won on a foul from Harry Fierra in five rounds and defeated Eugene Huat. Vidal Gregorio kayoed Sammy Tisch in three rounds and whipped Huat and Benny Tressito.

Teddy Baldock was credited with winning on a foul from Emile Pladner in six rounds. Kid Francis kayoed Georges Mack in the second. Emil Paluso whipped Ray McIntyre in Chicago. Frankie Kid Anslem bested Hugh Devine and Frank Charneski.

Solly Schuman stopped Johnny Nasser in two rounds and triumphed over Mickey Gill. Mickey Doyle was kayoed by Peter Jackson in one round and beaten by Pete De Grasse. Joey Ross defeated Kid Singh.

Black Bill retains his lead over the flyweight brigade. During the month he defeated Freddy Lattanzio and Routier Parra. Willie Davies scored over Steve Rocco. Frankie Genaro disposed of Yvon Trevedic in twelve rounds over in Paris. Speedy Dado kayoed Bobby Garcia in three rounds and Johnny McCoy triumphed over Ernie Rosini.

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Jackie Evans, Kansas City, Mo.

Bantamweight—Petey Hayes, New York City.

Featherweight—Eddie Cerda, Mexico City, Mexico.

Junior-lightweight—Charley Raymond, New York City.

Lightweight—Phil Rafferty, New York City.

Junior-welterweight—Benny Duke, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Welterweight—Joe Smallwood, Washington, D. C.

Middleweight—Wesley Ketchell, Oakland, Calif.

Light-heavyweight—James J. Russell, Detroit, Mich.

Heavyweight—Paul Pantaleo, Chicago, Ill

IOWA AND NEBRASKA
By BOB WAGNER

TOMMY GROGAN, Omaha lightweight contender, knocked out Joey Kaufman of New York in the seventh round of their ten round fight at Omaha, Nebr.

Tony Legouri, Iowa lightweight champion, outpointed Eddie (Kid) Wagner in ten rounds at Des Moines, Iowa. Two weeks before Legouri knocked out Henry Falegano, Philippino featherweight in seven rounds at Des Moines. Legouri has signed to meet Tommy Grogan early this coming month in a ten round bout at Des Moines. Joe Glaser, Chicago manager of Eddie Shea, will handle Legouri's business in the future.

Joey Phalen, Omaha welterweight, lost on a foul to Jackie Rossen of Chicago in the eighth round of their ten round bout at Des Moines. Phalen was leading up to the time of the low punch.

Mike Dundee, of Rock Island, beat Eddie (Kid) Wagner in ten rounds at Davenport, Iowa. Red Henneghan, Davenport promoter, has been drawing large houses and is using some of the leading boxers on his cards there.

Vale Falegano, Des Moines Philipino flyweight, beat Eskimo Gratio of Mason City in ten rounds at Des Moines, Iowa. It has been discovered that this lad, Eskimo Gratio, hails from Italy.

Joey Phalen, Omaha welterweight, knocked out Roy Michealson of Perry, Iowa, in six rounds at Des Moines.

Harold Mathews, Omaha flyweight star, by a strong finish in the last round, won by a shade over Alex Stagg, Iowa flyweight champion in their ten round fight at Des Moines, Iowa.

Roy Feltman, manager of Tommy Grogan of Omaha, has taken over the management of George Manley, Denver, Colo. lightheavy. Manley has been finding it hard to secure any fights. In seven years of boxing he has lost but one decision, and that to Tommy Loughran.

The following are the leading boxers in their respective classes: In Iowa and Nebraska, heavyweight, Tuffy Griffiths; lightheavy, George Manley; middleweight, Ace Hudkins; welterweight, Louie Mays; lightweight, Tommy Grogan and Tony Legouri; featherweight, Mike Dundee; bantamweight, Harold Mathews; flyweight, Alex Stagg.

Managers, boxers, or promoters wishing information in this territory, get in touch with the writer, Bob Wagner, Crocker cigar store, Des Moines, Iowa.

Pinkey George, Mason City promoter and manager of Eskimo Gratio, has been drawing some large crowds and is featuring Hymie Weisman, a lad that is fast advancing in the featherweight ranks.

NEWS FROM IOWA
By PINKY GEORGE

HYMIE WISEMAN is back to the wars again after a short lay-off. He recently won from Teddy Ross at Wesley and stopped Frankie Stitts in the sixth round at Burlington. Forty straight victories is the enviable claim of the Des Moines lad.

Dave Fidler is Des Moines' busiest promoter.

A boy that is pleasing fans in this vicinity is colorful Eskimo Gratio, Alaskan Eskimo, who came here unheralded and boxed two dandy draws with Pep Jennings and won a ten round decision from Alex Stagg. The little Alaskan is getting more than his share of work and appears to be a dandy bantamweight prospect.

At Des Moines recently Joey Phalen, Omaha, stopped Roy Michealson of Perry, Ia., in the fourth. Henry Falegano looked good in winning a ten round decision from Urban Liberty of Minneapolis.

From advance indications this will be a banner year for Iowa boxing. The rise of "Tuffy" Griffiths, Sioux City heavyweight, the forming of the Iowa boxing association which includes prominent Iowa business men who act on city commissions, the weeding out of the unscrupulous promoters, have put Iowa boxing on a higher plane and a paying basis as well. Griffiths' rise has caused the start of many budding prospects.

The writer will appreciate hearing from managers, promoters or matchmakers who have any boxing news to convey to THE RING. Address same Pinkie George, Room 8, Holahan Bldg., Mason City, Ia.

IOWA NOTES
By JOE KELLY

BOXING in Iowa, where the sport has not yet been legalized, has taken broad steps in stimulating interest and elevating the game, by forming city boxing commissions in the various fight centers throughout the state.

Those cities in which these commissions are handling the boxing situation in most commendable fashion are Des Moines, Sioux City, Burlington, Ottumwa, Mason City, Cedar Rapids, Davenport and Newton, all showing to greater gates since the inauguration of the commission plan.

The men who compose the boxing board in Des Moines are Harry Searles, Walter St. John, Dr. Harry Burns, John Schuler, the business men devoting their time voluntarily to lifting the ring sport in this city.

Pinkie George, former flyweight boxer of note who is one of the most successful young promoters in the state, has one of the flashiest youngsters now boxing in midwest rings in Eskimo Gratio, an Alaskan, born at Deadhorse, Alaska. Gratio is a bantamweight and since migrating from the far north has met some of the best boys in the midwest.

The Iowa Boxing Club desires to hear from boxers wishing to appear in this section. You can write to Bert Kavnaugh, Matchmaker at the Franklin Hotel, Des Moines.

Tony Legouri, promising young lightweight of Des Moines is perhaps one of the greatest finds of the year. Legouri has engaged in forty starts, winning thirty by kayo, losing one and winning nine decisions. Legouri received his only setback from Cowboy Eddie Anderson, veteran lightweight, losing a close verdict.

The ten best prospects in Iowa:

Tuffy Griffiths	Heavyweight
Kenneth Hunt	Light Heavyweight
Louie Mays	Middleweight
Joe Rivers	Welterweight
Johnny Harris	Junior Welter
Tony Legouri	Lightweight
Hymie Wiseman	Featherweight
Eskimo Gratio	Bantamweight
Pep Jennings	Flyweight
Alex Stagg	Flyweight
Chuck Barber	Flyweight

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, FISTIC SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

"TUFFY beats Risko"—That was the newsboy cry heard on the streets of Sioux City, shortly after the result of the Griffiths-Risko bout was flashed over the wires. Fans gathered in their homes to hear the outcome over the air, others hung around the newspaper offices, while others just twisted their fingers, waiting patiently for the extras. All in all, it was a great night and the old home town was overjoyed at the result. Congratulations "Tuffy".

A compliment must be extended to the Sioux City Journal, Radio Station KSCJ, for the excellent broadcasting of the bout. Ray Murphy, well known Sioux City announcer, was at the microphone, and gave a blow by blow report, provided by the Associated Press direct from the ringside in Madison Square Garden.

J. A. "Fred" Griffiths, Daddy of Sioux City's Tuff one, was in New York for the bout. Mother Griffiths, and the rest of the family sat by the fireside and received the result over the air.

Bobby Paul, veteran trainer and second of boxers, has returned home after three years of globe trotting. Bobby has worked with such well known boxers as, Connie Curry, Tony Caponi, Walter Moody, Matt Smith, and a number of others. At present little Bobby, is looking after the training of Louis Zack, heavyweight, and Sammy Sacco, lightweight.

Radoka, So. Dak.—Two Sioux City boys won decisions. Bat Slater, hard punching lightweight, took a technical decision from Leo Herber of Philip, So. Dak., in the second. In the ten-round main event, Sioux City's "Dark Flash", Kid Rippato, won all the way from Clark Connors, a lightweight billed out of Philip, So. Dak.

Reddy Adair, veteran lightweight, and formerly under the direction of the writer, has hung up the gloves for good this time, and states that he will return to baking. Reddy is a hard worker, a clean kid, and all his friends wish him the best of luck.

Matt Smith, an old timer in the lightweight class, writes in to say that he is in training for a comeback. Matt, in his day, was a tough nut to crack. If he can get in his old time form, he will make it interesting for a lot of the youngsters.

Howard Graack, young Sioux Cityan, has informed the writer that he will enter the fight game in the capacity of a manager. He is looking for boys, and says he will spare no expense, if he can locate a good prospect.

Frank Smith, manager and promotor has opened up a gymnasium. This has been needed here for some time.

Mr. Frank Buckwalter, well known Sioux City realtor, was at the ringside of the Griffiths-Risko bout. Frank is an ardent fight fan, and never fails to see a big bout.

IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
By J. A. ADEA

ELINO FLORES, the Tiger Cub, who tried to come back after several years' absence from the ring, in his fight with Teddy Fox, Pacific Coast boxer, lost on a foul in the seventh round of their contest. Flores was leading by a comfortable margin when he landed a blow to the groin. He was thrice warned in the earlier rounds for hitting low.

Teddy Fox, although he won, did not please the fans as he failed to come up to the ballyhoo that preceded him. He was outboxed and outfought by his opponent who has not donned the gloves for years. The Stadium management made a great blunder in advertising this contest as for the lightweight championship as neither boxer is of championship calibre.

At the Cabanatuan Stadium, Nueva Ecija, F. Sardual, flyweight champion of the province, kayoed Speed Andres in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round contest. It was a grudge fight as the first contest between the two resulted in a draw, which each fighter claimed he won.

In the next week card at the same stadium, Kid Balagtas, of Manila, tangled to a ten-round draw with Cyclone Garcia. The contest was adjudged one of the poorest bouts seen in the locality for some time.

Little Pancho, brother of the late Pancho Villa, obtained nothing better than a drew in his last start against Joe Mendiola. Pancho, it seems, does not possess the qualifications that the late flyweight champion had to scale the heights.

Joe Hall, colored fighter from Buffalo, New York, who has been fighting with variable success here, finally won a local championship crown. He bested Ant Stone, recognized as the welterweight champion of the Visayan Islands. He had his opponent in queer street on many stages of the contest. Only Stone's fighting heart saved him from a knockout.

At the Canlubang Stadium, Laguna, Rush Medina outfought Rush Valencia by winning eight of the ten rounds. In the semi-final event, Atimonan Boy won by technical knockout over Fighting Doro in the fifth canto.

Trench King, the first of Johnny Sampson's stable of Coast fighters to make a debut in Manila, lost to Varias Miling of Manila. King pleased the fans with his willingness to trade punches, toughness and aggressiveness. Miling won by virtue of his superior boxing knowledge.

Rush Medina was awarded the decision over Little Abayan in the semi-final contest, although the latter deserved the verdict.

It was a real treat for the dyed-in-the-wool boxing fans the way Young Nacionalista manhandled Kid Johnson, local idol, in the former's first contest in Manila after an absence of six years. It was a real boxing upset as we did not expect Nacionalista to stop Johnson in the short space of 1 minute and 48 seconds after the first bell. Nash scored two previous knockdowns before he landed the fatal blow that sent Johnson for keeps.

The new featherweight champion is being tentatively groomed to meet Young Fernandez, who is coming back to Manila. There are two contests for Nacionalista in the offing—one with Willy Gordon and another with Varias Miling.

WITH THE AMATEURS

THE University of the Philippines-Manila ringsters retained the boxing championships they won from the College of Agriculture at Los Banos last year by beating the latter's team again by the score of four matches to two.

In the welterweight class, J. Maxey was disqualified in the eleventh hour for being overweight. Lopez, former P. A. A. F. lightweight champion, defeated Escosa in a gruelling contest. The decision was a popular one. Charles Pollard, of Manila, defeated Eballo, Los Banos, for the bantamweight title. P. Brown, also of Manila, annexed the junior lightweight title by defeating Cuyapan. The flyweight honors went to Godioso, Manila.

Heard and Seen In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

EARL MASTRO settled the supremacy question between himself and Bud Taylor for the time being when he was credited with a technical knocklut over the Terre Haute Terror in the ninth round of their ten-round bout at the Chicago Stadium. Taylor fell out of the ring and injured himself so seriously that he was unable to continue. Earl was well ahead on points and only Kid Chocolate stands in his way for a titular match with Battalino for the featherweight title.

Following a series of offers and strenuous efforts on Promoter Jack Dempsey's part to secure Mastro for a match, Earl finally signed with the Chicago Coliseum impresario for a embroglio opposite Pete Zivic, eastern ringman.

James C. Mullen, who believes he is the world's best matchmaker, and it is quite possible that he is, is kept busy lining up talent for his two snug boxing arenas, White City on the south side, and the Jai-Alai Fronton on the north side.

Barney Abel, pinch-hitting for Howard Carr in the management of the Kid's Arcade swat foundry on W. Madison St., let your correspondent know that some sort of a record was established when twelve sparring bouts were staged; 60 rounds of fighting in one hour and one-half. Abel also introduced the boxers while they were working out.

Kid Howard looked the picture of health on his return to the loop from Florida where he vacationed for three weeks. Barney Abel was in charge of the gymnasium during his absence and Howard complimented Abel on his able management of the gym while he was away.

Earl Mastro and Fidel La Barba are likely to fight again on an early date this year. The fracas is wanted in this town as well as Los Angeles. Nate Lewis has stepped into the picture, having dispatched an offer to La Barba, subsequent to his win over Ignacio Fernandez. If the pair meet it will be their third performance. The initial go was Mastro's first ten-rounder and he lost the award to Fidel. Earl won their second encounter later.

Among those who thought Leo Lomski was the winner in his contest with James J. Braddock at the Coliseum here, although the fracas was called a draw, is Scotty Montieth. The latter, matchmaker for the Olympia arena in Detroit, was here to match the victor of the Lomski-Braddock tiff to meet Mickey Walker at Detroit. Lomski got the assignment which will be their second meeting. The middleweight title-holder defeated Leo in a mix at Philadelphia last year.

Davy Miller, Chicago referee, went to Cleveland to lend his bit to the benefit show for the family of the late Ray Campbell. Miller volunteered his services gratis and was picked to referee the Risko-Bertazzolla tiff, which featured the program.

Bobby O'Hara, Chicago 146-pounder, is making a hit in this vicinity. Ed Willard's chief meal ticket has met Pete Meyers, Patsy Pollock, Jackie Moore and Bud Hammer as well as Al Kline. Since arriving in the loop from Augusta, Georgia, O'Hara has proven his ability. After the Meyers ten-rounder at the stadium the former, who fought Young Corbett III on the west coast, said: "O'Hara is a better southpaw than Corbett," according to Willard.

Dave Hendrickson, the 190-pound Swedish puncher, was to make his initial encounter professionally against Charley Retzlaff of Duluth, Minnesota. However, Hendrickson injured his main weapon, his right hand, while training for the adventure and the bout was called off.

Retzlaff is the heavyweight who fought for the Chicago Tribune's golden gloves last year. He made his third tiff in this town opposite Art Malay, Leo Fornaciari's big boy.

Following his defeat in this city by Harry Dublinsky, Ray Kaiser journeyed to New Orleans, La., to score a victory over Eddie ("Kid") Wolfe. In his bout at White City opposite Dublinsky, he outboxed Ray quite decisively. Kaiser has a vicious right mitt but is strictly a one-punch fighter. The Kaiser win was Harry's second in a few days. He won from Benny Golden, of California, previously.

Paul Pantaleo, local heavyweight, scored his sixteenth straight K. O. when he met Rocky Adams at a White City show for Matchmaker Jim Mullen. Previous to stopping Adams, Pantaleo stopped Jack ("Blondy") Davis, Frank Dane's heavyweight hope.

Davis, who is only 22 years of age, made a bigger hit in defeat than many ringmen do while winning. Jack is one of the most colorful and aggressive battlers now campaigning in the leading division.

Hershie Wilson, Danville, Ill., 142-pounder who is here under the management of Tom Ford, spent two weeks at home chopping and sawing wood, besides doing plenty of running on the nearby country roads. He received a chance to avenge a previous defeat by Jimmy Lundy when he faced the latter in a local show.

Jimmy Byrne, heavyweight, and Chief Jack Elkhart, middleweight, are now heading Don Curley's list of ringsters.

Curley, former lightweight boxer of note, has fifteen fighters and is keeping them all fairly busy.

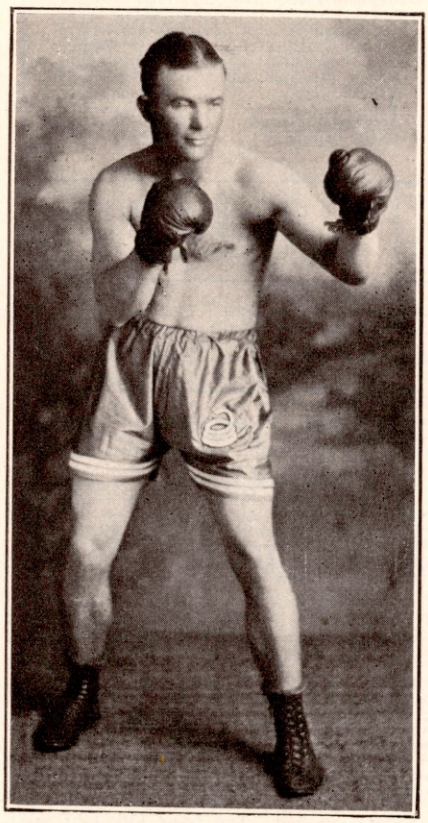
Byrne, the southpaw walloper, boasts of a newspaper decision over Young Stribling.

Elkhart, according to Curley, is a fighter who punches. And to prove it he shows where Jack K. O.'d a host of good second-raters.

Al Sweeney, now labeled "Chicago's boy bandit," announces the arrival in the loop of Wildcat Eddie Mason, St. Paul lightweight. Sweeney, who claims to be the youngest fight manager in these parts, being only 21 years of age, is handling Mason for Murray McLean of the Twin Cities. Local fans get an idea of what Eddie can do through Spud Murphy. The latter, who was defeated by Mason, showed against Dublinsky in his only start in Chicago, and chalked up a win. Eddie will return to his home town late this month.

Silent Jack Tierney, Irish wit, who makes this locality his winter quarters, left for Hot Springs, Ark., with Roy Peters and Chester Bush. Mickey Gill, the star of Tierney's fight stable, was left here.

Ted Ross, South Chicago middleweight, who was managed by Jack O'Keefe of that town, also journeyed to the Vapor City for a rest. Jimmy and Gust Carres bought Ross' contract from O'Keefe for several hundred dollars, according to word along the local fistic rialto.



Speedy Ray Smith, Middle West middleweight, advancing rapidly

George Trafton, conqueror of Art ("The Great") Shires, won his second professional bout when he technically K. O.'d Rudy Hoffman, Chicago's Oak street beach life guard in the fourth round. In round four Trafton knocked down Hoffman for a four-count and Rudy, seeing the former rush toward him with his powerful right hand cocked for a possible kayo, dropped back to the deck and Referee Norman McGarrity disqualified the life guard and gave Trafton the award.

Tommy Rios, Mexican welterweight prospect, scored a good win when he defeated Eddie Ballatin of the north side. The bout was Rios' third victory in this city. Jimmy Murphy and Johnny Flynn are other victims of Tommy here.

Morton Leviton, west side sportsman makes the matches for the small, but snug, Edmille Health Club. Leviton is a close friend of Joey Medill and can be seen wherever the latter happens to be.

Jimmy Mahoney, north side light heavyweight boxer, is back from Cincinnati, where he was beaten by Joe Anderson, of Covington, Kentucky. Herman Katz was the promoter. Mahoney knocked out his most recent foe in round six at the Ashland Boulevard auditorium some days ago. Joe Miller is the foe's name.

Billy Petrolle, Fargo, N. D., lightweight, will make his return ring bow at Indianapolis, according to Jack Hurley, who manages the former. Petrolle announced his retirement from the fight sport after his second battle with King Tut at Detroit three months ago. In that battle he suffered cuts above both eyes, but went the full distance of ten rounds, although Tut received the award.

Ray Alvis, former matchmaker for Jack Dempsey's Coliseum arena here, and Jack Hurley, are partners in the management of ring battlers. Alvis resigned the position of matchmaker for Dempsey because he said he had the urge to manage fighters again. Hurley is lodged in the Burnham Building, and he and Alvis plan to have the largest ring stable in the country.

Mike Collins, manager of Big Boy Peterson, the Minneapolis heavyweight who gave Primo Carnera his United States ring bow, was to have his light heavyweight protege, Dick Daniels, show here for the first time. Daniels is the young man who whipped Armand Emanuel of San Francisco, not so long ago.

Manager Jack O'Keefe turned down a number of good offers for Tuffy Griffiths while the heavyweight challenger was resting in his home town, Sioux City, Iowa. Among the offers was one from Miami, Florida, against Young Stribling.

Bobby La Salle, California's pleasing welterweight, made his return bow in this vicinity opposite Clyde Hull, of Texas. La Salle made several good fights here and is well liked by the local ringworms. Hull's start opposite La Salle was his first here since he knocked out Bobby Cox at Dexter Park Pavilion some days ago.

Charley Arthurs, Barney Abel's new middleweight protege, made his initial start under the veteran cauliflower man, against Al Stillman at Peoria, Ill. Arthurs was sent to Abel by Leo P. Flynn. Barney, the popular local fight manager, is a real veteran, being connected with the ring sport for some years. He is lodged at the Arcade gym with his large stable of boxers.

Phil Ross, 147-pound brother of Ted Ross, won his second pro encounter when he handed Rudy Peterson an artistic lacing in a feature bout at a White City production. Ringside critics predict a bright ring future for Young Phil.

Pete Wistort, south side heavyweight is scheduled to get back into ring action after an absence of some days, owing to an injured left maulie. He hurt the mitt in a Cleveland bout against Frankie Simms.

Sam Buxbaum, conditioner of ringsters who is lodged at the Arcade gym on W. Madison street, is one of the busiest, if not the busiest, trainers in this town.

Among the boxers Sam conditions are: Eddie Shea, Eddie Anderson, Dublinsky, Levinsky, Smiling Springer and Phil Ross as well as Roy Williams, Rios, Jack Rosen, Ray McPeck and Eddie ("Kid") Wagner.

Angelo Garlow, Chicago 150-pounder, earned a draw in a bout with Jimmy Murphy at the Jai-Alai Fronton arena. It was Garlow's fourth pro fight.

Duke Tramel, whom his new manager, Don Curley, calls the Jack Dempsey of the welterweights, is after battles with the best of the ringsters near his weight in this locality. Tramel, who hails from Fort Worth, Texas, has had over 100 pro fights. He claims decisions over Dummy Mahan, Jimmy Owens, Clyde Hull. And, he has chilled, among others, Cowboy Padgett.

Tommy Herman, who many local critics thought would reach the pugilistic heights, is now boxing instructor at Crane High School. Herman left here for Philadelphia several years ago after knocking out Joe Azzarella and Frankie Frisco in short order and won some important fights in the Quaker City. He neglected training subsequent to the good wins and he flopped right to where he started from. He is looking for a chance to re-establish himself as a good ringman for he can be seen working out at a loop swat foundry quite often.

Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

Paris, France—(Special correspondence to The Ring)—

IT was good news to hear the British Boxing Board of Control had buried the hatchet with the young American promoter, Jeff Dickson. The British Board when attempting to keep Dickson from promoting in England, were clearly outgeneraled by the young American who from the very beginning played fair.

On five different occasions, he made applications for a license to run off boxing bouts in England under the sanction of the Control Organization, but he was turned down for this and that fact. For the refusal of his fifth and last application, the reason given to him was the fact that he was not a British subject.

Dickson staged his first entertainment without the aid of a sanction. When he announced same to be held under such conditions, he was informed that he could not get the services of any British boxers, for the reason that they were aware of the fact that it meant disqualification for them if they competed for him. They made other threats, one of which was to have Genaro banned from landing in England. They made a mess of that job as they did all others.

The entire Press of London rallied to the support of Dickson and the result was that the entertainment went along, and played to the biggest gate in the history of English boxing. His second entertainment was another hummer, and it was graced by the presence of the Prince of Wales, a fact that made the British Boxing Board of Control sit up and take notice.

His third entertainment was another howling success. By that time all of the boxers and officials who had been disqualified for taking part or officiating at Dickson's entertainments had been reinstated. The British Board finally came to its senses and requested Dickson to make another application for a license, which he did and received. He was also honored by being elected an honorary member of the National Sporting Club of London.

Andre Routis, the French former world's champion featherweight, will never box again. His right eye, from which he has had considerable trouble, had to undergo a very delicate operation. Although the operation was pronounced a success, he will never have the full vision out of it. His left eye also is very weak. Routis made considerable money through his boxing under the management of McCarney and Jacobs, and it is his intention to open up a cafe in his home town of Bordeaux.

Louis de Ponthieu, the manager of "Spider" Pladner, has a lightweight in his stable by the name of Carcagne, whom he considers a real find. At one of the recent Central Sporting Club entertainments Carcagne defeated the Italian crack, Branca, after ten spirited sessions. The supporting bout to the above was at the flyweight poundage between Engelman and Rousseau, which went the limit of ten rounds, with the decision going to Engelman, who, by the way, is one very clever little chap.

Belgium has a very snappy lightweight in Francois Dekoninck, who defeated the Welsh boxer, Dan O'Connor, after fifteen rounds of hard fighting. The Belgian is a trifle wild yet in his attacking, but he manages to land quite frequently with blows that jar up opponents.

Van Haecka, of Belgium, defeated Battling Mathar, of France, in a ten-round bout held at the Central Sporting Club of Paris.

Louis Kessler, the welterweight champion of France, met Jack Griffiths, of England, in a twelve-round bout held at the Salle Wagram. The bout went the limit, but it was not one to enthuse over. Griffiths was several inches taller than Kessler and he had a much longer reach. He kept covering up, backing away and holding on through most of the sessions. Only one round, the second, went to the credit of Griffiths.

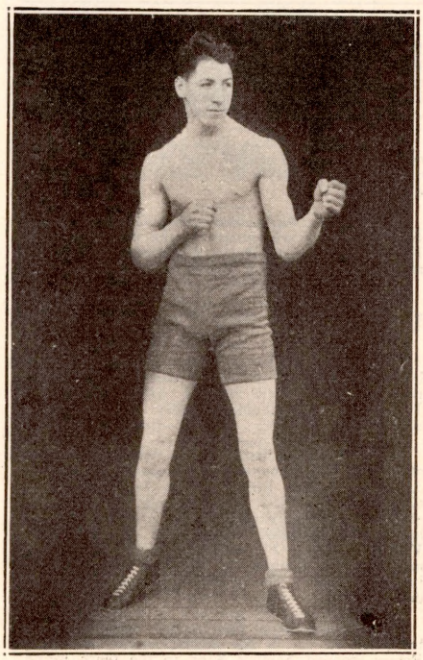
The supporting bout to the above was between a colored lad named Soya and Simendo. The bout went to the latter on points. Soya, during the bout, used his head for everything but thinking.

There are some exceedingly good middleweights coming to the surface in France. Simbac and Caillaux put up a sterling ten-round go at the Salle Wagram. Simbac was knocked down just at the close of the third round and he was carried to his corner. He revived during resting time and carried the battle to Caillaux right after the bell for the fourth session. It was a hot battle all through the other rounds, and a draw was the verdict, which pleased the boxers and customers alike.

Jack Walker, the German-English-American middleweight, defeated the French boxer Marin, in a twelve-round bout held at Lyons, France. Walker, who is managed by General Descamps, who conducted the affairs of Georges Carpentier, styles Walker as a German when fighting in the Fatherland, English while fighting in England, and French while fighting in France. Walker is known as the fighter of all nations.

Joe Ralph, a welterweight, who claims Belgium as his native country, met defeat from the English boxer, Jim Shippen. The latter, who comes from Newcastle, recently came into prominence by defeating a fairly well known boxer named Covent. Shippen went right after the Belgian colored fellow from the opening gong. The bout ended in the second round, but not before Ralph had stood up under considerable punishment.

The Central Sporting Club of Paris is known as the nursery of boxing in the French capital, and many good boys graduate from there for the Jeff Dickson entertainments. Most of the bouts given there are of two-minute-round duration, and the boys generally cut a lively clip from gong to gong.



Len Harvey, England's middleweight champion, a great puncher

Maurice Griselle, the French heavyweight, has developed into a very clever boxer. It was he who stopped Knute Hansen some months ago in a Paris ring. Promoter Jeff Dickson offered Phil Scott a match with a big guarantee at his London club with Griselle, but for some reason the British champion did not appear to relish a match with the lion-hearted French battler.

Pierre Charles, who is the European champion heavyweight, also wanted to be matched up with Scott, but nothing doing. In Europe the general impression has been for some time that Scott has dodged the issue.

"Spider" Pladner is now the owner of a swell restaurant in Paris which he started with his earnings made in the ring. Pladner is a very popular little fellow and his many friends wish him success in his new venture. He does not intend forsaking the ring, however, for a year or two to come. He has done quite well since he graduated into bantamweight class and he will no doubt be able to collect many more francs before his retirement.

Leopold Koortvriend, a Belgian bantamweight, gave the crack English bantam, Kid Pattenden, a hard battle in thirteen rounds of a scheduled fifteen-rounder. Early in the bout it developed into a fierce affair. In the second round Pattenden was cautioned for throwing his man to the floor. In the thirteenth round the Belgian butted Pattenden and was disqualified.

Jules Bodsen, another Belgian, met Douglas Parker of England. It was another terrific fight, both little fellows punched away like middleweights. In the seventh round both were tired to a considerable extent by their furious work. In the last minute Parker landed a terrific right-hander to the chin which sent the Belgian down for the full count.

Belgium is turning out some very fine boxers in the lighter weights. The ring successes of Rene Devoe and Pierre Charles, the latter is now the European heavyweight, have done considerable to encourage boxing among the young men of King Albert's country.

In recent years many other good boxers in addition to the above pair have come from Belgium. There was Henri Scillie, the featherweight; Francois Sybille, lightweight; Alfred Genon, welterweight, and light heavyweight, Jack Etienne.

The remuneration paid to professional boxers in Belgium is very meagre, and the best at the different weights prefer to show their wares in France and England.

Nicholas Bensa, the French featherweight, who is coming along very fast, met the crack English boxer, Ashley, in a scheduled fifteen-round bout. The end came during the eleventh session when Bensa whipped over a hard right to the chin which laid the Englishman low for the full count. Bensa is a young chap who will bear watching in the future.

At Brussels, Jack Etienne, the Belgian light heavyweight champion, contested against Jack Walker, the Italian-American, in a ten-round bout. All of the sessions were hotly fought. The verdict was a draw.

Who owns, or rather who is the manager of the Italian heavyweight, Primo Carnera? I will tell you: It is not Leon See, but Marcel Nilles, former French heavyweight boxing champion. The only interest that See has in Carnera is a percentage one from Nilles, to submanage so to speak. Nilles retains 20 per cent. of Carnera's earnings, and for Carnera's last two fights, one in England and one in Paris, Nilles received a cut of 70,000 francs, which was paid him by a friend of mine a few days before the giant sailed for the United States. The complete cut which is taken out of Carnera's earnings is 50 per cent.

One of the big London publications, a few days ago, ran a half-page article on the life of the young American promoter, Jeff Dickson, which had the title of "The Romance of Jeff Dickson." A very complimentary article it is, which takes one back to his birth place at Natchez, Mississippi, his entry into the war in 1917, and when during one of the big American attacks he was wounded, then how he drifted into the boxing game.

I was talking with an American boxing fan the other day and he was under the impression that the boxing game is handled better in France than in the United States. The fighting, he thought, was also of a better brand here than what is dished out to customers in America. Well, I agree with him regarding the management of boxing. The French Boxing Federation is without any doubt the best managed body in control of the game in the world. The French Boxing Federation is certainly conducted on sound business principles.

A site has been decided upon for the new Paris Sporting Garden, which is a very accessible location. Plans for the edifice have been drawn up, which include a large arena, swimming pool, ice plant for hockey and skating, gymnasium and, of course, an up-to-date bar. Jeff Dickson will be the main director of the plant.

The featherweight situation was also discussed, and the Board decided that of the four challengers, Jim Ashley should meet Johnny McMillan and that Ginger Jones must partner up with Jack Garland. The boss of this quartet will then be ear-marked to wage battle with Johnny Cuthbert for the crown.

Another boxing venue for London, the Alexandra Palace, is to be the scene of biggish fortnightly tournaments, the first of which will be staged on February 1st. The chef who will be responsible for the bill of fare is Mr. Jimmy Lambert, and ex-boxers Sam Russell, Joe Wilson and Jack Hart will be engaged to tell the patrons the name of the winners.

The principal supporting contest on the Baldock-Pladner program at the Albert Hall will be a 12-round bout between the two continental heavies, Roberto Roberti and Maurice Griselle. Mons. Descamps is sponsoring Griselle and the one and only Georges Carpentier is assisting in his education so no one need be surprised if this young Frenchman proves to be a "springer" in the market.

The sails are all set for a pleasant voyage on the occasion of Mr. Jeff Dickson's first official promotion. The advance bookings are exceptionally heavy, in fact some of the parts of the house are already sold out and there are yet seven days before the event is due.

Timely Ring Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

TEDDY BALDROCK was a fortunate winner when his bout with Emile Pladner was stopped in the sixth round and the French lad was disqualified for landing a blow that Teddy claimed was on his Adam's apple.

Pladner was winning the fight and appeared headed to victory when Baldock made his successful claim of foul.

Congratulations to Jeff Dickson. The Jockey Club of British boxing have, with the advent of 1930, withdrawn the warning-off notice, so that he will now be permitted to show us fight-fans how things ought to be done, officially.

After a general meeting of the B. B. B. C. held this week, the chairman, Col. R. E. Myddelton officially announced that a promoter's license had been granted to Mr. Dickson.

Thus ends a situation which has created difficulties alike for the governing body, the promoter, and for the many of our boxers who were torn between their loyalty to the Board and the natural desire to accept all the work they could get.

The B. B. B. C. have consented to the I. B. U. taking charge of the European Championship contest between Alf Howard and Sybille, which takes place at Johnny Best's Stadium, Liverpool, and this may go a long way towards bringing about a general agreement in the government of the sport.

Heavyweights have filled the picture during the month of January. The Stadium Club here, have been running a competition for the "heavy artillery" and from amongst an entry of upwards of twenty competitors Jack Taylor of Birmingham was acclaimed the winner of the big money prize and "Sporting Life" belt.

Taylor was introduced to London little more than a month ago by Jeff Dickson on the occasion of the Carnera-Diener card, and succeeded in winning two fights on the same evening.

Jack Hood missed a golden opportunity of becoming the undisputed welterweight champion of Europe when he refused Promoter Dickson's terms to meet Walter Roth.

The little Battersea bantam Johnny Peters, has been at it again. At Premierland this week he outpointed George Aziz Egypt over 15 rounds, the contest was quite a good one but at the end of hostilities Johnny had won by a big length.

The brothers Corbett, Harry and Dick, have returned from Australia and both are in the pink of condition. They are delighted with the treatment they received while down under, and this proved a wonderful incentive to them to give of their best.

Dick Corbett makes his re-appearance in the London ring upon the Baldock-Pladner card, and after another couple of contests here he will be shipped to America and labeled "Dangerous Goods," c. o. Goldie, New York City, U. S. A.

Charles Lucas, the globe-trotter, is in England again. His objective is to fix up talent for Stadiums Ltd. It has been suggested that Sol Goldie (America), Charlie Lucas (Australia), and the writer should form a syndicate for the purpose of switching "glove-slingers" from one continent to another.

Those boxing centers in London, Premierland, The Ring, The Vale Kilburn, Collins' Music Hall, Fulham & Paddington Baths, The Stadium Club, etc., are keenly competing for public favor.

It is to be hoped that the world famous N. S. C., which has now closed its doors at the historic premises in Covent Garden will live again. Suitable premises are being eagerly sought for as the members have not enjoyed this forced playing in other people's back-yards.

The news just to hand that Phil Scott has got his chance with Jack Sharkey has immensely pleased his legion of followers, but without the chaperonage of James J. Johnson, he had about a 1.000 to 5 chance of ever getting the job. A capable manager is not an expensive luxury after all.

Scott must realize that the eyes of the world are now centered upon him. James J. J. has done his bit and Phil must not revoke this time. The ex-fireman has most of the things that go to make champions, let him show more enterprise and "bottom", then perhaps he may discover that the Sharkey hurdle is not so difficult after all.

C. B. Thomas, the much respected and able Welsh referee, will shortly be seen as the third man in the ring at some of the Albert Hall main bouts.

Wales is again in the limelight, interest is being centered on Willie Davies, who has beaten Issy Schwartz, Newsboy Brown, Frankie Genaro and recently vanquished the French flyweight, Eugene Huat. A Willie Davies-Jackie Brown disturbance at the Albert Hall would look good.

The B. B. B. C. are apparently determined to make some of our champions justify their right to wear the crown, and at a general meeting which was held a few days ago the lightweight division was under discussion and the following challengers were paired-off: Alf Howard and Harry Corbett, George Rose and Sam Steward, Harry Fenn and Harry Brooks. The "governor" of this half-dozen will meet Fred Webster for the title.

BRITISH BOXING RESULTS

Kid Pattenden and Jerome Van Paemel of Belgium boxed a 15-round draw. Ex-boxer Jack Hart refereed this bout. Douglas Parker took revenge for a previous defeat by soundly defeating Henri Machten over 15 rounds. Both these contests were staged at Premierland.

At The Ring, Eddie Pinn beat Charlie Thomas on points over 15 rounds, and Arthur Boddington defeated Kid Socks on points over a similar distance.

At Collins' Music Hall, Ted Coveney caused Harry Lem to cry enough in the 8th round, and Fred Green beat Johnny Hutchings in the 6th round, the latter being disqualified for hitting low.

Billy Streets had to go all the way to gain a points decision over Charlie Chew at the Vale Kilburn.

At Fulham Baths two 15-round contests were billed but both of them terminated in the eighth round, Sonny Bird stopped Albert Ryall and Jimmy Lindsay thumped Billy Housego to a standstill.

At the Holborn Stadium, the results of the first stages of the heavyweight competition were as follows: Frank Berwick beat Jack Greenland, George Peters beat Al Holman, Jack Taylor stopped Jim Sullivan in round one, Jeff Wilson beat George Tootles, Young beat Stratton, Dave Forbes K. O. Phil McGinty in round one, and Gunner Bennett K. O. Roy Webb in the initial round. The house was packed to its doors.

Jim Shippen beat Joe Ralph (Belgium) on a technical K. O. in the second round, and Billy Peters stopped Sammy King in the tenth round.

Cuthbert Taylor (Wales) outpointed Al Miller over 15-rounds, and another 15-round bout ended in a points victory for Gwyn Thomas (Wales) over Bert Wallace. Both bouts were staged at The Stadium Liverpool, where much enthusiasm was shown when Phil Scott boxed an exhibition with Eddie Steele, his traveling companion while in America.

George Clough forced Billy Adair to retire in the ninth round at Blackburn.

At Birmingham in a 15-round contest Charlie Rowbotham beat Arthur Adkins, the referee stopping the bout in the 13th round in favor of the former.

At Plymouth, two Cornish champions were beaten when Frank Radcliffe lost on points to Jock Begbie and Bob Lewis going under in like manner to Len Porter of Plymouth.

Harry Lem lost on points to Farmer Jackson at the Belgrave Club, Leicester.

At the Holburn Stadium, concluding stages of the heavies competition were as follows: Frank Berwick beat Georges Peters on points, Jack Taylor stopped Jeff Wilson, Dave Forbes beat Gunner Bennett on points, Bill Hunt stopped Roy Webb. Semi-finals, Taylor beat Berwick on points and Hunt stopped Forbes. The final between Taylor and Hunt resulted in Taylor sensationally K. O. Hunt in the initial round.

At Premierland: Bert Cannons beat Joe Young in 10 rounds, Kid Pattendon caught a tartar in a Belgian named Leopold Koortvriens, the latter was disqualified in the last round; Douglas Parker beat Jules Bodson in the 7th round; referee, Jack Hart.

At The Ring: Eddie Pinn stopped Selwyn Davies in the 11th round, and Wally Milson beat Ted Ferry on points.

WELSH RAREBITS

At Ammaford, the veteran Idris Jones shocked Glen Moody, a brother of famous Frank, when he secured the verdict after 15 rounds. Moody is a contender for the Welsh Middles title.

The all conquering Billy Gravelly chalked up a nasty set-back when Tommy John defeated him over 10 rounds at Pentre.

At Porth, a little fellow named Herbie Hill secured a points decision over Kid Davies. This Hill somewhat resembles the great and only Jimmy Wilde, he has an unorthodox manner and most of his hitting is from the hips. This boy will go far and in quick time, too.

A crafty youngster is Johnny Davies and he did sufficient to get a points decision over Tommy Howley at Ferndale.

Trevor Gregory scored a useful double event by defeating Billy Griffiths on points at Pontypridd, and the next evening he was guilty of outpointing Billy Viner over 12 rounds at Newport. This was Viner's first reverse be it noted.

A bit of a sensation was caused at Treorchy, when Evan Lane, a local boy, registered a comfortable points win over Stan Jehu in 15 rounds.

At the Ruperra Club, Pontypridd, Jack Moody scored a clever win over Billy Williams in 10 rounds and Jimmy Jones, who is a coming top-notcher K. O.'d Kid Ples in round five.

One of the most brilliant contests seen in South Wales, took place at Bridgend between Billy Nicholas, the ex-amateur lightweight champion of Wales, and Harry Vaughan. The contest went the full distance of 15 rounds when Nicholas was declared to have done the best.

Joe Gilbert whipped two opponents in one evening at Porth. He K. O.'d Private Jones in the second round, and as a boxer who was billed to appear but failed to turn up, Gilbert offered to fill the vacancy and succeeded in scoring a points decision over Alf Sanders.

The Welsh Boxing Association have caused a bit of a flutter by deciding to deprive Haydn Williams of the title. He had been ordered to defend the crown but for some reason or other he failed to obey. Opinions are varied as to the justice done, approved by some and criticized in other quarters. The Association say the drastic action was decided upon as a warning to others.

SCOTTISH NOTES

Glasgow: The Ring, Whitevale. In the principal event Jim Hunter beat Dave Clarkson in the eleventh round, the referee intervening.

A bantamweight belt competition was held, the first stage results were: Jim Kelly beat Bill Napier in the 5th, Alex Ferris beat Peter Curran in the 7th, and two Highlanders, Rifleman Craig and Lance-corporal McFadden fought a bitter 10-round draw.

At Govan, the Scottish Stadium. Johnny McMillan K. O.'d Jack Ellis in the 4th round. McMillan showed fine form and is without doubt, on this showing, a likely one for the Feathers title. He has been accepted by the B. B. B. C. as a challenger. Bobby Shields, a heavyweight champion of Scotland, easily stopped Pat Tarling, of London, in round four.

At Glasgow, Willie Vint of Hamilton outpointed Jim Kelly, of Glasgow, over 15 rounds; Jim McQuade beat Jim Christy in 12 rounds on points, and George Ballantyne won a points decision from Tiger Jim Norton.

At Edinburgh, St. Mary's Hall. Johnny McMillan, the Scots featherweight champion, scored another success when he easily outpointed Tommy Dexter over 12 rounds. Jimmy McHarg, of Glasgow who is rapidly climbing, delighted a crowded house by stopping Nipper Stokel, of Sunderland in round three.

The N. D. Promotions are opening out at The Music Hall, George St., Edinburgh, towards the end of January, and some of the bouts are already fixed up.

Bobby Shields, the Scotch heavyweight "boss", will meet Luigi Buffi, of Italy, over 12 rounds.

Bert Kirby, of Birmingham, and Walter Lemmon, the Scotch flyweight champion, will clash over a distance of 12 rounds.

BIG SHOTS FROM LITTLE RHODE ISLAND

By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

THE best bout of the month in this vicinity was the Bristol Brown-Al Kozial bout, at the R. I. Auditorium. This went six rounds and the former, a Providence College student, won the "duke" after a hard-fought struggle that had the crowd on its feet at every turn. Kozial, the Cranston cave-man, started with a whirlwind swinging attack and had Brown backing up, in the opening sessions, but Brown got his bearings in the third and gave more than he received. The next round saw Brown make fine use of a left jab that always found its mark. Kozial tired in the fifth and went down from a hefty body blow, when the bell saved him. Nevertheless the blond gamester rallied in the last session but Brown never gave an inch. Both boys battle in the 135-lb. class.

In the main-go, Jack Dorval, 201, stopped Murray Gitlitz, 182, of New Haven, in the sixth. Henry Janco, 137, of Lawrence, Mass., beat Baby J. Renault, 136, of Cambridge, Mass., in eight rounds. Billy Lynch, 137, Providence, kaoed Young Lefty, 139, Fall River, in the third.

Albion Holden, 126, Attleboro, was too good for Jimmy Wilde, 129, Taunton, in the curtain raiser of six heats.

Jack Delaney, retired 175-lb. king, was to have shown in Providence last month, but on account of a serious elbow malady, Delaney was forced to hang the mittens forever. Jack's opponent was to be Tom Kirby of Boston.

An elimination tourney was staged in Fall River to determine the lightweight championship of that city. Those who entered were Frankie Hennessey, Freddie Bender, Johnnie Dias, Young Lefty, and Hennessey was the ultimate victor.

Hennessey first beat Bender and then out-pointed Dias, who previously bettered Lefty. Hennessey received a silver cup, its value greatly enhanced by the fact that he received it from the hands of Art "the Great" Shires, who was invited to the show.

Two Providence favorites journeyed to Worcester, Mass., "and took home the bacon." Paris Apice, the stellar bantam, and Eddie Forte, aggressive junior-lightweight beat Bud Dempsey of Boston and Jackie Newman of Worcester, respectively. Apice gave a fine exhibition of skill.

In Fall River, Jimmy Mendes, colored heavyweight from New Bedford, stopped Ed Keeley of Bridgeport in the fourth session of a scheduled "ten." Al Luiz, stiff punching 130-pounder from Italy, won the eight-round semi-windup from Johnny Tonsalues, 128, of Los Angeles.

Jack Fugard, 188, of South Boston, kayoed Archie Skinner, 189, of Boston in the third. K. O. Roberts, 149½, of Fall River, technically knocked out Hughie Winston, 144, also of Fall River, in the opening round of the curtain-raiser.

Frankie Curcio, Providence 137-pounder, is returning to the wars after a long layoff. Frankie at present is working out at Joe Phillip's Gym, in Providence.

Commissioner Edw. C. Foster of the R. I. Athletic Board, has severed relations with the National Boxing Association. The break was the direct result of differences on the wrestling matter now taken over by the N. B. A.

Bennie Ritchie of 170 Washington St., in Providence, is giving his best attention to his protege, Paris Apice. Ritchie carefully groomed Paris to win national amateur honors and now expects Apice to scale the heights in the pro field.

The weekly amateur shows held in Providence, at the Arcadia, are bringing out good prospects. At the present writing there are many who look good.

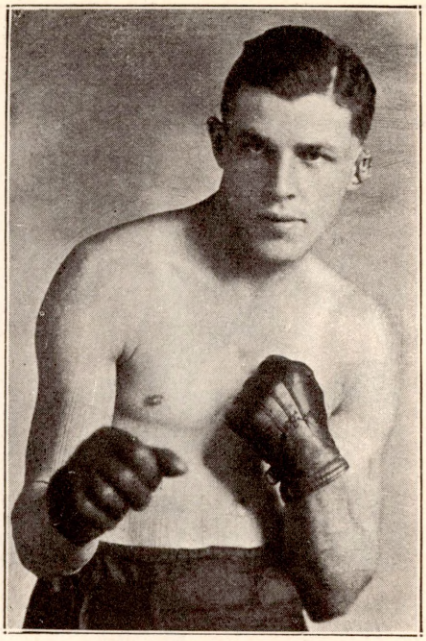
Tony Catalano, 126; Vincent Accetta, 112; Bert Sciarra, 118; Frank Murray, 118; Tony Ruggieno, 135; Chick Gainor, 147, Joe Narkevich, and Roy Gendron, heavies, all from Providence, and Francis Carter, 135; Pete Savegeau, 126; and Al Bergeron, 118, from Worcester, are some of the most consistent winners.

On January 30th and 31st, the Junior-New England Championships were staged at the Arcadia. Matchmaker Jack Farley deserves heaps and heaps of congrats for his fine work.

Champion Gus Sonnenburg returned to his adopted city, Providence, to show his home-town folks a few wrestling tricks. Sonny defeated another local pride in Cowboy Jack Wagner. This match staged at the R. I. Auditorium had the management hanging out the S. R. O. sign.

A few new faces were seen in these parts last month. Prominently was one, Count Zarynoff of Russia. This blue-blood made a hit here, by his stylish manner of "grunting."

Cy Mitchell, our wrestling promoter, is trying to show Dick Shikat in Providence, soon.



Rany Caret, promising welter from Augusta, Maine

MAINE BOXING GOSSIP

By FRANKIE BREARD

ART GIROUX, Portland midget, proved for all time that he is Harry Roberts' superior, when he defeated Boston Harry in twelve rounds at Portland.

Boxing has taken a slump all over the state. The only clubs now running regular weekly shows are in Portland and Lewiston.

The Sportsmen's A. C. of Bangor has three times changed hands during the past month. Bill Fleming, the original promotor, handed the club over to George Maroon and he in turn gave it to Ash Wing.

Bobby Jones, Portland welterweight, took another step toward the big time when he decisively defeated Baby Jack Renault of Boston and Tim Murphy of Lynn.

Red Grange, the Saco middleweight, is a busy boxer, recently going to St. John, Canada, losing a close decision to Johnny Nemis and whipping Jimmy Sullivan in Waterville.

Shorty Walls, of Bar Harbor, is now playing pro basketball and is proving just as much of a sensation on the polished surface as he did on the canvas.

Another instance why we need a boxing commission in Maine. Seattle Kid Richards came half way across the state to fight for a Bangor promotor and arrived in the Queen City to find the bout had been postponed and Richards failed to get a penny—not even expenses.

Gene Bianchi of Cambridge and Harry Goldstein of Boston put on a good bout at Portland with the former winning the award. Ted Kid Drew of Bidderford beat Manuel Conto in the semi-final. Herbie Beck, Westbrook 135-pounder, invaded St. John to whip Porter McIntyre, the colored flash.

Rocky Stone, rugged Bidderford slugger, spilt the dope bucket by beating Eddie Benslow of Boston at Portland and Jack Young at Augusta.

Harry Kahron, well known middleweight wrestler, is booked for several matches in Eastern Maine this winter.

Pa Kearns is the first successful promotor to appear in Lewiston for a number of years.

Eastern Maine fans have been clamoring for a local boy and it looks as if K. O. Ketchell will fill the bill.

CONNECTICUT BOXING NOTES

By STEVE KELLY

BAT BATTALINO, world's featherweight champion, clearly demonstrated that he is a hard hitting, rugged and heady fighter and it will take a good man to wrest his title from him. His first fight since relieving Andre Routis of the crown, at the New Haven Arena, saw the champion flatten Phil Verde, Rochester feather, who recently trounced Andy Martin. As the writer sees it, Kid Chocolate is the only serious contender for Battalino's crown, and if the Kid survives those hammering fists of Battalino, then the world can gaze upon the greatest negro featherweight of the roped arena.

Armando Scheckles, Belgium, defeated Eddie Lord, Waterbury, in eight rounds. Johnny Scalzi, Bridgeport, whipped Lou Murelli, Torrington, in eight rounds. Rocky Rayo, Hartford, beat Pat Duffy in five. Marty Fox, New York, defeated Henry De Julio, Bridgeport, in five rounds.

Romeo Du Bois, New Haven, whipped Harry Meyers, New Haven, in the opening four.

Politicians, their henchmen, policemen and firemen, who draw salaries for their services, will in the future be compelled to pay cash to witness boxing shows in Connecticut or stay home and warm their shins, according to a new rule.

Since Tom Donahue issued an order that if a foul blow was struck both boxers would have to fight it out on the next card, and only receive pay for one bout, the writer has not witnessed or heard of one bout ending in a foul. The rule went into effect several months ago.

Leo Larriviere, Waterbury middleweight, beat Johnny Golden of New York at Waterbury. Willie Bush, 168, whipped Erwin Stiegler, Germany, 164½. Lucien Larriviere, 165, knocked out Jerry Posilio, 163, in 2 rounds. Connie Mello whipped Lou Murrelli in six. Al Mariano, former state lightheavy champion in the amateurs, knocked out K. O. Jim Sweeney in two rounds.

Referee Charlie Pilkington, a new addition to Tom Donahue's staff, seems to be in hot water. Primo Ubaldo, Al Jennings' great Italian lightheavy, whipped Jack Kelly, of Waterbury, in eight of the ten rounds at the New Haven Arena, only to have Pilkington declare Kelly the winner. And they say there is no Santa Claus.

Eddie Hurley, veteran boxing promoter, resumes boxing in Hartford, using the Foot-Guard Hall for his activities. Hurley knows his fights and gives the fans the best he has.

Tony Paolillo, New Haven's independent promoter, is running real action fight cards at the Music Hall in New Haven. Tony is known as one of the best promoters in the state.

At Red Men's Hall in Bridgeport, Steve Culver, Bridgeport's blond tiger, was awarded the decision over Marty Shapiro of New York in eight rounds. Eddie Moore, Bridgeport welter, whipped Gene Martin of Waterbury in an eight spot. Jules Sombathy, brother of Steve Smith, lost to Joe Rambozo of Clifton, N. J., in another eight.

Jimmy Feledie of Westport trounced Tommy Carroll of Bridgeport. Tommy Brown of Norwalk, whipped Joe Mayersack in four rounds.

Buddy Howard, state heavy champ, wants a few set-ups before tackling Primo Ubaldo. Jack Lynch, manager of Dan Risko, Stamford heavy, will be glad to feed Risko to Buddy Howard. How about it, Buddy?

Since Primo Ubaldo has established residence in Connecticut and has whipped Murray Gitlitz and Jack Kelly, he has earned the right to be labeled lightheavy champ of Connecticut.

The Greenwich Knights of Columbus will stage professional boxing shows at Greenwich, with Willie Conners, and Walter Young Eddie, and Tommy Monty in charge. This aggressive trio knows what the public wants.

K. O. Morgan, Stamford's best bantam, easily beat Freddy Ferro at Toledo, Ohio, and boxed a draw with Happy Atherton. Morgan is in line for some big shots pretty soon.

Promoter Joe Chimbole, of the Stamford Sporting Club, is still giving the fans what they want in the way of action, and plans to run shows every two weeks.

Eddie Conley, of Danbury, is now under the leadership of Joe Gillotto, and is winning all his bouts lately. Conley is a fast lightweight.

Danbury, Conn., comes to life and will once more run boxing shows.

Tony Esposito, Stamford bantam, is about to enter the semi-final ranks and it will take a good boy to beat him.

News from Detroit and Vicinity

By MICKEY McINTIRE

MIKE McNULTY is watching with interest the progress of Herman Perlick, Kalamazoo lightweight. Perlick recently made his debut in Madison Square Garden defeating Jakey Zeramby. Roger Bernard, Mike's protege, holds several decisions over Herman and also holds a knockout over him in the fourth round.

At the Olympia on December 20, Billy Wallace, slugging Cleveland lightweight, was just too good for Bruce Flowers, New Rochelle negro. Billy's win was thorough and he proved that he is the dusky New Yorker's master.

In the two main preliminaries Jose Diaz, Cuban Negro, defeated Willie Michel, Gus Wilson's featherweight, in six and Jimmy Russell, Detroit light-heavy, outpointed Tony Cancela, also of Detroit.

Marty Stone, Benny Ray's great featherweight, had little trouble defeating Roy Ryan, from Pittsburgh, in six, and Gans McKay, Detroit, put the crusher on Tommy Meeking of Windsor in the second of a scheduled six-round curtain raiser.

Morrie Sherman, Louie Newman's Jewish welterweight star, is about the best prospect in Michigan. Morrie is a good boxer and a fair puncher and bids fair to make Jackie Fields, Jimmy McLarnin, Young Corbett, Tommy Freeman and Vince Dundee step lively.

Frankie Kolack, known when he was in New York as Young Frankie, is going good here. Frankie has met Ray Van Hook, Frankie Clare, and several other good boys since coming here. Some of the best boys Frankie has met are Sid Terris, Ray Miller, Tony Vacarelli, and Jack Bernstein. He is being handled by Jimmy Brady.

Archie Sillman, proprietor of Sillman's gymnasium, has rooting interests in some of the best boys around here. Some of the boys Archie is sharing in are: Johnny Minella, Chuck Minella, Joe Lynn, Tony Cancela, Joe Ruggozoni, Johnny Sili, Billy Shaw, Red Allen, and Leon Claro.

Franklin Young, Detroit's colored flyweight contender, is keeping busy bowling over third-raters. His most recent victory was an easy defeat of Happy Atherton at Toledo.

At the Fairview Athletic Club, Johnny Posky of Windsor, came out of retirement to take a lacing from Joe Lynn, Terre Haute, in ten rounds. The Canadian was baffled by Lynn's clever defense and rapier-like left jab.

In the other bouts on the card, Sammy Reed, Detroit, beat Benny Perry, Detroit; Armand Pringle beat Joe Angelo, Billy Lee beat Buddy Chester, and Teddy Parks stopped Joe Flores in the first round.

Marty (Spinney) Stone is probably the classiest fighter in Detroit today (excluding Roger Bernard). Marty is the possessor of a left jab that goes in like a piston, and a right cross that carries plenty of power. He is a big favorite at the Olympia where he has beaten Vic Skerleton, Roy Ryan, Don McLeod, and recently met Carlo Mazzola there. Manager Benny Ray would like to get Earl Mastro for his protege. He is only a kid of eighteen.

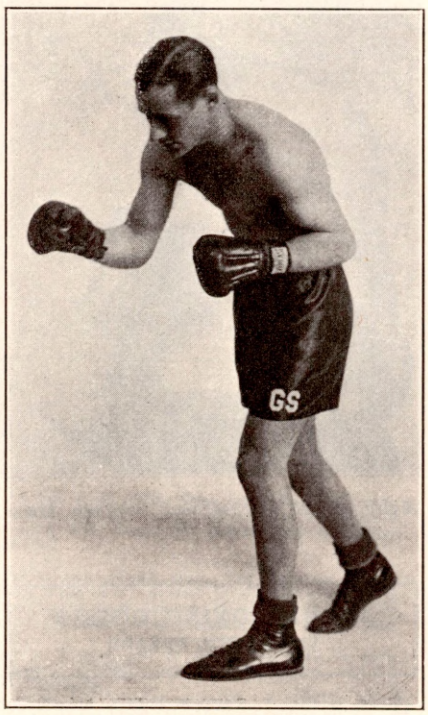
Patsy Saurez will handle the affairs of Eddie Cancela, when the latter comes here. Eddie is the brother of the more prominent Tony Cancela and tips the beam at 147. In the opinion of many of the well known critics Tony will be the next light-heavyweight champion. Since coming here last year, Tony has beaten or knocked out Ray Lawler, Young Risco, Tom Colbert, Soldier Turk, Jimmy Dorsey, and Jimmy Russell.

Kid Hans, Mt. Clemens heavyweight, put the slug on Tiny Groves, Detroit, in the third of a scheduled eight-round bout at the Arena A. C. in Mt. Clemens.

Russell Bradford, Pontiac lightweight, rallied to defeat Gans McKay, Detroit, in the main eight-round bout at Mt. Clemens. Bradford was knocked down for a nine count in the fourth round.

Jimmy Moore, New York colored middleweight, is going like a house afire. Jimmy, in bouts here lost a questionable decision to Johnny Roberts, but handed lacings to Indian Tiger West and Gene Edwards.

Mike McNulty has two of the best boxers in the United States in tow at present. They are Roger Bernard, the classy 130-pounder and Jimmy Russell, the hard fighting light-heavy. He also takes care of Guy Muldoon, and Pete Firpo, 130 and 126-pounders respectively.



John Sili, crackerjack Italian flyweight, who has been on these shores only a short time but has proven his right to clash with the leading 112-pounders of this country. He is a combination fighter and boxer and should reach great heights. Now making Detroit his home

Harry Ebbetts, Freeport, L. I., middleweight belter, had little trouble defeating Willie Oster, blond Bostonian, in ten uninteresting rounds at the Olympia on January 3. Oster was overmatched and therefore confined himself to holding on throughout the bout.

Pee Wee Wilson, Detroit bantamweight slugger, and Paul Milner, of St. Paul, fought a bristling six-round engagement with Wilson winning the duke. Pee Wee rocked Milner several times with right swings to the head.

In the opener of six rounds Marty Stone, Detroit featherweight, and Don McLeod, of Northville, fought a fight that had the fans standing up and shouting encouragement to both boys. Stone was floored in the fifth round, and one eye closed tight, but his punches found their mark enough to have McLeod wobbly at the finish.

Spark Plug Russell, veteran Newark southpaw, knocked out Eddie Bowen, of Detroit, in the third of a scheduled six-round bout. Bowen was no match for the crafty Sparky. Freddy Bernard, Flint welterweight, and Jack Gilispie slugged to a draw in six rounds.

Billy Shaw, Archie Sillman's featherweight champion, is going good. Billy kayoed Al Taylor, of Cleveland, in his most recent bout.

Chuck Curtis, Detroit lightweight, and Mickey Darmon, also of Detroit, slugged to a draw in ten rounds at the Fairview club on January 6. Both boys were battered and bleeding at the finish and Referee Hennessey's decision was met with approval.

Julie Coleman outslugged Billy Lee and Jackie Simpson outpointed Armand Pringle in six-round slugfests.

Joe Ruggozoni, Italian welterweight star, handed a bad beating to Tony Ross, veteran Pittsburgher, in ten rounds at Danceland. Ruggy took every round and gave Ross a very bad shellacking. Eddie Ruckman, of Windsor, outpointed Tommy Mitchell, of Toronto, in the ten-round semi-final.

At the Olympia, Tommy Freeman, Cleveland welter, outpointed Young Jack Thompson, of Los Angeles, in a drab ten-round go. The negro broke two bones in his right hand in the seventh.

Jimmy Hackley, Indianapolis lightweight, outpointed Spud Murphy, of Duluth, in the eight-round semi-final. Ray McIntrye, Los Angeles bantam, outpointed Jimmy Harvey of Lansing, in six; Billy Edwards, Erie, pasted Ray Ramierez of Mexico, and Jack Gilispie of Detroit stopped Frankie Belanger, Montreal, in the preliminaries.

Eddie Ruckman, Windsor lightweight, defeated Dave Sullivan of Detroit, in ten slow rounds at the Fairview A. C. on January 13. The Al Taylor-Sammy Reed semi-final was the best fight of the night with Taylor winning.

Rudy Thomas, negro welterweight from Detroit, is one of the hardest punchers in the game. Rudy was matched with Paul Pirrone, of Cleveland but the fight was called off. Thomas's record shows wins over Chuck Minella, Fritz Anderson, Jack Story, Twain Mark, Texas Kober, Jimmy O'Brien, and Jack Avalon, among others.

Tony Cancela, Detroit light heavyweight contender, avenged a previous defeat suffered at the hands of James J. Russell, by slugging out a decision in ten rounds at Danceland. Many frequenters of the Woodward avenue arena thought that this was the best fight ever staged in Danceland.

In the ten round semi-final, Jimmy Moore, colored, from New York, took nine out of ten rounds from Gene Edwards, of Racine, Wisconsin. Moore beat Edwards to the punch with a lightning-like left jab and shot over a right cross that had the Racine boy in distress.

Paul Thurmon, Detroit's colored heavy middleweight, knocked out big Tiger McClelland, another colored gentleman, in four rounds, while Rocco Malone, Italian featherweight star, put the crusher on Andy Leonetta, of Sharon, Pa., in the third round.

Phil Curro, former Detroit amateur champion, has started training again. Phil is well liked by Detroit fans as he is the slam-bang type of fighter. He will probably box as a lightweight now. Curro has met some of the best local boxers including Danny Levine, Guy Muldoon, Benny Ray, Jesse Sarbantez, and Leo Lanahan.

Detroit has two of the finest gymnasiums in the country, namely Sillman's gym, and Harry Tuthill's Grand River A. C. Some of the boys who worked out at Sillman's are Archie Bell, Pete Latzo, Leo Lomski, Johnny Risko, Pierre Charles, Ray Miller, Lew Kersch, Phil McGraw, Sid Barbarian, Jimmy McLarnin, Billy Wallace, Johnny Vacca, Benny Gershe, Johnny Datto, Tommy Freeman, Bruce Flowers, Arture Schekals, Armando Scheckals, Billy Shaw, Louis Kid Kaplan, and Johnny Mellow. The Grand River is frequented by Tommy Grogan, George Courtney, George Godfrey, Billy Petrolle, King Tut, Ollie Bartlett, Johnny Squires, Benny Valger, Jackie Fields, Roger Bernard, Ward Sparks, and Marty Stone.

Joe Ruggozoni, the Italian buzz-saw, outpunched Rudy Thomas, of Detroit, in a ten-round slugfest at Danceland. Rudy was busy covering up and didn't have much chance of getting in some of his own punches.

Billy Stob easily defeated Johnny Clancy in the ten-round semi-windup while Paul Thurmon beat Young Tiger Flowers, and Mickey Roberts beat Roy Ryan in the two six-round prelims.

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CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP
By JACK JARVIS

AT this time of writing there is somewhat of a lull in the professional boxing game throughout the dominion, but Toronto, Hamilton, and Winnipeg continue to keep the interest in the sport, averaging semi-monthly shows.

Toronto continues with the flyweight elimination tourney; after a couple of poorly attended welterweight attractions Hamilton is running weekly shows mostly featuring welters, while Winnipeg is headlining the big boys, and getting quite a big play from fandom.

Jack Cancilla, Winnipeg promoter, is making a desperate bid to get into the pugilistic spotlight by giving the Prairie city fans some high class battles, Charlie Belanger, Canadian lightheavyweight champion, and contender for the 175 lb. world's championship, headlined the last attraction there when he scored a technical knockout over Tiger Johnny Cline of San Francisco, in five rounds.

On the same card the promising Frank Battaglia of Winnipeg, a promising welterweight scored a six round knockout over an experienced battler in Matt Roche. Battaglia appears to be a mighty dangerous threat to the holder of the welter title and is improving immensely according to western advices.

George Walker, Winnipeg manager, sends word to the writer, that he is grooming his middleweight fighter, for a shot at the Canadian middleweight championship, and it appears that George has a mighty good candidate in "Red" Carr.

Billy Townsend, of Vancouver, who recently knocked the lightweight crown off the brow of Al Foreman of Montreal, fought a 10 round draw with Richie King of Seattle.

There was only a small crowd at the Coliseum at Toronto when Andy DiVodi of New York won over Jack Purvis in the main event of 10 rounds; DiVodi won the verdict pretty easily although Purvis made a strong rally in the closing rounds.

Sammy Hackett, Tommy Munn's good featherweight prospect, scored his nineteenth consecutive win when he beat Eddie Morgan of Utica over eight rounds. Ossie Bidkin won over Eddie Judge, and Malcolm Mathison won over the experienced "Red" Edgerton, in his first pro bout in Toronto.

Jackie Swain Kingston, amateur flyweight, is going along very nicely in Hamilton where he has scored many good wins. Jack received his boxing apprenticeship in Kingston, and the Limestone City fans are glad that the boy is showing signs of becoming a classy little battler.

Queens University boxers are taking to the sport as a duck takes to water, and there are many fine prospects exchanging swats between classes. Merve Peever, a lightweight, looks like the find of the season, and it will take the best amateur in Canada to beat him.

The University Assault team also includes a sweet looking flyweight prospect in Joey McQuade. Joe recently took part in a flyweight tourney and knocked out both of his opponents inside of 1 minute. Later with one hand Joe punched out a nice win over a real classy experienced little amateur in Mike Ryan of the St James Club, Toronto.

The many friends of Angus McLeod, amateur welterweight champion of Canada, will regret to hear of his death at Fort William, Ont. The likeable Angus was undergoing an operation for the removal of his tonsils prior to turning pro, but the unfortunate lad failed to come out of the ether.

Johnny Nemis, welterweight champion of the Maritime provinces, sends word to this correspondent that he will arrive in Ontario early in the Spring in preparation for a battle with Jackie Phillips. Nemis has a nice eastern record, and appears to be a rugged fighter, and a match with Phillips, with the Canadian title at stake, would be an interesting one.

It is likely that Sammy Hackett, the lanky featherweight, will soon get a shot at Leo Kid Roy for the latter's featherweight crown, Hackett who has been scoring win after win, is about ready for the cream of the 126 lb. class.

Amateur boxing is going along in great style and Ontario, Kingston, Hamilton, and Toronto are putting on regular shows and drawing capacity houses; many real good prospects are being uncovered, and the "simon pures" are getting the wholehearted support of fandom.

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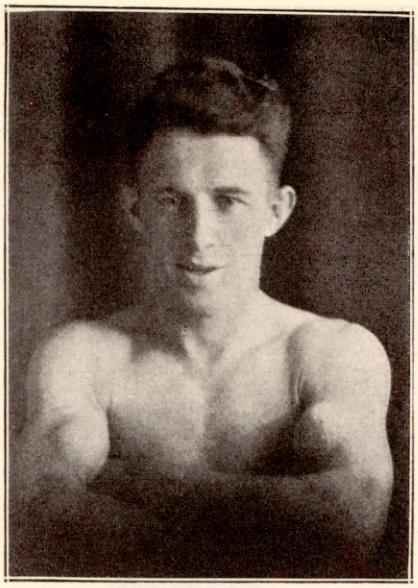


Red Allison, claimant to 140-pound championship of Western Canada

MONTREAL FISTIC TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL FOREMAN, ace of Canadian lightweights and one of the heaviest punchers in the game, will be an arrival in England by the time this is in print, according to the fighter and his brother-manager, Harry Foreman. This great performer was well recognized by Jack Dempsey in his rating and more than justifies the honor. Foreman will show his wares to the Londoners before the end of February and is scheduled to appear in some half dozen engagements during the early spring. Manager Harry turned down an offer from Toronto for the fifth of February in order that Al would sail on the Montrose or the Letitia. If Al is kept busy on the other side, he may not return in May as originally planned, but will likely battle there all summer and return in October. "Pity the poor local promoters!"

News is at a premium just now as the fistic doings are not very lively in this vicinity and local battlers are not leatherpushing to any extent in other towns. The latest announcement of any interest is one that is nearly always heard around this time of the year. It is to the effect that Alex. Moore will promote outdoor shows regularly at the Baseball Stadium next summer, starting some time in May. Considerable discussion is being bruited around regarding the probability of the Canadian Hockey Club essaying the problems of fight promotions at the Forum next spring and the question of their choice for matchmaker waxes merrily with all kinds of strange suggestions and rumors.

H. Rappaport, my reliable correspondent from Sherbrooke and that vicinity, reports that news is scarce around there but has a little dope on the pan. The promoter has been idle lately but expects to get the slambang business started again shortly. When springtime rolls around they will have access to the new arena built there which seats no less than 10,000 fistic bugs. At the present time, said arena is being used for hockey but April will see the boxing game in full swing again though the promoter plans a few small shows in the near future to be staged at the Armory. Young Lebrun, fiery Sherbrooke featherweight star, will most likely be the feature attraction as he is a big drawing card.

Young Lebrun journeyed down to Berlin, N. H., and stopped Billy Gardner of East Boston in the third round. Next week he was in Portland, Maine, where he battled on even terms with Pete Lucci in a "No Decision" affair. Freddie Appleton, Sherbooke lightie, has been inactive recently due to a bad cold but will be "up and at 'em" in the near future. Jack Petrolle, popular middleweight puncher, is raring for action regardless of whom he meets.

Jimmie McKimmie, well known in fistic circles in Montreal, can well lay claim to having the largest stable of battlers in Canada, or in fact, the largest fistic stable ever managed by a Canadian.

Rousseau scored a notable victory recently in Syracuse, N. Y., where he made a big hit in his business-like style against "Tiger" Perry, of Binghamton, N. Y., whom he decisively outclassed in six slashing rounds. Barney O'Connell, McKimmie's featherweight ace, is ready to display his tricky wares after an enforced rest following an operation on his nose. Jimmie Connolly, ex-amateur champ of Canada, is coming back as a featherweight after a year's absence from the resined canvas, having added some "avoirdupois" to his former 118 pounds at which weight he acquired the Canadian Bantam Title. Connelly is slated to perform under the McKimmie banner and the "old fox" has snared another star in this speedy, aggressive lad who reminds one of the late and incomparable Harry Greb with his tireless energy and breathtaking speed.

Lawson Bampton, your eminent correspondent, wishes to assure all his readers, especially Montrealers, that rumors in connection with his matchmaking for a club at the Monumente Nationale are unfounded at present. True, offers to act as matchmaker were accepted and plans were forwarded to stage the shows but through various reasons of the backers the projects fell through. A well known New York promoter was interested in the game here but it was decided that the Nationale was too small to run the risk.

The new issue of THE RING is bigger and better than ever and asserts the superiority of this magazine by a long way, over any other sporting publication ever issued before or since. The writer, on behalf of readers and himself, extends the heartiest of congratulations to THE RING'S editor, Nat Fleischer, on showing such consideration for the best interests of the incomparable sport of boxing in applying his singular initiative to improving beyond expectations the greatest sports magazine in the world, THE RING. Should the standard of the game keep up to that of THE RING, boxing enthusiasts should have no fear for the future.

WITH THE AMATEURS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AMATEUR boxing has reached a higher point than ever before in Montreal during the last year or so, or rather, ever since the appointment of Denis White as Supervisor of Amateur Boxing in the Province of Quebec in November, 1928. This is to say that White is the main reason that the sport among the simon pures has been so well developed, but though he he been the major factor in the success thus achieved there are others, chiefly the Quebec Branch A. A. U. of Canada, who also deserve credit in this regard. The A. A. U. officials have been backing their choice for Supervisor with all their power and their faith in his ideas have been invaluable to him in his worthy efforts.

The M. A. A. A. is quite likely to cut a figure in the Championships this year though they have not been heard from since the summer. The reason is their brilliant 147-pound boxer, Tommy Sullivan, one of the classiest boys ever seen in Canada. Sullivan would be faced with little opposition in either the 147 or 160-pound classes, about the only dangerous entry in his path being the Provincial welter champ, Stan Seymour, who won his title in sensational fashion last year when he knocked out the majority of his opponents with a few of his deadly right hand wallops.

Frank McCormick is another star who may collect a title or two for the M. A. A. A. though he is in the toughest class of them all, the 135 pound division. Frankie has been one of the most consistent lightweight battlers in Canada for the last three years and should come through with a Dominion title as a souvenir of his 1930 efforts.

Some of the other leading lightweights in Canada are Jimmy Thompson, Ste. Brigide star, flashy and hard hitting with more than the average knowledge of ring generalship; Henri Legros, speedy and aggressive Prefontaine performer; Harold Stewart, C. N. R.'s brainy boxer and Canadian Featherweight Champ, whose polished two fisted boxing makes him a dangerous ringman; Willie Heathfield, heavy hitting C. N. R. battler; and Tommy Matthews, lanky Y. M. C. A. representative.

The Y. M. H. A. scored a noteworthy triumph in the recent Novice Championships. Coach Solly Green had about five of his proteges crowned kings of their respective divisions and a few of them had to eliminate some of their own clubmates. The Y. M. H. A. is going along in progress mostly due to the efforts of Henry Azeff, Asst. Supervisor to Denis White. The Quebec Branch A. A. U. conducted the green tourney, and along with Denis White, they are to be congratulated for the fine handling of the events. The Ste. Brigide Club snatched a plum when they were awarded the City Championships to be held on Feb. 18th and 20th. Some lively battles will feature that popular and important show.

In the Roped Square in Cleveland and Vicinity

By TOM McGINTY

TOMMY FREEMAN, has climbed right back into second place among the welterweight title contenders, and New York and Frisco, as well as Chicago and Cleveland are bidding for a title fight between Freeman and Jackie Fields, one which Tom McArdle has made up his mind to get—and he is hot after it, but first he wants to use Tommy Freeman the "fast train from Arkansaw" with Jimmy MacLarnin—and that one will go in the Garden in February, providing Pop Foster doesn't change his mind.

Freeman stepped right up to the leading position, when he moved Jack Thompson out of the picture, by winning seven out of ten rounds with Jack winning two and one being even.

Rosy Rosales defeated Jimmy Mahoney in the semi-final—and will be matched with Max Rosenbloom some time this month.

Phil Zwick who knocked out Billy Kowalik, and beat Johnny Dunn at Buffalo, beat Joe Marciente, and knocked out that good fighter Calvin Reed at Philadelphia. He is after a match with Earl Mastro—Joey Sangor or Benny Bass—Philadelphia promoters are after the Zwick-Bass match and it will take place in February—Buffalo also wants Phil with Tommy Paul who just beat Johnny Datto in a great fight New Year's day.

Cleveland lost a great booster of boxing when Ray Campbell passed away, and Billy Gibson lost a great pal and friend, so did Gene Tunny, Ed Bang, and many others. He was quite a writer—putting in all his time for the News who loses a faithful and reliable worker.

Ed Bang, Sporting editor of the News has arranged a benefit show for Ray's folks, which will be held at the Public auditorium January 20th and has lined up a strong card, with patrons tickets selling for $10 each.

Dan Taylor, former sport editor of the Cleveland Times, has taken Ray Campbell's place at the News and is making good. Dan has had lots of experience in the fight game—being matchmaker for Matt Hinkel, and also worked for Tommy McGinty, he is a dead square shooter, good writer, and should make a success of his job.

Rosy Rosales made a big hit at Erie defeating Billy Jones, the only man to win a decision from him since he came to Cleveland, outside of the Emanuel foul. Emanuel was beaten by Dick Daniels last week at Minneapolis—Rosy has a win over Dick, and Mike Collins will probably give Dick another shot at the Indian.

Paul Hamilton has opened a new gymnasium at 718 Superior Ave., patterned after the Mullin-Barry gym at Chicago, and has fixed it up in big league order—Paul is charging an admission price to see the boys work out—as he figures he can do as well as the movie shows. He has 2 nice rings and all the other paraphernalia needed and has equipped it up in first class shape. He will do plenty of business. He welcomes all out of town boxers to be his guests and work out here free of charge.

Bryan Downey, Manny Robbins and Charley O'Connell are getting their amateurs tuned up for the Golden Gloves tournament held every year by Sam Otis of the Plain Dealer—but they will have plenty of opposition when Dick Stosh, Johnny Papke, and the Downs Bros. and Eddy Davis trot out their amateurs. The Downs Bros. have the champion in Babe Triscaro and claim they will win a few more titles this year.

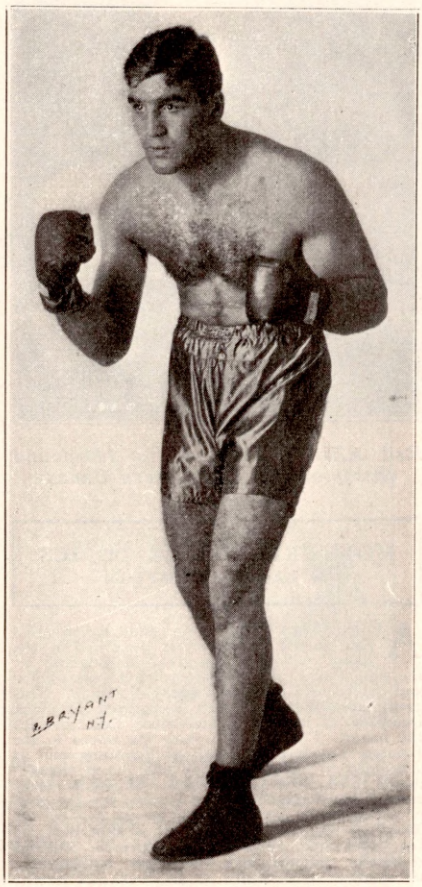
Dick Stosh is getting his troupe together and working them at Paul Hamilton's.

Danny Dunn is also in the running; so is Wee Walter Taylor and Charley Marotta—the chances are Marotta will make the matches.

Jimmy Lee of the Cleveland Athletic Club will have a team in there and right now is taking on all comers and visiting all the larger cities with his crew of amateurs—holding Inter-City tournaments. The last one to show was the Flint, Mich., team under Jack Petrill, and they took a good licking from Jimmy Lee's crew—however Jack will be back again with a stronger crew the next time.

Bryan Downey has been made matchmaker of the Columbus A. C. his old home town and is lining up cards for the Capital city. He is also helping the Plain Dealer line up the cream of the amateurs for the Golden Gloves tournament.

Eddie Mead, who got a clean bill of health, on Arthur "the great" Shires, returned from Chicago to take personal charge of his newest welterweight sensation, Freddy Fitzgerald, of Youngstown, who made a wonderful record on the Pacific coast. Eddie has Freddie booked up with Walter Taylor's Jimmy Evans from California, who just won by a shade over Sam Bruce at Buffalo, N. Y.



Emmett Rocco, who recently knocked out Tom Kirby

Fitzgerald beat Paul Pirrone here before going to the coast, and Mead is anxious to get him back again—with Lewis handling punchem Paul—and Meade in Fitz's corner—it is going to create a lot of interest when they get together.

Davy Abad, another of Eddie's star battlers is going very good and fights every week or two. He has boxed in Denver, St. Louis and around the Middle West—has taken the boxing game seriously—and trains hard and faithful—goes to bed nights early—and looks the part of a near champion. He is like a regular kid to handle now—and Eddie is making plenty of money with him—He has a world of class and color—and will be back in New York very soon.

Johnny Farr, is keeping busy around the state-goes to Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Milwaukee and other points west and is in big demand. Here is a kid if he had a little more speed would come close to being a champ and Eddie is taking him now along the same lines he used with Joe Lynch, that of meeting all comers.

Charley O'Connell has a full house at his gymnasium on Euclid Ave. and has all the star boxers working out there. He also has a good sized stable of amateurs—and has some pretty good boys.

Carl Tremaine who is running a gym at Detroit was a visitor over the holidays—he claims he is doing well over in Detroit, and is keeping his boys busy.

Al Werbe has taken over Ray VanHook, buying his contract from Bud Taylor and Frankie McGinty. Werbe will keep him busy around Detroit and has retained McGinty to handle him in all his fights.

Russel Bradford is still winning around Michigan, and has been appointed boxing instructor for Paul Hamilton's new gymnasium.

Jimmy Dunn has a great lightweight in Joey Goodman, who is ready for the Garden. Here is a kid who can really fight, and is a good tough kid.

Mike Grealis, former Cleveland boy, who was with Johnny Kilbane in all his fights, has a lightweight out in sunny California who gave Tommy Grogan the fight of his life, Joe Guerrero is his name. For a youngster who can slug with Grogan for ten rounds and get a draw, he must have something. Mike is coming east with him in February or March—and may go right into New York.

Nick Martin, Cleveland, knocked out Ted Estabrook, in the third round at Niles, Ohio, a short time ago.

Rosy Rosales decisively defeated Billy Jones at Erie Friday night, Joey Goodman Cleveland lightweight defeated Johnny Kusic, Youngstown, Sammy Reed of Erie defeated Sammy Harris of Akron, Marty Stone, Detroit, defeated Roy Ryan, Pittsburg.

Frankie Wallace amateur champion of the C. A. C. defeated Wally Harburn; Joey Kushner, Lakewood, Ohio knocked out Verle Kline of Flint, Mich. — Don Gonzales Spanish featherweight whipped Peter Borges, Flint, Mich. and Jimmy Oakland polished off Don Foote, of Flint, Mich., in 2 rounds at the Intercity tournament held at the Cleveland Athletic club—and sent Jack Petril home talking to himself. They were all simon pure amateurs. Better luck next time, Jack. We have some good amateurs in Cleveland.

Indian Tiger West, Cleveland, outpointed K. O. Kelly of Akron, at Franklin, Pa. last night in the ten round main bout. Johnny Sacco, Buffalo, won on a technical knockout over Gene Reed, Canton, Ohio, in the third round of a scheduled six round bout.

Canton, Ohio: Frankie Wine, Barberton, Ohio, heavyweight outpointed George Cook of Australia, 10 rounds. Leo Genet, Akron, beat Alex Simms, Canton. Benny Burns, Barberton, beat T.N.T. Gibbons. Jackie Coogan, Canton, beat Johnny Wood, Uniontown, Pa., in the opener.

Irish Kane has gone to Pittsburg to work for Flynn's gymnasium. He still has Jack DiNeri featherweight.

Billy Solomon is going to put on a Golden Glove amateur tournament as well as run shows every two weeks at Dover, Ohio.

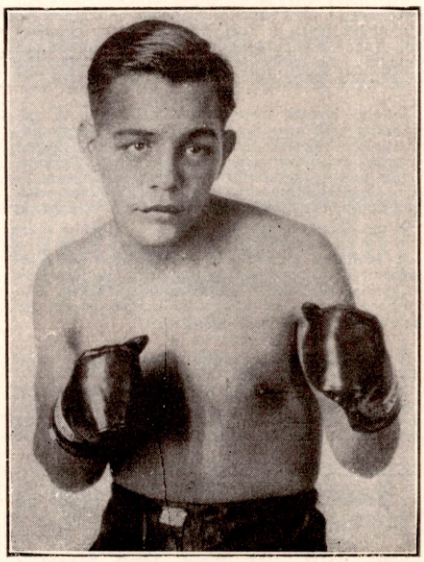
Its about time old Uncle Ad Thacher got going over at Toledo, and started running shows. Toledo fans are hollering for him to get busy as the Shea boys need some competition. It makes the game thrive much better when the old daddy of boxing at Toledo is going.

Jim Jennings is running shows down at Niles and doing very well.

Bill Jolly has shut down his Bowl for a few weeks, but will soon be going again.

Harry Sully got back to promoting again at Columbus New Year's day and tells me he had a fairly good house.

Eddie Couch is promoting at Newark, Ohio, and wants Eddie O'Dowd and Joe Boychan there in January.



Davey Abad, speedy Panamanian, now living in Cleveland

IN WEST VIRGINIA
By IRWIN FLUHARTY

THE smallest crowd of the indoor season saw Maxie Strub, of Erie, knock Ray Collins, of Philadelphia, to the canvas and out at the Market Auditorium, Wheeling. Strub, always the same cool, calculating sharpshooter, had little difficulty with Collins, and had him on the floor twice before the final punch was landed. The end came in the fifth round, and a stomach punch ended the fight.

Strub is a real main bout fighter, and was rated by Jack Dempsey as among the first ten during the past year. This little lightweight has a powerful sock in both hands. He is much too clever to make a good club fighter, for he doesn't waste a punch, and makes everything count.

In a semi-final to the same bout, Harry Harris, of Bellaire, Ohio, had Lonnie Bowden, of Huntington, W. Va., on the floor twice for the count of nine before he broke his right hand. He managed to fight out the rest of the battle, but his injury will keep him out of the ring for good. Both boys are hard-hitting middleweights.

Harris has had trouble with his hands before, and last summer, in his last appearance of the summer season, he fought eight rounds with both hands broken, and managed to carry off to a draw.

Jimmy McMahon, Wheeling, drew with Petie Patch, of Benwood, W. Va., in a curtain-raiser of six rounds. They are junior welterweights.

Stanley Williams, Martins Ferry, O., featherweight, fought Battling Gizzy, of Washington, Pa., all over the ring in their third meeting at the Auditorium, Wheeling, on the night of January 6. Williams fought a more deliberate battle than that which marked his appearance with Gizzy early in December in the same arena.

Petie Patch and Young Caruso, of Weirton, W. Va., staged a fine preliminary battle, in which Patch won the decision after a vicious struggle.

Tommy Crawley, who has been going backward here of late, even in his native Pittsburgh, where Tony Herrera stopped him in one round January 13th, outpointed Battling Gizzy in another main bout at the Auditorium, Wheeling, on the night of December 31st. Gizzy didn't have a chance from the start, for Crawley started to hammer him to the body, and kept him backing up all during the fight. He beat him six city blocks.

Johnny Vascher, a welterweight boxer, and boxing instructor at the Wheeling Y. M. C. A., fought a good six-round draw with Harry Spencer, of Washington, Pa., in the semi-final. Neither boy was on the floor.

Paul Oger, of Canton, lost a decision to Young Joe Wolcott, of Washington, Pa., in a six-round preliminary.

The fight club at Fairmont, W. Va., has started again, and in the main bout of the first fight featured as one of the participants Dick Powell, former Davis-Elkins college football star, and an All-Eastern end long about 1922. Powell is now fighting as a heavyweight around Akron, O., and has won his last seven fights by kayos.

Weirton, W. Va., is trying a new fight club this winter. In the first bouts on the calendar for the summer, Jackie Herman and Petie Roberts, of Wheeling, made their first appearance in that section.

Promoters in Huntington are dickering for a couple of auditoriums, where it is rumored they will start fights anew within the next six months.

Jack Wells, the heavyweight who is fighting out of "Red" Mason's stable in Pittsburgh, is now in training in Wheeling for a coming bout in Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh. Wells' home is in Wellsburg, W. Va., and he was formerly under the management of Mickey McManus, who at the present time handles a string of boxers.

It is rumored that Tony Herrera, the Mexico City lightweight who has been fighting out of Pittsburgh, is to be matched with Maxie Strub in an outdoor bout at the Wheeling Ball Park next summer. This is another of "Ye Naturals".

Huntington, W. Va., has been trying the wrestling game during the past two months. So far it has fallen pretty flat, probably more for the lack of good, suitable grapplers than from any other reason.

However, the promoters have been using John Pesek, the "Tiger Man" of Nebraska in a number of their main bouts. The bouts have been held in Biggs' Armory at Huntington.

Pesek's latest victim was Glenn Wade, a 210-pound behemoth, and it left a sour taste in spectator's mouths.

Gus Sonnenberg, the alleged champion, did show there earlier in the winter, but it was against Dan Koloff, booked as the champion of Bulgaria.

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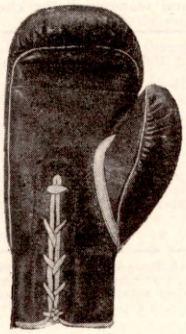

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Central and Western Massachusetts

By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

BOXING notes that follow are from Central and Western Massachusetts and are indicated by their respective localities.

At Worcester—"Ride 'em Cowboys."

A most fitting maxim applying to all boxing activities locally wherein Phil Shapiro and his stable participate. Of late this group has certainly been taken for many-a-ride. Nerve wracking, scandalous rides. Chicago with its holdups and murders would be the ideal place for this duped assemblage to sojourn for a nice, quiet rest to save them from an inevitable nervous breakdown.

Harry Devine, the ace of this stable, was the latest victim of a daring daylight robbery staged in Mechanics hall at about 5 o'clock New Year's afternoon before a crowd of 1500 frantic spectators. Bobby Mays of New Haven, who previously romped off with a close decision, was presented with the pilfer as a belated Christmas gift.

In the return bout Devine slammed Mays from pillar-to-post. Beat Mays to the punch. Gave three and four for one (which he usually took on his elbows). Presented an impregnable defense. His aggressiveness had Mays bewildered. He gave a veteran of six years' experience a neat boxing lesson and came out unscathed as a result. He decisively defeated Mays beyond a scintilla of doubt. The bout was not close. Yet, at the end, Worcester's homebred idol and former Olympic star was given the rawest verdict that could possibly be handed a man in the roped square—Mays was given the nod.

This writer was at the ringside and bows to no one. This information is straight from the shoulder When a striving youngster is "gypped" out of a clean cut decision it's high time that something was done about it.

Mike Cullen, former referee, who has been connected with boxing since the days of John L., says: "Devine showed the skill of a master in defeating Mays. His clean cut punches and cool headed aggressiveness won him the bout even though he was the victim of a white-haired verdict."

Johnny Drew, recognized by the late Tex Rickard as one of the ten best featherweights in the world, says: "It was no contest for the first six rounds. Devine had the first six without question."

Another indication of Devine's clear edge was demonstrated when part of the crowd started to leave the hall at the end of the seventh round.

Worcester is veritably boiling because of this unjust decision. This has caused more comment than any other bout ever staged in "The Heart of the Commonwealth." It seems that everyone, but those closely connected with the bout, thought that Devine won as he pleased.

When a youngster accedes height, reach and experience to a veteran to fight him and is then robbed in his home town, what spirit could there be left in him regardless of will power and gameness? How can he again harbor the thoughts of winning? Isn't this enough to break anyone's spirit? The "kid" has taken his medicine without a quirk. They don't make them any gamer or better than this sport of sports, Harry Devine.

Immediately after the bout he invited everyone down to his house for a New Year's dinner that his mother had prepared. The following day he and his mother left for New York where they were to visit relatives.

All Harry said regarding the fight was, "I thought I won. Well it's over. Let's forget it pals and come up to the house for a little feed."

Worcester is one city that is in drastic need of an investigation. The Devine-Mays bout has climaxed many moons of suspicioning by sports followers. Boxing fans are spreading it on thick when in conversation with their friends and are killing the sport locally. Boxing in this city has been hanging on the ropes for a long time and now it seems destined to kiss the canvas. The situation must be cleared up locally if the sport is to continue. If it is being conducted in a sportsmanlike manner let the fans know about it in order that they may quit squawking.

Any comment that the readers of this column wish to make regarding my stand in this situation both pro and con would be appreciated if addressed to the writer at 57 Arlington Street, Worcester, Mass.

Paris Apice of Providence, former 112-pound National Amateur Champion, made his first appearance locally against Bud Dempsey of Boston and walked off with an easy six round decision.

Vernon Cormier retained his Worcester County featherweight title when he succeeded in evening matters with Tony Mandell in a ten round return bout. Cormier has been promised a chance at Johnny Vacca of Boston after his next fracas. Cormier it will be remembered, had a title shot at Al Brown but was kayoed in the fourth.

Ero Peterson won a six round preliminary from Young Rossi of Providence at New London.

At Holyoke—Harry Smith, sensational Negro middleweight of New York, gained a four round technical knockout over Frankie Kornelius of Utica. Smith had Kornelius on the resin for four nine counts before the referee stopped the bout.

Jimmy Picardi, prominent Boston bantam, was forced to bow to the fast stepping Earl Duquette of Springfield in a flashy eight round semi-final.

"Gorilla" Jones ranking Negro welter of Akron, Ohio, flattened Floyd Hybert of Newark, New Jersey, in the third round of a slated ten round main bout.

Earl Duquette continued on the high road by outpointing Jack Goldman of Akron in an eight rounder.

Wrestling in Worcester has been flourishing under the excellent match-making of Promoter Jack McGrath. His latest attraction is Henri DeGlane of France. DeGlane a strong and clever fellow has yet to lose his first match here. By defeating Dan Koloff, the rugged barrel chested Balkan, in two out of three falls recently, he has established himself as strong a drawing card as "Dynamite" Gus. A DeGlane-Sonnenberg tilt in the open at the fairgrounds this summer should draw 5000.

Promoter McGrath has gone to extremes in order to satisfy his appreciative fans. Bringing Gus Sonnenberg to town twice in three months to defend his crown is only one of his accomplishments.

Lou Petrone, brilliant Worcester lightweight who rivaled Harry Devine for honors in Shapiro's stable, has returned to training. Lou was operated on for appendicitis about nine months ago after piling up a long win streak over some of the leading boys in the East. He expects to be ready for all comers soon in order to reach his old peak in fistic stardom.

"Scoops" White the "Blond-Blizzard," a welter of repute who is familiar to all fight fans, will have Phil Shapiro handle his affairs now.

The Capitol A. A. now has about 70 boys training in its ideal gymnasium. The latest acquisition of of prominent fighters are Lou Petrone, Johnny Drew, "Scoops" White, Tony Santello, Harry Golden and Ed Masters. This gym is the newest and finest in Worcester and rivals any in the East.

Local colleges have started to take an interest in boxing. Holy Cross started the ball rolling when Joe Lillich, a student and former New England amateur heavy champ, formed a boxing class. Worcester Academy came next. Under the direction of Coaches Had Presson and Harold Bockoven both boxing and wrestling classes have been formed. Clark University followed by engaging Emmet Dwyer as its boxing instructor.

Mr. Dwyer with 20 years' experience as a tutor in the manly art of self defense is well equipped for his position. He has been connected in this capacity with Tufts College and St. Paul School at Concord. Not only has he been identified with boxing in schools and colleges, but Mr. Dwyer has been actively interested in the work of professional boxers and has watched every heavyweight from John L. Sullivan to the present day crop of title aspirants.

Through an error in printing the writer's ratings for New England, incidentally the only rating on this territory, was misplaced under the heading of another column. At this time your scribe will give you as near as possible the standing to date of New England's three leading boys in each class and the best prospect for the month.

Heavyweights—Jack Sharkey, Brighton, Mass.; Ernie Schaff, Boston, Mass.; Jim Maloney, Boston, Mass.

Prospect—Al Friedman, Dorchester, Mass.

Light Heavyweights—Art Flynn, Lawrence, Mass.; Jack Kelly, Waterbury, Conn.; Tom Kirby, Boston, Mass.

Prospect—Tom McNeeley, Boston, Mass.

Middleweights—Al Mello, Lowell, Mass.; Frankie O'Brien, Hartford, Conn.; Tony Shucco, Boston, Mass.

Prospect—Vittorio Livin, Boston, Mass.

Welterweights — Johnny Indrisiano, Boston, Mass.; Billy Murphy, Lowell, Mass.; Larry Brignola, Cambridge, Mass.

Prospect—Izzy Hyman, Boston, Mass.

Lightweights—Louis "Kid" Kaplan, Meriden, Conn.; Andy Callahan, Lawrence, Mass.; Jake Zeramby, Lynn, Mass.

Prospect—Charlie Parker, Boston, Mass.

Jr. Lightweights—Sammy Fuller, Boston, Mass., Harry Devine, Worcester, Mass.; Johnny Drew; Worcester, Mass.

Prospect—Pancho Villa, New Bedford, Mass.

Featherweights—Bat Battalino, Hartford, Conn.; Andy Martin, Boston, Mass.; Young Montreal, Providence, R. I.

Prospect—Al Gillette, New London, Conn.

Bantamweights—Johnny Vacca, Boston, Mass.; Earl Duquette, Springfield, Mass.; Jimmy Picardi, Boston, Mass.

Prospect—Georgie Holmes, Lynn, Mass.

Flyweights—"Dark Cloud" Bradley, Holyoke, Mass.; Harry Goldstein, Boston, Mass.; Gene Bianco, Boston, Mass.

Prospect—Emile Marquis, Nashua, N. H.

For next month I would like to have my New England readers make out their rating according to their own judgement regarding the three best boys and the prospect for each class. Send these in to me immediately and the boys having the most votes will be rated under the readers' rating. Address all communications to the writer at 57 Arlington Street, Worcester, Mass.

Timely Gossip and News from Greater Boston

By DOC ALMY

JAMES MALONEY of South Boston assured his presence in the ring at Miami, Fla., on February 27, by settling Armand Emanuel of the West Coast in two short rounds in the main bout of the Boston Garden tourney on January 24, the scheduled distance to have been ten rounds. The pair started off at a great pace, Emanuel shooting light lefts to the face and Jamesy rushing in and whaling at his man's body and roughing him in great shape. The stanza was about even.

The second saw Maloney crowding his opponent still harder with Emanuel boxing rather prettily but with little steam behind his blows. After about two minutes, one of Jamesy's left hooks connected with the pit of the visitor's stomach and down went Emanuel. It was a fair blow, but there was a howl of "foul" from his corner, also from some of the spectators, whereon Armand began to flop on the carpet like a fish on a sandbar. Refusing to be stampeded, Referee Jack Sheehan promptly counted him out, thereby receiving plenty of the usual abuse but absolutely correct in so doing.

However, after the count-out, the dramatics continued in Emanuel's corner, finally winding up with a call for an ambulance and a trip for the fighter to the Haymarket Relief Hospital where he remained for an hour or so. A battered cup was introduced as "Exhibit A" but failed to greatly interest.

There was a whale of a semi-final on the same card. Vittorio Livan of Italy vs. Joe Zelinsky of Billy Ames' stable, it going a full fighting route of ten rounds. Zelinsky, sort of an iron-man of the Bat Nelson type, bored in continuously but received a tremendous lot of punishment. Livan, fighting better than ever before—in fact, really classy—"copped" all but the ninth round. In this chapter Zelinsky, possessor of a man-killing right, managed to connect it with the Italian's neck, sagging him at the knees and nearly putting him out. Had Zelinsky followed up he would have won but, like many ringsters, backed away to survey the job and lost his chance. The ruling went to Livan. The victor was handled by Doc Bagley of New York, and his manager, Phil Buccola.

As the world knows, Boston has entertained and also seen in ring action, Art "The Great" Shires of the Chicago White Sox, and has written him into the records as a chap who has a lot of personality, plenty of "it" and a fair knowledge of fisticuffs as compared with many present day exponents of the profession. On Friday night, Jan 10, Shires was pitted against Al Spohrer, catcher for the Boston Braves, in the Boston Garden ring, the bout drawing 18,000 spectators and a gate of about $31,000, the latter all very much to the joy of the promoters. As a fight it wasn't much—merely a case of Spohrer going in there to get some needed money and taking a friendly shellacking in order to obtain the same. Though Shires made very little real effort to massacre his man, Spohrer was so greatly outclassed that the affair was stopped in the fourth, the award going to Shires by a big margin. The contest was of no value to the boxing game and never should have received the O. K. of the Boxing Commission. Had the men been regulation "pro" boxers they would have been thrown out of the ring. However, the fans liked it—it satisfied their curiosity, and, as they willingly paid the bills, no one in particular seems to have any great kick coming.

The scheduled main bout on the same card was Ernie Schaaf, the ex-sailor heavy, and Al Friedman, also of Boston, the industrious fighting man and recent bridegroom of Al Lippe's numerous stables. They were booked for 10 rounds and the bout went the distance, largely through the fact that in the fourth chapter Schaaf injured his right hand. But, apart from this injury, he put up one fine battle—practically the best he has yet shown in Boston—and won the decision by a wide margin. Friedman, game and tough as they make 'em, carried the fighting to the ex-tar for the greater part of the way.

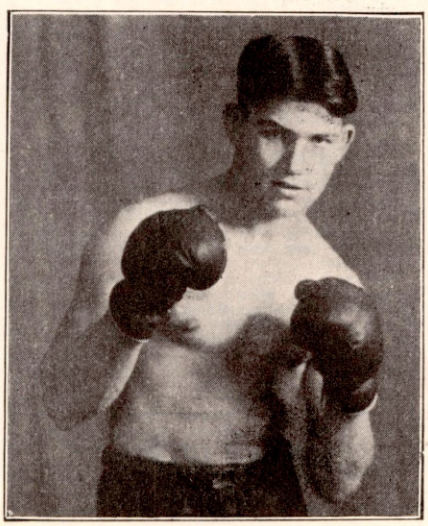
As a result of several bills now before the Massachusetts Legislature, one or more of which may amount to something, the entire boxing situation in this state is due for an early going over—an investigation into many whys and wherefores which will probably include the office of the Boxing Commission. There have been too many fouls, fakes and suspected fakes—too much fooling and boxing mixed up with each other to suit many of the followers of the sport, and their letters and petitions have at last awakened the Legislature. Just what will come of it all no one knows but the promise of a general house-cleaning may be of benefit of boxing.

The Boston Garden, which has been finding the boxing game getting tougher and tougher with more red ink on its books than black, has accepted the resignation of Eddie Mack as boxing promoter though his contract had nearly a year more to run. Mack has put over some very good shows here, a number of them real money-makers, but despite this and his energetic management of the boxing end of the Garden's activities, he is out of office. Alex MacLean has been appointed as his successor, but just how much leeway he will be given remains to be seen. According to announcement, many of the future main bout matches for Boston will be arranged by Tom McArdle and Al Weill of the New York Garden, the latter to act as an assistant to Sheldon H. Fairbanks, the manager of the Boston Garden. This system, sort of a chain store idea, it is figured, will not work out very satisfactorily, the expectation being that such matches as are not desired in New York will be shunted along to Boston. Matchmaker MacLean probably will be relegated to arranging the semi-final and prelim matches. As the situation shapes itself at this time, there is not much of a bonanza in sight for any of those immediately concerned. It is the intention of Eddie Mack to re-open his Argonne A. A.

While the professional boxing game in Boston is floundering about with a future to be reckoned among the uncertainties, the amateur end of the sport is flourishing as never before, a most encouraging sign for the development of that talent which the "pro" clubs have signally failed to bring to the front. That the interest in amateur boxing was never greater was demonstrated on the night of Jan. 6, when more than 7000 spectators gathered in the Mechanics Building to witness the first Golden Glove tourney ever conducted in this state. This affair, held under the auspices of the St. Joseph T. A. S., and directed by the veteran William H. Cuddy, fairly bristled with action from bell to bell and was a very wonderful tourney throughout. Out of the ruck came the following victors: 112-pounds class, George Ostrow, Revere; 118 class, John Collins, Haverhill; 126, Pat Pacino, Roxbury; 135, Victor Lotti, Marlboro; 147, Vernon Merlin, Roslindale; 160, John Sweeney, South Boston; 175, Pat O'Flaherty, South Boston; heavyweight, Al Dean, Medford.

The amateurs had another long session—this time on the night of Jan. 20, at the Boston Arena—67 competing in a program lasting from 5 in the afternoon until after midnight—for state titles in all classes. It was one great night of real scrapping and attracted a vast audience. From the calibre of the contests as a whole, Boston and this section will make a fine showing in the coming New England and National tournaments to be held in this city later in the season. The new state champions in the various classes are as follows: 112-pounds class, George Ostrow, Revere; 118, Edward Snydsman, Taunton; 126, James McGrath, Malden; 135, Victor Lotti, Marlboro; 147, Charles Kelly, Newton; 160, Ring Larsen, Quincy; 175, Dick Madden, Dorchester; heavy, Mursoches Sagesse, Winthrop.

Andy Martin, the New England feather champion, was to have met Midget Mike O'Dowd out at Columbus, O., on New Year's Day, but was stricken with jaundice and for three weeks was a patient at the Carney Hospital, South Boston. He now is convalescing at his home in this city but will be out of the fight game for several more weeks. It had been the plan to bring Champion Battalino and Martin together in a titular fray, all of which has fallen flat for the present.



Lou Brouillard, Worcester, Mass., welterweight

Following the affair here last month between Jackie Fields, the world's welter champion, and William "Gorilla" Jones, which was officially declared by the Boxing Commission's referee to be a fake, with which verdict the B. C. disagreed though failed to over-rule, Sheldon H. Fairbanks, manager of the Boston Garden, created a bit of a stir. It was his announced intention of bringing an action against both Fields and Jones for the recovery of the $10,000 that had been paid them against his protest. It was his contention, and we believe he was absolutely correct, that inasmuch as both contestants had signed a contract waiving their battle money in the event of a "no contest", such having been the official ruling of the referee, they were not entitled to the money. The B. C., having advised that the money be paid the ringsters, all despite the wording of the official contract bearing on this point, announced that the referee had erred in not having declared the cash forfeited while he was in the ring.

Jimmy Mendes of New Bedford, the Brava light heavy, a big card in his own section of the state, came through a-flying in Fall River, Mass., on Jan. 20, when he stopped Ed Keeley of Bridgeport in the fifth canto of a scheduled 10-rounder. The result was no great surprise. Keeley, it may be recalled, is the chap with whom Paulino was matched to fight in Boston some time ago, and whom the Spaniard flatly refused to meet. There was some rattling at the time from the office of the Boxing Commission, but Paulino has yet to debut in Boston.

Joe Monte of Brockton, having defeated Harry Allen of that city, in a savage 10-rounder a few weeks ago, came into a second violent collision with the former New England light heavyweight amateur champion on the night of Jan 16, at the Boston Arena, an Arena A. C. feature. Monte scored a knockout in the fourth round.

There is a prospect that at an early date Al Mello of Lowell, who has had but one bout since William "Gorilla" Jones wrecked him about six months ago, will be back in the ring. Mello is the holder of two New England titles—welter and middle—and will be called on to defend the latter against Johnny Indrisano of East Boston, a rival here of years whom he has never fought. It had been the plan to match Indrisano against Jackie Fields, but after the Fields-Jones "no contest," the idea of bringing the welter champion back to this city was speedily dropped. Mello won his middleweight title from George "Wop" Manolian more than a year ago but has never defended it. A meeting here with Indrisano should go over very big.

Frank "Sailor" Flint of the Al Delmont stable of this city continues boxing in the "Satisfactory Performance" column and within the month has twice defeated Al Settle of New York in hard-fought contests staged in New Bedford rings.

Dan Carroll, manager of Jim Maloney and others, has bought the contract of Jack Dorval, the Pennsylvania heavy, and if the latter comes through against Murray Gitlitz in a bout to be fought in Providence, R. I., at an early date, hopes to show him in Boston rings against any of the heavies. Primo Carnera, the giant Italian is being talked as a possible opponent in this city.

Newport Johnny Brown, one of the veterans, now residing in Greater Boston, came back into the limelight on Jan. 20, with a win over Johnny Hanlon, a Lynn, Mass., boy, the same being scored in an eight-round main bout fought at Salem, Mass. Brown made a very good showing.

Al Linzi, Phil Buccola's lightweight importee from Italy, continues to find customers without any trouble. In his last bout, the semi-final to the Mendez-Keeley fray at New Bedford, he defeated Johnny Gonzales of Los Angeles, a smart, clever kid in the Carroll stable. Linzi, a fighter, is a crowd-pleaser—a chap who starts with the bell and keeps going. In Boston rings, while not always victorious, he has been a riot.

After several false starts Gene Bianco of East Boston, former 112-pounds amateur champion, and Harry Goldstein of Boston, claimant of the New England flyweight title, finally got together at Portland, Me., on Jan. 3, Bianco being returned the winner, a newspaper decision, at the close of a main bout hurricane.

Tommy Daley of Lynn, another absentee from the active ring for some time, is back again and on Jan. 13, came across with a kayo over Frankie Baldi, the Lynn trial horse, in a scheduled 10-rounder at Salem, Mass. Daley is a big welter. Al Linzi, on the same card, defeated Jimmy Connolly of Brockton in six rounds.

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MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

DICK DANIELS, Minnesota's leading heavyweight, slipped one over on the so-called "wise guys" when he decisively whipped the Clever Armand Emanuel of Los Angeles. Dick was on top of the Westerner from bell to bell, failing to give Emanuel an opportunity to score with his rapier left that was figured to offset Dick's rushes. The Emanuel fray marked the greatest achievement of Daniels' career and with the proper breaks, Dick should finish the 1930 season with a country wide reputation of being one of the best heavies in the country.

Big Boy Peterson clashed with Mike Mandell for the second time and came through to victory, but only after a bitter struggle. The first ten rounder was staged between Jackie Sharkey and Quina Lee. Sharkey rallied in the closing rounds but failed to overcome the lead held by the husky little Southerner.

Art (What a laff) Shires, the "silent" boxing baseball star, put in an appearance at the St. Paul Auditorium before a large turnout. Bashful Artie took on Tony Faeth, former St. Paul hurler, in a scheduled six rounder. It took Shires exactly 2 minutes and ten seconds to convince Tony that his place was not in the prize ring.

In the bout carded as the main event, Wayne Short turned back the fistic threats of Babe Herman in eight hectic rounds. Mike Mandell won the honors over Rocky Adams in six rounds and Wyoming Warner staged a successful comeback by disposing of Tony Schmidt in the first round.

Billy Wells and Billy Light fought ten rounds to an official verdict of draw, rendered by two judges and a referee. The fans seemed to think otherwise as they believed that Light had a good edge over his opponent.

Britt Gorman, Minnesota's classiest flyweight, showed too much class for Quina Lee. Britt's flashy footwork and tantalizing left jab kept the gritty Southerner at bay throughout their eight round battle.

Johnny O'Donnell, veteran St. Paul welter, proved that he has some good fights in his system by decisively trouncing his younger opponent, Urban Liberty, in six rounds. Bud Glover's fistic dreams were shattered temporarily, at least, when Paul Wangley dropped him for the long count in the first round.

Just a word for the splendid work now being done by the referees around these sections. George Barton, of the Tribune, who officiates the feature events at the Minneapolis Auditorium, is an excellent third man in the ring. Barton goes about his business in a cool, deliberate manner and has yet to pull any inexcusable mistake. Bobby Ward, of St. Paul, is another referee who belongs in the front class. Bobby is decisive and fearless in his actions and commands respect from the boxers.

Minnesota's greatest gymnasium, fistically speaking, is run and owned by Jimmy Potts, middleweight boxer of a generation ago. The gym is fitted out with all modern equipment and houses some of the best boxers in the Northwest.

Andy Puglisi, the Duluth welter prospect, boasts of a great record for the limited time that he has been boxing. In 27 starts he has turned in 14 knockouts and 7 decisions over some of the recognized stars in this vicinity.

Few fans have forgotten the Gibbons boys, Mike and Tom, so in response to a number of letters I have received in the past few weeks I am supplying some enlightening information about them. They were about the cleanest and finest specimens ever produced from one fighting family and were a credit to the boxing profession.
Tommy is making a neat income by selling insurance while Mike continues to pursue the sport that made him famous, but this time acting as manager and adviser. They don't make them any better and I am taking this opportunity of wishing them success in every venture they undertake.

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'RASSLIN' 'ROUND
By Bob Burrill

JOHN FREBERG, Sweden's rugged wrestling champion, pinned the husky shoulders of Hassan Ojile to the mat in successive falls, totaling 38 minutes of wrestling. The Swede took the first fall with a double Japanese toe hold and after eight minutes of wrestling in the second, Freberg succeeded in applying a crotch lock and half nelson to render his opponent helpless.

Pat McGill, husky Irish heavy, was declared winner over Hassan Ojile by virtue of a foul, when the latter was disqualified for unfair use of his fists. Up to the time of the disqualification, the bout was nip and tuck, each man having won a fall.

Bobby Bylund, Minneapolis middleweight grappler, came back after a disastrous first fall to throw Carl Jensen in the two final deciding falls.

Frank "Hassan" Ojile, won via a toe hold over Georges Petroff, Russian heavy, in the deciding fall of a furiously waged contest that lasted 28 minutes.

The wrestling shows have been staged by Art Moeler, who has succeeded in luring a fairly good crowd to his weekly events. They have been refereed by Billy Hoke.

Big John Freberg, the Swedish Bonebuster, announces that he will enter the ring and take up boxing as a sideline. John has a fine build for a wrestler and it seems unlikely that he will make much progress in the tougher pastimes of biffing and banging.

Anyone wishing information on the wrestling situation in this vicinity can write to the writer, 5328 York Ave., Minneapolis.

AROUND ARIZONA ARENA
By DON PRICE

PHOENIX Madison Square Garden, new home of boxing and wrestling, although not the largest, is one of the most modern and finest arenas in the entire west. Every latest improvement has been embodied in this splendid athletic palace. The seating capacity is 3,000.

Boxing is held every Friday night under the auspices of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War while the American Legion stages weekly wrestling matches each Monday night.

Shamus O'Brien lost his title of Arizona lightweight champion to Mike Stankovitch of Prescott. Stankovich held the crown only two weeks, losing to Battling Siki via the knockout route in his first defense of the title.

Alley Whitlow kayoed Jockie Mandell, highly touted Jewish feather of Hollywood, Calif., in thirty seconds of the initial round. On the same card at Madison Square Garden, Shamus O'Brien won from Ramon Torres of Safford in eight frames.

Ignacio Fernandez, Filipino star, put a stop to Allen Whitlow's long string of victories by taking the decision at the end of ten rounds in Phoenix.

Battling Siki dropped the nod to Ignacio Fernandez at Madison Square Garden.

Ernie Owens, Los Angeles heavyweight, knocked out Tony Fuente in the third round.

Henry Goldberg, Jewish light heavyweight of Brooklyn, N. Y., won every round from Tuffy Jackson of Texas at the Garden.

Henry Goldberg lost in ten rounds to Owen Phelps at the Garden.

McKEE TO HANDLE LEGION SHOWS

THE American Legion post of Indianapolis, which holds boxing shows each Tuesday night at the National Guard Armory in that city during the indoor season, have installed a matchmaking committee, succeeding the resignation of Major L. A. Greene, former matchmaker.
The new committee is composed of Earl McKee, V. M. Armstrong and James I. Veach. McKee, who has acted as publicity director for the shows since their inception three years ago, has been designated executive secretary of the committee and will have direct charge of the matchmaking. His address is 620 Berkeley Road, Indianapolis.

BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY

By LARRY LICHTIG

MILWAUKEE boxing enthusiasts are patiently waiting for the day when their idol, Henry Tuttle, otherwise known as King Tut, will be crowned lightweight champion of the world.

Tut startled the boxing world on New Year's afternoon when he scored a technical knockout victory over Billy Wallace, one of the light-weight topnotchers, who had been made a heavy favorite to win prior to the fight.

The bout was stopped in the eighth round when Wallace pronounced himself unfit to continue. He had been taking unmerciful punishment. Wallace was floored in the first heat for a nine count and then again for an eight score in the sixth.

The victory gave Tut a match with Bruce Flowers at Chicago. Tut beat the colored boy but the judges saw it different and disagreed. The referee ruled in favor of Tut, and so the final verdict was a draw. Newspaper sport writers in Chicago gave Tut seven of the ten rounds, which goes to prove that the Milwaukee battler should have been awarded the decision.

Followers of Tut figure that should Mandell accept a setto with the Milwaukee knockout artist, a new king will be crowned. They dope that Mandell may be able to stave off Tut's rushes in about three or four rounds, but sooner or later near the end Tut will find Sammy with one of his sleepers.

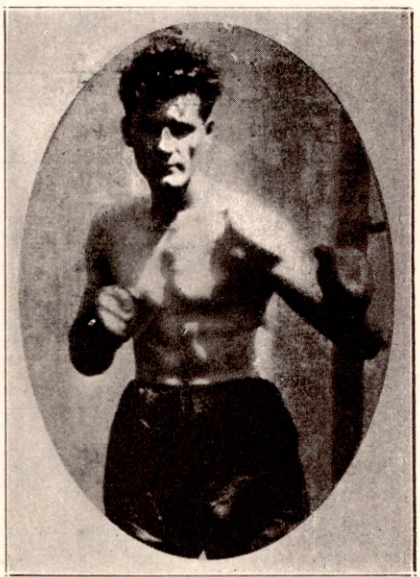
Tate Littman, Cudahy's promising light-heavyweight, found a tough egg in Ray McPeck of Chicago. Littman's string of eleven straight victims was halted. Littman did everything but stop his foe. Many times during the melee it appeared that the referee would intervene and stop the battle because of the poor condition of McPeck, but some way or the other the arbiter hesitated and McPeck always managed to fall into a clinch.

Frankie Burns won his fourth consecutive fight and in doing so created something that no other fighter has ever been able to. He stopped Battling Morris in his last start. Morris, of Oshkosh, had never been knocked off his feet for keeps in 140 skirmishes.

Larry Brignola, making his debut in Milwaukee, sprung a surprise when he put the skids under Tony Mandell in four rounds. Mandell, a cousin to the lightweight king, had previously K. O'd Joe Kubiak, a favorite in Milwaukee, in two sessions. Brignolia was too smart and too ring wise for Mandell, putting him out for good with a right cross to the chin.

One of the best bouts between little fellows was held here recently between Jimmy Chase, former Central A.A.U. flyweight champion, and Johnny Guades, Milwaukee's diminutive sensation. The boys fought toe to toe for four rounds and had the crowd in an uproar throughout. They were given a wild ovation at the termination. Chase was awarded the nod due to his harder punching.

Eddie Black, Milwaukee's fast coming lightweight, lost a close decision to Frankie Hughes recently. Hughes' left hook found a resting place on Black's chin many times, but in retaliation Black shot enough left jabs to the face to make the fight a very interesting one.



"Hot Shot" High Smith, Oklahoma lightweight, with a good string of knockouts

Joe Azzarella isn't discouraged just because he was stopped by Sammy Mandell recently in two stanzas. Azzarella is stepping right back into the ring to do battle with Pewee Jerrell of Iron Mountain at Green Bay on Feb. 2 in a so-called warm-up affair. He has been rematched to exchange wallops with Eddie Anderson, the Wyoming Cowboy, for a date in Milwaukee in the near future. Azzarella defeated Anderson in a very impressive manner in a previous meeting.

Whitey Berghausen is sure one busy man at John Morganroth's gym in Milwaukee. Whitey is a trainer as well as having charge of the gymnasium. Among many of the fighters he has trained include: Richie Mitchell, Lew Tendler, Jack Britton, Billy Wallace and Jack Dempsey.

Billy Mitchell has procured the lease to run boxing shows at the Milwaukee Auditorium. Mitchell has previously been promoting boxing cards at the Antlers club, but due to the fact that the place lacks a large seating capacity, he turned his future attentions to the Auditorium.

Curtis Brown and Micky O'Neil have resumed training. Curtis is a recent graduate of the amateur ranks and in his only two pro starts made a wonderful impression. He injured his hand in his last start and was forced to withdraw from further competition. O'Neil suffered the same mishap, an injured hand putting him on the shelf for six months.

The amateur boxing clubs are sure going big in Milwaukee. The clubs, namely: Knights of Columbus, Eagles, Elks, Owls, St. Augustine and the M. A. C. have been drawing large gatherings at their shows this season. The Eagles club has been drawing the best due to the fact that many intercity cards are held there. Whenever the Eagles stage an intercity show an average of about 4,000 fans turn out to witness the bill.

The Milwaukee amateurs who at present look as though they'll develop into big money makers in the near future are Johnny Dettlaff, welterweight; Leonard Bernstein, featherweight; Julius Cohen, bantamweight; Harry Schwartz, middleweight; George Black, lightweight, and Andy Ciszewski, featherweight. Dettlaff, Black and Cohen should be given special mention for they have displayed more ability of developing than the rest. Dettlaff is a hard hitter, Black a clever boxer, and Cohen packs a left jab that has never been seen on an amateur in Milwaukee since the days of Joey Sangor.

Eddie Shea, Chicago Italian featherweight, made his first appearance in Milwaukee for a long time against a fellow by the name of Joe Paglina of Louisville. Paglina was good for nothing, going out in the second round after being floored eight times previously. A stiff right cross sent the Louisville catcher spinning on his haunches. The fight was too one-sided to be interesting.

Larry Brignolia did everything but throw the towel at Matt Cianciolo in the semi-windup affair, but the referee called the bout a draw. When the decision was rendered the small gathering hissed and booed for fully five minutes. Brignolia punched the Milwaukeean silly. He hammered Cianciolo in close at will, and at long range always had the best of him.

Louis New, who a year ago displayed so much promise that Milwaukee promoters made future reservations for him, took a terrific lacing from the hands of Benny Golden. A left hand always found its mark and at the termination New was a mass of blood.

Ollie Bartlett, the diminutive King Tut, hung another K. O. on his long string by stopping Ray Rychell in six rounds. Rychell was knocked colder than a mackerel. He did give Bartlett a little trouble in the preceding sessions, but Bartlett found his target in the sixth. A left to the jaw sent Rychell on his back. He took nine, and upon arising was met with another left. He was counted out.

HAWAII NEWS

By HARRY M. STUART

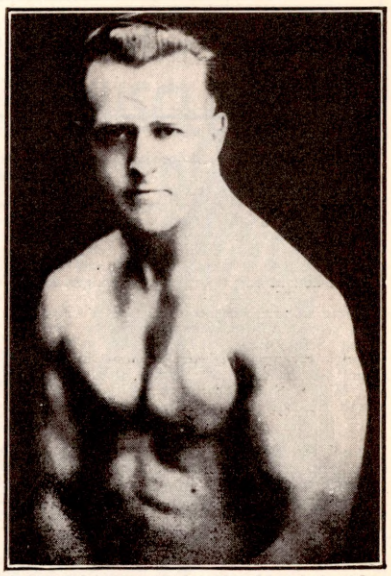
PENTON won the light heavyweight title of the Inland Post by taking down Bothel for the decision.

Kid Henry came from behind to kayo Chick Delaney. Delaney led by a wide margin before taking Henry's stiff in the fourth.

Hermann Rupp, Schofield's ranking heavyweight, flattened Bill Rayzor in round three.

Lefty Freitas kayoed Patsy Fukudo.

At the end of the year, the following boxers here ranked foremost in their respective weights. Flyweight—Kid Henry; Bantamweight—Tiger Connell; Featherweight—Kid Anson; Lightweight—Lefty Lapinod; Welterweight—Con Condero; L. Heavyweight—Charlie Rosa; Middleweight—Harry Gret; Heavyweight—Hermann Rupp.



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In and Out of the Ring in Philadelphia

By ROSS E. KAUFMANN

LEW MASSEY, Philadelphia featherweight, gained a ten-round decision over the champion Battling Battalino at the Arena. Battalino went into the fight with an absessed left fist. Battalino only went through with the bout because he did not want to disappoint the fight fans. It was his Philadelphia debut. Massey, who boxed as an amateur less than two years ago, turned in his thirty-sixth straight conquest.

Young Terry, Trenton's newest welterweight star, scored a knockout over Stuffy McInnis, a young Scotchman, at the Arena in the fourth round. McInnis claimed a foul in the third round but Referee Leo Houck would not permit it. When Stuffy was in bad shape in the fourth he halted the bout to save the Scotch lad.

Ernie Caesar, South Philadelphia lightweight, could not keep up the fast pace set by Jackie Pilkington, and lost a ten-round decision at the Arena. Pilkington did entirely too much punching to suit Caesar.

Georgie Amblard, French fighter, stepped into something like a beehive when he met Joe (Kid) Firpo, of Pennsgrove, N. J., and the foreigner was counted out in the second.

Vidal Gregorio, Spanish bantamweight, played a fistic sonata on the frame of Eugene Huat, of France, holder of the European flyweight title, in a ten-round windup at the Arena. It was Huat's first Philadelphia appearance and he failed to make much of an impression.

It took Emory Cabana, Philadelphia lightweight, about six minutes to fathom the attack of Dino Tempesti, an Italian warrior, in their clash at the Arena. After that Cabana won rather easily, the bout going the ten-round limit.

They say "They never come back," but Harry (Kid) Brown, veteran South Philadelphia battler, is making a pretty good job of his attempt. In his recent clash with Gaston Lecadra, of France, Brown boxed his younger opponent to a draw. The judges disagreed but Referee Herman Hindin decided in favor of the draw and the crowd was satisfied.

Still another Frenchman on the same card, Arthur De Beve, was more successful and scored a technical knockout over Jackie Hartman, of Philadelphia, in the fourth round. Eddie Cerdo, of New York, and Sam Fusci, of South Philadelphia, boxed a six-round draw.

Eddie Reid, Philadelphia negro, stepped into a bee hive of punches when he was beaten by Young Harry Wills, of Baltimore, in the Atlantic City ring. It went the eight-round limit. Midget Fox, of Philadelphia, gained the referee's decision over Battling Griffin, another Quaker City lightweight.

The Cambria club put on the novelty windup of Peggy Sullivan, of South Philadelphia, meeting Mike Sullivan, of Atlantic City, in the windup and the shore lad registered a knockout in the sixth round. Tommy Gleason, of West Philadelphia, won over Jimmy Kennedy in the eight-round semi-windup.

Joe Smith, who has managed Tommy Loughran ever since he started his boxing career, also took under his wing a heavyweight wrestler by the name of Pat O'Shocker. Pat, an Irishman, conquered Jack Washburn, the veteran Chicago grappler, at the Arena.

Gorilla Jones, the Akron, O., welterweight, stepped along almost as he pleased to win from Billy Angelo, of Leiperville, in the New Year's Day card at the Arena. Angelo took plenty of punches but always bobbed up in a fighting mood. It went the ten-round limit.

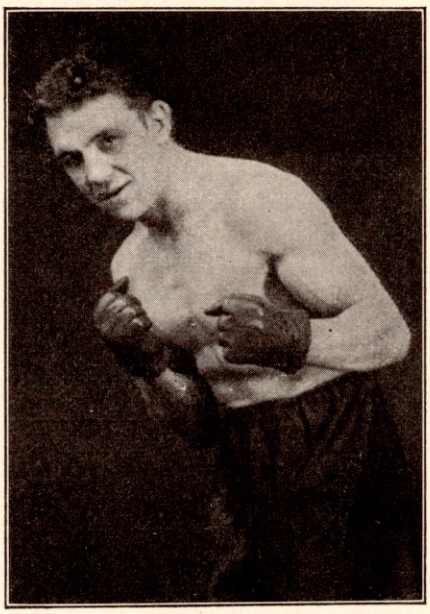
Gaby Bagdad, Armenian sensation, who compiled a big winning list in foreign rings and also at Reading before invading Phillie, met his master on New Year's Day. Pat Haley, the Kinsington veteran, finished him in the third.

Sergeant Sammy Baker, who has appeared in Phillie rings several times in recent months, defeated Gene Morretti, Atlantic City, in ten rounds as part of a holiday card at the Arena. Morretti looked good in his previous Quaker City starts but Baker appeared to have more class.

Calvin Reed, a South Philadelphia junior lightweight, was stopped by Phil Zwick, of Cleveland, when referee "Pop" O'Brien counted him out in the third round. Calvin Reed, a brother of Eddie Reed, the featherweight, was slow in getting to his feet after a knockdown and despite the protests of the crowd, a knockout was scored against him.

Jimmy Smith, Kensington welterweight, continues to climb. One of his latest victories was over Carmen Spagnolia, Germantown fighter, in the eight-round windup at the Cambria Club. Joe McHale, of Roxborough, reversed a former decision for Johnny Slover.

Rod McLeod, of Scotland, in making his U. S. debut at the Cambria club on New Year's Day, was stopped by Walter Wasseluk, of Kensington, in the first round.



Joey Hatfield, 135-pounder from Philly

Santa Claus was not unkind to Lou Massey in his Yuletide windup with Johnny Datto, of Cleveland, at the Arena. Datto won but one of the judges and referee decided in favor of Lou.

Matt Adgie, popular West Philadelphia light-heavyweight, who is known for his ice wagon antics in the off boxing season, won a ten-round decision over Billy Jones, of Pittsburgh, at the Arena.

Harry (Kid) Brown ran into something torrid when he met Baby Joe Gans, of California, at the Arena, and was outpointed in ten rounds.

Stuffy McInnis won on a foul in the fifth against Young Ketchel, of Chester, at Phillie, on Christmas Day. Each weighed 145 pounds. This was the first time the new foul ruling went into effect and cost Ketchel half of his purse.

Bucky Boyle, of Allentown, was beaten in a ten-round windup by Ernie Caesar, of South Philadelphia, at the Cambria Club. Caesar had all the dash in the first five rounds but Boyle rallied in the last three.

Peggy Sullivan, a South Philadelphia heavyweight, and Douglas McKinnon, of Kensington, whaled each other all over the Cambria ring with the former winning in eight rounds.

Tommy Cooney, Kensington welterweight, who has been coming along rapidly, won an eight-round bout from Willie Patterson, at the Cambria. Johnny Dixon scored a technical knockout over Barney Jefferson and Yonder McLaughlin beat "Wild Bill" Kent in eight rounds.

In a recent jaunt to Atlantic City, Lew Lafferty, 130-pound Philadelphian, defeated Tony Falco, also of Phillie, in the feature eight-round windup at the North Side Boxing Club. Jimmy Tantaros, of Philadelphia, and Gene Gaffner, of Vineland, fought an eight-round draw in the semi-windup.

Manayunk fight fans turned out on Christmas Day and saw Tommy Donahue, of West Philadelphia, beat Eddie Wallace, of Camden; Mickey Michaels, of Nicetown, draw with Jack Reno, of South Philadelphia; Frankie Vance, South Philadelphia, win on a technical knockout over Jimmy Martin, of Kensington in the third round; Mike Marshall, Port Richmond, beat Red Saunders, Miners Mills, Pa.; and Walter St. Clair, Nicetown, stop Al Balduc in the second round.

Gene Gaffner, of Vineland, N. J., substituting for Tommy Farley, of West Philadelphia, who was injured while training, battled Andy Allen, of Minersville, Pa., to an eight-round draw at Harrisburg.

Matty White, clever Philadelphia bantamweight, and Heine Hart fought an eight-round draw at Bethlehem, while Mickey Blake, of Los Angeles, now living in the Keystone State, defeated George Mallick, of Frackville, Pa., in eight rounds.

When the Intercollegiate Boxing championships are held at the University of Pennsylvania, late in March, the heavyweight bout will be seen on the program. It was decided at the close of last year to eliminate the heavyweight division but there was so much objection that the unlimited division was restored. Yale was one of the principal objectors to the heavyweight class.

After Tuffy Griffiths had beaten Johnny Risko in New York, Tommy Loughran stepped to the front upon his return to Phillie and said he would like to get Griffiths into the ring. The Arena backers made an offer for the bout but Griffiths could not be interested.

Just a few days after the New York Commission had decided to wipe out the junior lightweight title, which automatically took the crown from Benny Bass, the Phil Glassman stable suffered another setback when Billy Wallace was technically stopped by King Tut in the eighth round at Milwaukee.

Jackie Fields, welterweight champion, in his first Philadelphia appearance easily outpointed Alf Ros, French-Algerian opponent in ten rounds at the Arena.

Harry (Kid) Brown won a close ten-round decision over Gaston Lecadre, of France, in the semi-windup to the Fields-Ros bout.

Danny Kramer, former bantamweight idol of the Phillie fans, faced Eddie O'Dowd, of Columbus. Kramer won by a knockout in the fourth round.

Joe Firpo, of Pennsgrove, N. J., invaded the Arena recently and gave Joey Hadfield, of Conshohocken, a trouncing in six rounds. Firpo came in at 136 1-2 pounds, and spotted Hadfield four and a half pounds.

FROM ERIE, PENN.

By F. A. THOMAS

NEW YEAR'S DAY found Maxie Strub, Erie's fighting dry cleaner, scheduled to swap punches with Jimmy Reed, another Erie lad. As was somewhat expected, Strub did not have to exert himself much to cart off the decision.

The bout that really stole the show was the six round semi-final, featuring Arvin Spence, Cleveland negro, and Chuck Burns, Akron light-heavy. These two babies went at it tooth for tooth. How they did slug! The fans were climbing all over each other before the thing was half over. Burns copped the duke but he sure knew he had been in a fight.

This bout went over so big that Promoter Jim Carney had them rematched over the ten-round route. This also was a hummer with Burns again getting the nod.

Maxie Strub went to New Brighton, Pa., and slathered Ray Van Hook, of Pontiac, Mich., in a ten-rounder. It was Maxie's fight all the way.

Chuck Burns found the opposition a bit tougher a week later when he lost a ten-rounder to Rosy Rosales, of Cleveland. It was a slow bout, with both boys doing plenty of embracing.

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FLORIDA STATE NOTES
By PAUL A. SEEGER

FEBRUARY will usher in the biggest month in boxing history in Miami, or the state of Florida for that matter. On the 10th of the month Lou Magnolia, one of the best known referees in the country, and this winter manager of Sam Kantor's Fronton where the lads play Hi-Li, will top his first boxing show with Pete Nebo, the Seminole Indian who got his start in the boxing game while a newsboy in Miami, and Jose Martinez, a clever lad from the Philippines.

On the 21st in the same Fronton Magnolia will put on the wrestling champ, Gus Sonnenberg, with either Strangler Lewis or Richard Shikat. The dope now is that it will be Shikat. This will be the first big time wrestling match in Florida in six or seven years.

Then on the 27th we will have another one of those heavyweight elimination affairs when Phalling Phil Scott will try to stick as long as he can with the garrulous gob, Mr. Jack Sharkey of Boston. Jack and Scott are on the ground and training daily.

I want to say a few words for one gentleman of color, by name "Doc" Mears, who is promoting fights among the brunette battlers in Miami with great success. When "Doc" tells you he has a good show you can lay your money on the line in perfect confidence.

The white fans are patronizing "Doc's" shows and letting the two white clubs play to plenty of space. "Doc" has a great card in this Unknown Winston. I may be wrong but this light heavy can just about lick anything his weight in the south. At least he has smacked down all comers to date. "Doc's" address is 719 N. W. Second avenue and you managers who have good black boys would do well to write him. No mixed bouts here, you know.

Paul Prehn, chairman of the championship committee of the National Boxing association, has been an enthusiastic guest of Miami this month. Paul is a pretty good scout, but I have no use for his organization, which, I believe, is wrong three out of five.

And I near forgot to say a few words on the Young Manuel Quintero-Sammy Mandell fight at the beach here this month. And I could say plenty. I'll content myself with saying that the draw decision of Billy Haack pleased everyone but Sammy and Eddie Kane and at that Haack was Kane's selection as third man.

Another guy with parents of intelligence, this Kane. Lucky it was that Haack has no dislike for Mandell. He allowed the champ to get away with everything in the repertoire of a slick, experienced boxer. Mandell did not kick Manuel, nor did he bite him, but that is all he missed doing. And that draw decision will bring the clean-cut young Cuban many cash dollars in the next year or two.

Training for three weeks with southpaws, Mandell was a sucker for Manuel's flashing left which went home time after time. At the infighting Mandell, of course, made Manuel look like a novice, but mostly because Manuel would not resort to Mandell's tactics. Manuel will slay the Italian in their next start if he gets half a break on conditions.

That just about cleans me up for the month. The remainder of the column goes to "Tiny" John Gasthoff, one of the most earnest workers I have ever met. I don't believe they can pull off a cock fight in Florida that he will not have the details of. For information on the east coast of Florida address me at 1537 N. W. 36th street, Miami, Fla. For west coast dope address "Tiny" at P. O. Box 3104, Tampa, Fla. And if you want an answer from either, stick in your stamp or you are out of luck.

WEST COAST NOTES
By JOHN "TINY" GASTHOFF

AN attempt to combine all boxing clubs in Tampa met with opposition from George Kennedy and other officials of Benjamin Field and the project fell through. The American Legion looks with hungry eyes on the game and is anxious to break in. Both Benjamin Field and the Cuban club have given assurance of their willingness to co-operate.

Young Manuel knocked out Mike Dundee of St. Louis at the Ocala club and then went over to Fort Myers and put away Joe Wellings of Detroit in the fourth.

American Legion of Tampa will stage shows at the Cuban club arena. Herman Bostein has been named matchmaker.

Moe Fischer ran out of his match in Jacksonville with Boots Antley when he saw the size of the house. In a substitute bout Frenchy Rouselle, feather, knocked out the ancient Dick Bowden. At the same club Roy Schneider won a 10-rounder from Chino Alvarez. They are feathers. Eddie Wilson won from the Patent Leather Kid. Billy Schell of Columbus, Ga., won from Frankie Sacco of Philly in 10. Middles.

Paul Rojas, Cuban middle, won all the way in his bout in St. Petersburg with Joe Knight of Cairo, Ga. Antonio Diaz beat Monroe Porter in a good scramble.

In Orlando: Young Ford, Orlando lightweight, won in 10 from Jimmy "Kid" Murphy of Lakeland. Gordon Fortenberry won from Big Ed Milan of Lakeland. Larry Leavitt won on a T. K. O. in the sixth from Billy Stallings when Stallings busted a fin. They all are middles.

Jack Bondy of Manatee lost in 10 to Jimmy "Kid" Murphy at Lake Wales.

Battling in a pouring rain in their bare feet Big Jeff Carroll of Charlotte, N. C., won in 10 from "Cracker" Jack Webb, of Waycross, Ga.

Andre Garcia, matchmaker of the Cuban club, Tampa, will resign as soon as a new man is appointed. At this club Young Russell, Palmetto Beach welter, scored a two-round K. O. over Ponce de Leon of Cuba. Baby Joe Guzman took a clean-cut decision from Kid Armandito of Cuba. Guzman fought the last six frames with a broken thumb.

Gene Paula will become associated with George Kennedy at Benjamin Field, Tampa. One of the improvements at this club is the cutting down of the ring from 20 to 17 feet to try and stop some of the dancing boys who would rather run than fight. Young Russell took an unpopular decision from Louis Gonzalez. Raymond Perez, Cuban middle, scored a seven-round kayo over Tommy Ogles of Atlanta.

Tommy Jones dropped a decision to Young Russell when he hit Russell in foul territory. He then turned and smacked Referee Lucien Jones for which he drew a $100-fine and 30 days vacation. Russell dropped Jones twice in the second round and was way ahead at the end. Johnny Cruz, Cuban feather, proved too good for Sam Pitisci and won on a T. K. O. in the sixth. Battling Tito, Tampa bantam, dropped a 10-rounder to Kid Armandito.

Young Webber, known as the fighting clown from Ringling's circus, won on a T. K. O. over Jack Bondy of Manatee in the eighth round. Louis Gonzalez and Sam Crosy, Tampa welters, both lost important decisions this month. Gonzalez was married to Miss Lucinda Roche and Sam took Miss Peggy Kelly for a sparring partner.

FLASHES FROM WESTCHESTER COUNTY
By JIM CLARKE

TWO Westchester boys were given a high rating by Jack Dempsey in the THE RING. Bruce Flowers, of New Rochelle, and Patsy Ruffalo, of Mt. Vernon, were the battlers so honored. They are lightweights.

Patsy Ruffalo has two brothers fighting in these parts now. The pair, Bobby and Jimmy, are comers and may yet attain the heights reached by the more illustrious Patsy.

Georgie Keen, Yonkers' great little flyweight, knocked out Sencio Cruze, of New York, after 2:45 minutes of milling in the first round. Keen was originally carded to fight Frisco Grande, but Grande had already had one fight this week which is as much as the boxing fathers allow.

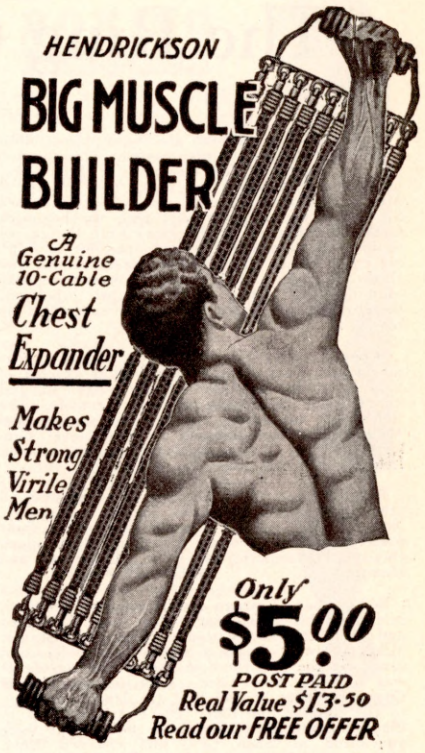
In the semi-final 6 rounder, Johnny Gaito, of Yonkers, and Joe Mulligan, of Newburgh, fought to a draw. Gaito seemed to have the better of the going all the way, but the judges deemed otherwise. Billy Kelly won handily from Frank Triola of the Bronx in another six spot.

Results of the other bouts were Eddie Cerda, Mexico, knocked out Billy Carpenelli of Yonkers. Bobby Ruffalo, Mt. Vernon, won by a technical knockout over Manny Lewis, Elmsworth, in the third canto.

Bruce Flowers, New Rochelle colored ace, has been fighting in the "hinterland" with his usual success.

Buck Duane, New York battler, defeated Charlie Sapko in an eight round setto held at the White Plains Armory. Carl Hansen had an easy time of polishing off Westy Dawson. Dawson took the long count in the fourth round of the scheduled eight round semi-final. Dawson was dropped several times before the K.O.

Jimmy Herald's two battlers came through for him. The two were Billy Kelly and Georgie Keen.



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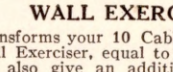

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The Ring Game Around Cincinnati

By JIMMIE AMANN

THERE were several fine fight cards billed during the month just passed. The one and only "natural" fell through—the Miller-Graham affair scheduled for New Year's Day at Music Hall in Cincinnati was called off when Sir Bushy became overdosed with the homesick fever and informed the Parkway Club that a cut on his left eye would make it impossible to fulfill his engagement. Dr. Wesley Furste of the Cincinnati Boxing and Wrestling Commission who examined the Utica bantam ruled otherwise, thereby Graham being indefinitely suspended by the N. B. A.

When the news leaked out Herman Katz, promoter of the local club, secured Willie Michel of Belgium to battle Miller. Freddie went on and knocked out the foreigner in four rounds. The Belgian is far below the local boy's class and Miller would have breezed to a win over Graham had the latter decided to stick around. Lou Bauman was referee.

The day was when Dayton overshadowed all other Southern Ohio cities for class fighting. Not any more. Here is my rating of the fight towns in this section: Cincinnati, Columbus, Dayton, Portsmouth, Zanesville, Middletown and Hamilton.

Eddie Shea, Chicago featherweight contender, celebrated his New Year's Eve up in Columbus and then on the next day Shea took Midget Mike O'Dowd, veteran Columbus contender, into camp via the foul route in the second round. It was a tough New Year's start for the Capitol City Midget as he had held the Italian even up to the time of the foul. The bout was held in the Columbus Auditorium and the weights were announced as Shea 127½ and O'Dowd 126½. Sammy Goldeberg knocked out Danny Smith on the first round. Charlie Dunlap and Reamer Roberts drew in 6; Charlie Baxter stopped Red Wilson in 2; Charlie Tarzan stopped Tommy O'Brien in the fourth round.

Joe Marciente, sensational Brooklyn Italian, feather, reversed decisions in Windy Meyers, Cinci, in a thrilling eight-round bout. Marciente had the Windy Boy on the verge of a knockout from the fourth. Billy Speaks and Eddie Meyers fought a draw in four rounds while Charlie Ferguson won from Tony Thaler in four heats.

Johnnie Brown, Cincinnati bantamweight contender, has decided to hang up his mitts for the printing trade. Brown made this known after he showed rare form in beating Buddie Hill of Dayton on the above card. We of THE RING wish Johnny the best of luck in his new and milder trade and any time he decides to come back (if at all) he will be welcomed by all the Queen City sports. Brown's battles with Freddie Miller, Kid Frances, Joe Dragon and others were nothing short of sensational.

George Ferguson, Covington football star, made his first appearance at Music Hall and scored an impressive win over Tony Thaler. Fergy is managed by W. A. Nash, Kentucky sportsman.

The 147th Infantry of the Cincinnati, O. N. G. has resumed their regular Saturday night programs. The Armory is now operating under a matchmaker-less form. Col. Don Caldwell is director of boxing. The first card was held on January 11, featuring Howard Mitchell, lantern-jawed lightweight, and Ernis (Mule) Auskins, of Groove City. Auskins floored Mitchell twice in the first round but by the end of the fourth Mitchell had Auskins groggy, following up with a knockout in the fifth round. Jess McMurtry won over Mickie O'Hara in six rounds; Jimmy Harris beat Joe Benziger, Lee Norton beat Eddie Ammon, Simmy Ballinger trimmed King Cole while Ted Graham, negro heavy, stopped Big Bill Ashley in three rounds.

On the second program which was carded a week later, Babe Ruth, Louisville featherweight, earned a last minute decision over Andy Stahura, of Braddock, Pa., in the six-round main go. Young Heebe took the mythical flyweight title from Cricket Helson in a six round affair. Windy Meyers won the judges verdict over Jimmy Harris in another six rounder. Bobby Chick shaded Bob Morsch, Pete Sams and Ray Keitz drew, while in another Mutt Morsch won from Billy Speaks.

Ruth's purse was held up for failure to wear a safety cup. He was due on the carpet the following Monday.

Portsmouth results for January 13 card were: Mickey Conroy (Bellaire) and Mickey McAllister (Portsmouth) draw in ten rounds. George Barber won from Eddie Wagner in eight. Owen English and Dan Tucker, draw in six; Jack Delvin beat F. Lozier in four rounds.

Johnny Curtin, Dayton lightweight sensation, is going like a house-afire. On January 13, Curtin knocked out Joey Lawrence, also of Dayton, in the final round of their twelve round bout at Memorial Hall in Dayton. The bout was billed as the city lightweight title, as well as the mythical Southern Ohio crown.

Jim Kelley who appeared in the semi-final had Tate Langford out on his feet in the second round when Kelley strained a ligament in his hip, and after the fifth round his seconds were forced to toss in the towel as he was unable to continue. Jack Moore beat Young Condi in six while Buddie Hill and Kid Tiney fought four rounds on even terms. About 2,000 attended.

Billy Rose, Cincinnati junior-welter, and Ohio champion, defeated Spug Meyers. The bout was staged under the auspices of The American Legion Club.

For information about the boxing game in Southern Ohio, please address the scribe at 810 Philadelphia St., Covington, Ky. A post card or a two-cent stamp will get QUICK results.

There are two promoters operating in Springfield at present. Dude Jacobs at the Commonwealth A. C. and Matty Brown at the local F. O. E. Hall.

Here's the dope from Toledo via the Kid Sportswriter, Myron Bradley; K. O. Morgan beat Ollie Bartlett in eight; Happy Atherton and Franklin Young draw in six; Jack Purvis kayoed Pee-Wee Jerral in three; Babe Kellar ko'd Freddy Ferro in five; Tony Lombardo beat Tony Ross in 6; Bat Kutzke lost on foul to Frankie Kolack in two and Chick Rife beat Sailor Turk in four.

All fight information concerning Toledo can be had by addressing Myron Bradley at 1440 Beecham St., Toledo, O.

The latest challenger for Freddie Miller's Ohio feather title is Roger Bernard, Michigan champ. Efforts are being made to match the two for a February date. Mike McNulty is managing the lake state junior-lightweight.

Here is my Mythical Southern Ohio Champions, and leading challengers:

Heavyweight—Joe Sekyra (Dayton), Pedlar Palmer Columbus).

Light-Heavy—Johnny Mason (Cincinnati), Roy Hortman (Piqua).

Middleweight—Joe Anderson (Cincinnati), Lou Widig (Zanesville).

Welterweight—Vince Hambright (Cincinnati), Frankie Palmo (Cincinnati).

Jr. Welter—Billy Rose (Cincinnati), Jim Kelly (Brandt).

Lightweight—Johnny Curtin (Dayton), Howard Mitchell (Cincinnati).

Jr. Lightweight—Joe Marciente (Cincinnati), Charlie Baxter (Columbus).

Featherweight—Freddie Miller (Cincinnati), Mike O'Dowd (Columbus).

Bantamweight—Johnnie Brown (Cincinnati), Cricket Helson (Cincinnati).

Flyweight—Young Heebe (Cincinnati), George Liddy (Cincinnati).

The scribe will endeavor to have the above rating recognized throughout Southern Ohio and any comments on the above (pro or con) will be appreciated.

Knockout Jenkins and Joe Walters, both Springfield welters are coming along in fine form under the management of Z. Jacobs.

The Middletown O. N. G. Armory will stage boxing cards every two weeks if all plans are returned O. K. Will Gray will act as promoter. Jimmy Gordon, one time serious contender for the world's bantam title, is attempting a comeback and may appear in the opening main go. Sailor Smith, Southern heavy, will also feature on one of the cards. Smith is now making his home in the Steel City.

According to latest reports, Chip Selby, Middletown welter may attempt a comeback. Selby is a nephew of Kid McCoy, former middleweight champion.

John Pesek, the Nebraska "Tiger Man", made his first American start since his recent Australian campaign at Music Hall, meeting John Evko, Chicago Slav, in a two hour finish match. Evko is considered a serious contender for the Sonnenberg claim crown (?).

Evko using rough tactics from the start, was outsmarted by the Westerner in all departments (according to my opinion Pesek would nail Gus the Great) and won the match in one fall with a reverse body slam in about 38 minutes and 40 seconds of wrestling. Evko was unable to continue. Lou Byers of Columbus was referee and the weights were Pesek 191 lbs. while Evko tipped the beam at 221 lbs.

A week later Pesek came back and took the measure of Fred Grubmeyer labeled the Nebraska Snake. Pesek won two straight falls, the first in ten seconds with a crotch, headlock and body slam and the second fall in eight minutes and ten seconds with a crotch, headlock and body slam. It was a great match and Pesek displayed very, very much wrestling skill.

Here are some of the preliminary results during the past month: Joe Banaski threw Railroad Routt in 21:45. (double jack-knife). Charley Grip and Blacksmith Pedigo, draw, 30 minutes. Jim Browning won decision over George Hills in 30 minutes. Joe Parelli threw Young Lewis in 17:50 (flying mare). Charley Grip threw Thor Jensen in 20:½ (full Nelson slam). Fred Grubmeyer threw Big Jack Rodgers in 5:25 (leg scissors). Ace Henderson won over Pete Dandoe (disqualification). Jim Browning threw Georges Gasovitch in 8:10. Basanta Singh and Tetsura Higami, draw, 30 minutes. Bobby Roscoe threw Texas Jack Forman in 16:10 (flying crotch). Silent Olesen won decision over George Sauer in 30 minutes. Charlie Grip threw Sgt. Bull Smith in 11 min. (head-scissors). Silent Olesen and Clete Kaufman, draw in 30 minutes. Charley Grip threw Henry Berg in 13:40 (flying crotch).

Jim Browning, 230 lb. San Francisco heavy, who is now making Cincinnati his home won the hearts of local fans recently when he offered any wrestler $100 to stay 15 minutes with him. Jim kept his word against three accepters. Winning all three matches with a body scissors, Browning downed Jack Rodgers in 7:15, forcing George Strongheart to give up in 7:10 and then threw Hans Bauer in 13 minutes and 55 seconds.

The "silent count" was first in practice since the revival of wrestling in the Queen City on the Pesek-Evko program. The same will be used in all future matches it was announced.

Hugh Nichols, dynamic Texas lightheavy contender and former middleweight champ, defeated Pinkie Gardner of Schnectady, N. Y. in a two fall match. Nichols won two of the three falls with a leg split. Gardner won his fall with an arm-stretch.

The Cincinnati Friars Club will hold an amateur wrestling tournament at the St. Francis School arena on January 27th with the finals on February 3. Jack Reynolds, welter champ, will referee some of the matches in which there are over 50 simon-pures entered. James S. Mitchell is manager of the tournament.

Following are the ratings of the N. B. A. which makes its offices in Cincinnati. The association will govern wrestling as well as boxing.

Heavyweight—Gus Sonnenberg, John Pesek, Dick Shikat, Jim Londes, Pete Sauer.

Light-Heavy—Clarence Ecklund, Ted Thye, Hugh Nichols, Pinkie Gardner, Joe Banaskie.

Middleweight—Gus Kallio, Clarence Fisher, Ralph Parquet, Roy Carpenter, Bobby Meyers.

Welterweight—Jack Reynolds, Billy Hallas, Robin Reed, Russel Viz, Charlie Grip.

Sonnenberg. Ecklund, Kallio and Reynolds are the recognized champions by the National Boxing and Wrestling Association of which Stanley M. Isaacs is president. Pesek posted his forfeit for a title match with Sonnenberg immediately.

Jack Reynolds, welter champ, scored two out of three falls over Blacksmith Pedigo of Louisville, January 7th.

Lanky Fred Grubmeyer, of Nebraska, threw Allen Eustace, Kansas heavy, in 52 minutes, with the second going to Eustace in 14½ minutes. The third and deciding fall went to Grubmeyer in 16 minutes and 50 seconds. Eustace used a jack-knife to win the second fall while the Nebraska Snake won both falls with his pet body scissors. Eustace weighed 235 pounds and Grubmeyer exactly 200 lbs.

Jack Reynolds has offered his services for a bout at the meeting of the Cincinnati Lodge of Elks on Friday January 24th. Reynolds will appear in a contest and not an exhibition. Incidentally Jack is a member of the Columbus (O) lodge.

Charlie Grip the Apeman defeated Blacksmith Pedigo at the local O. N. G. Armory on January 17. Grip took the second and third fall in 9 minutes, 10 seconds and 3½ minutes respectively. The Louisville Smith won the first fall in 24 minutes and 55 seconds. Grip's superior strength predominated throughout the contest. The Quality Athletic Club moved its quarters to the Freeman Avenue Armory for this program only as Music Hall was unavailable due to the Auto Show being in progress.

At Toledo on January 3, John Pesek won two straight falls from Joe Banaski of Australia. Pesek won both falls with body slams, the first coming in 26 minutes and the second in 10 minutes and 35 seconds. Pesek weighed 190, Banaski, 186.

All "info" concerning the wrestling game in Ohio state will be promptly answered if addressed c/o the scribe at 810 Philadelphia St. Covington, Ky. Please enclose self stamped envelope or post-card for a rush reply.

Around Jersey City

By ED ZANFRINI

VINCENT FORGIONE, of Philadelphia, won the decision over Billy Kohut, of Brooklyn, in ten rounds before a sell-out crowd at the armory in Newark. Kohut was substituting for Doc Conrad who could not appear on account of an injured shoulder.

Freddie Polo, of Belleville, scored a sensational knockout over Billy Drako in the second round, the referee stopping the contest in the second round to save Drako from further punishment, after being floored twice from Polo's terrific left hooks.

Young Terry, of Trenton, technically stopped Mickey Chapin, of Scranton, in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-rounder, while Johnny Oakey, of Camden, outpointed Abie Bain, of Newark, in another ten-rounder.

It took Bobby Brady, of Jersey City, six rounds to put away Johnny McGinley, of Allentown, Pa., before a large crowd at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City.

They say that when Greek meets Greek its fight, which also goes for two Irish lads, Joe Mulligan and Pat Gillen, both of New York, who met in the eight-round semi-final, and fight it was for they battered each other all over the ring the entire route only to have it called a draw.

Young Pancho, of Jersey City, scored a knockout over Johnny McKenna, also of Jersey City, in the sixth and last round. McKenna started well but soon slowed up after sampling some of Pancho's hard rights to the chin, and in the sixth was hit with a left hook and fell back, his head hitting the canvas with such force that no count was necessary.

Freddie Caruso, of Hoboken, scored a one-round knockout over Frankie Roberts, of Jersey City, in the first round of a scheduled six, while Joe Garvey, of West New York, won over Charley Mulford, of Harlem, in six, and Phil Johnson, of Bayonne, scored a kayo over Pinkey Clayton in the first.

Johnny Toye, of Bayonne, won a ten-round decision over Jackie Cohen, of New York, at the Bayonne Stadium.

Jack McVey, of New York, won a ten-round decision over Billy Algers, of Arizona, at the Laurel Gardens in Newark.

Joie Abrams, of New York, got the nod over Al Bryant, of Orange, after ten rounds of fast milling, while Herman Follins, of Newark, won over Harry Mosco, of Silver Lake, in an eight-rounder, and Jack Hoskey, of Garfield, won a close eight-round affair from Phil Schwartz, of New York.

Nick Williams, of Jersey City, scored a sensational knockout over George Forrester, of Elizabeth, in the first round of a scheduled six-round bout at the Adelphia A. C. in Elizabeth. Tommy Dell, of Union City, showed a lot of class in winning the decision over Al De Silva in a slam bang fight.

It didn't take Vince Dundee, of Baltimore, long to polish off Billy Leonard, of New York, knocking him out in the first round of a scheduled ten-rounder, at Laurel Gardens in Newark.

Herman Follins, of Newark, who is going ahead in leaps and bounds, scored a great win over the rugged Jose Martinez, of Spain, in the eight-round semi-final, while Buster Brown, of Baltimore, knew too much for Lou Saunders, of Newark, the referee halting the contest in the sixth round to save Saunders from further punishment.

Young Zazzarino, of Jersey City, won a ten-round decision over Nick Abate, of Newark, at the Newark Armory, while in others ten-rounders Bobby Brady, of Jersey City, went down to defeat at the hands of Harry Mosco, of Silver Lake, and Lou Halper, of Newark, lost to Al Delmont, also of Newark, and Tony Lambert, of Newark, was outpointed by Jackie Shupack, of Paterson.

Johnnie Kerr, Scotch welter, of Bayonne, who has made a name for himself around these parts, intends to make a trip back to Hamilton, Scotland, this spring for a short stay. While over here Kerr has had 44 fights scoring 19 kayos, and losing but seven decisions.

Al Ridgeway, of Union City, got the nod over Harry Sankey, of New York, after ten fast rounds at the Oakland Arena in Jersey City.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By TED GRESS

TIGER THOMAS, Williamsport's classy Negro middleweight, again came out on the short end of a bad decision when he plastered the lanky George Pavlick, formerly of Johnstown but now of Cleveland, all over a Williamsport ring only to have the referee present Pavlick with the verdict.

Thomas, who during the past year dropped close decisions to Lou Scozza and Maxie Rosenbloom in Williamsport rings, seems destined to lose all his fights unless he annihilates his opponents. It's very unfortunate for Tiger who is a clean cut chap and with it all a great fighting machine.

Thomas showed lots of class in severely beating Ralph Kid Wagner, of Sunbury, over the eight round route.

Eddie LeRoy, Williamsport featherweight, demonstrated that Joey Williams' previous decision over him was a gift from the judges by winning easily over the Philadelphian at Williamsport.

Reading had a fistic treat when Gaby Bagdad, the Armenian sensation from Persia, treated Pat Haley, Philadelphia Irishman to a sound trouncing in a return match. Haley had scored a technical kayo in a previous encounter.

Eddie LeRoy, Williamsport, continues to show class with every start. He won decisively over Tommy Britton, of Wilkes-Barre, previous to his battle with Williams.

Jack Portney, Baltimore lightweight, won his way into the hearts of Allentown fans by winning over Jose Diaz, of Cuba. On the same card Ralph Kid Wagner, Sunbury, knocked out Eddie Phister, of N. Y. C., in the third round, after taking a licking himself for two rounds; Danny Devlin, Allentown, knocked out Johnny Copes, Sunbury, one; and George Mallick, Frackville, bested Johnny DeMarco, Philadelphia, in eight.

Jack Poukish, Willliamsport welter, making a successful come-back after having been away from the ring for more than a year due to an injury, knocked out Whitey Morton and bested Jimmy Buglia in his first two starts.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. NOTES

By ROCKY CONTI

THE boxing game in Rochester is going very strong since Anse Carroll was appointed matchmaker. Anse has always given the fans the best things in the way of attractions and that is why he is drawing capacity houses every Monday evening.

Frankie Wine, of Butte, Mont., and Tiger Jack Payne, of New York, fought one of the most sensational battles ever seen here with the decision being a draw. The writer's opinion was that Payne was entitled to the edge.

Virgil Kincaid, Buffalo's promising middleweight, won on a foul in two rounds over Jack Gibbs, of California, and in their return match they battled to a draw.

Irving Robbins, energetic manager from Syracuse, surprised the local fans when he brought Pete August here to box Sam Bruce. For two rounds it looked very bad for the Bridgeport veteran but he came on strong after that and won easily. He will always be welcome here.

Rocky Scott, local veteran feather, and Tony Petta, of Syracuse, met and gave everything they had with the result being a draw.

Tommy Paul, Buffalo's great little bantam, made his first appearance here and flattened Eddie O'Dowd in the first round. Paul swarmed all over him from the start and O'Dowd was unable to land one clean blow. Paul looks now like the outstanding bantamweight contender.

Jack Riley, lately of Glasgow, Scotland, proved a sensation when he bested Bobby Cleary and came back to fight a draw with Roy Rollinson.

Tommy Glennon, the pride of the 19th Ward, is another youngster who has made rapid strides. Glennon in his first two starts flattened Jack Marolski and Ralph Morrocco.

Matty Michaels of Buffalo is a well liked figure here. In two starts here he kayoed Frankie Scrabba and Frankie Peggy in two rounds each.

Mike Dempsey, just returned from Europe, is out with a challenge to all leading welters, including Jackie Fields. It is rumored that he has taken Jimmy Betts as his manager.

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MARYLAND AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

MARTY GALLAGHER, Washington heavyweight, has taken a new lease on life since entering the stable of Dan Carroll in Boston. Marty's recent win over Johnny Grosso was quite an upset since Johnny had previously trounced Marty on two occasions. Marty also caused a stir in New York boxing circles by winning over the highly touted Georgie Hoffmann, Joe Smallwood, Washington welter, also in the Carroll stable, did not do so good in his initial start in Boston, losing a six-round decision to an unknown.

Joe Schwartz, Alexandria, Va., heavyweight, is Washington's latest heavy entry. He is being handled by Frankie Mann, who has developed many good boys. Schwartz has won both his professional bouts to date and sure looks the goods. Mann will get all there is out of the youth as far as boxing goes.

Washington will soon be in a position to see professional shows again as the Celtic Club of Alexandria, Va., contemplates adding the promotion of professional boxing to their other professional sport enterprises. The shows will be held in their gym in Alexandria, where basketball is being played now. In addition to promoting basketball the Celtic Club also promotes professional baseball and football.

Willie Parrish has at last won a decision over Bobby Burns in a Baltimore ring. Burns has previously won over Willie on two occasions but neither win was very decisive, in fact, many of the fans were of the opinion that Parrish held his own on these occasions. Parrish whipped Burns for a faretheewell in their last encounter and left nothing for the judges' imagination this time.

Sidney Lampie easily defeated Gaston Charles of France in ten heats at Baltimore. The Frenchman was on the run the entire distance and seemed content to go the route with his less experienced opponent.

Vince Dundee is the cream of the boxers in these parts, his recent tough battle with Champion Jackie Fields, in Chicago, stamps him among the leaders in his class. Vince has given Fields four tough battles to date and is looking forward to another encounter.

Salisbury, Md., is just about the hottest spot from a boxing standpoint in these parts. Considering the population of that vicinity they draw remarkable houses, in fact, some of their houses would do justice to large cities. Cumberland and Hagerstown, Md., former hot spots for the racket, have not been going so good, while in Baltimore, Benny Franklin's Olympia Club is the only successful club to operate.

Washington's latest addition to its pugilistic colony is Cowboy Vincent from Tulsa, Oklahoma. In Vincent's only start in these parts he knocked out Doc Belcher in six rounds at Portsmouth, Va. Vincent has had a world of experience in the boxing game, having engaged several of the good boys from the southwest.

Knockout Reilley of Washington, is one of the most popular boys to work around Norfolk, Va. Reilley always packs them in when boxing in that vicinity. Recently Reilley won handily over Young Fanazzo in Portsmouth, Va., having the Baltimore boy on the floor for a couple of counts. Reilley is booked to meet Joe Rohanna there in the near future.

Amateur boxing is all the go in Washington, several of the high-class clubs holding shows, while several of the local universities have entertained out-of-town teams for matches. All the shows are well attended.

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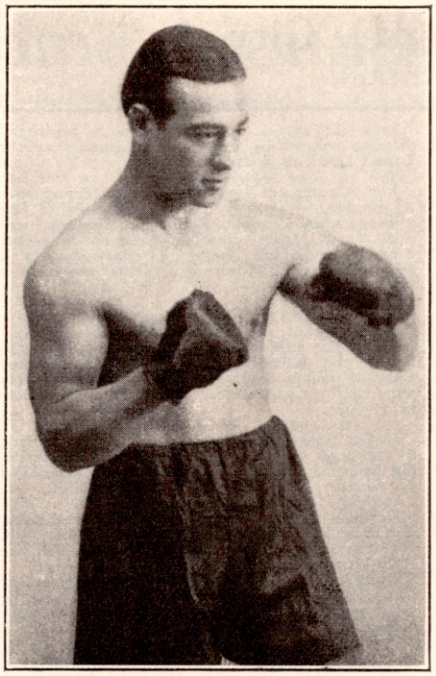

Puggie Pasquale, Newark featherweight

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

THE outstanding fight of the month for Trenton fight fans was Young Terry's knockout over Mickey Chapin in the sixth round. This bout was held at the Armory in Newark. Terry piled up a wide margin of points in the first and second rounds with a jolting assault on Chapin's mid-riff. In the third, however, Chapin rallied to shake Terry with a ripping attack with both hands. Chapin's downfall began in the fourth and it became apparent that he had shot his bolt.

Johnny Oakey, Trenton middle, sprang the surprise of the night when he beat Abie Bain in a ten-rounder.

Charlie Carter, Trenton middle, knocked out Red Delph of Reading in the fourth round. Carter floored Delph for the nine count before the bout was a minute old. How Delph managed to last as long as he did, no one knows. He was floored eight times. Delph won a decision over Carter a year ago.

In the semi, Johnny Brennan, Trenton featherweight, won every one of the eight rounds over Joe Lawson of Camden. Brennan scored seven knockdowns.

Lou Miller scored a knockout over Lew Melody in the third. Both of these boys are from Trenton.

Jimmy Rivers won the decision over Young Marino in six rounds. Marino had nothing but gameness.

Dick Bishop and Ben Day fought a four-round draw. Both are middles and of Trenton.

Howard Artt, of Newark, did his best as a substitute for Willie Cubic against Johnny Brennan, but Brennan won every one of the eight rounds.

Willie Wiggins brought his big guns into action in the semi-final against Freddie Kelly, and made short work of the Savannah slugger. After cuffing him around, starting his nose bleeding, he switched to the body and in the second round a left folded Kelly up for the ten count.

Six Cylinder, of New York, won an eight-round decision over Billy Cannon of Wilmington, Del. They are flyweights.

Ralph Fulton, promising young lightweight of Trenton, scored an impressive triumph by winning a six-round decision over the tough Al Tucker of Plainfield.

Ben Day scored a knockout over George Harris in the second round.

Johnny Oakey won as he pleased over Lou Ferry, of New York, at Asbury Park Benefit show for poor kiddies.

IN THE ANTHRACITE REGION

THE Town Hall A. C., Scranton, started the new year right with a well balanced card New Year's afternoon with Al Jackson. the Dunmore Blacksmith, facing Freddy Haverlack of Newport township, appearing in the star role. Haverlack gave Jackson plenty of trouble and at the end of ten rounds Jackson was given the nod, although many thought Haverlack was entitled to a draw. It was a hard fought battle.

Frankie Steinmetz of South Scranton, put up a corking fight with Frankie McHugh of Hyde Park, with the latter getting the decision. Rex Petrolle of Pittston, who is looking better every time out, beat Frankie Beezie, also of Pittston.

Frankie Gurdermus looked very promising in the masterful way he stopped Windsor Williams, the Hyde Park Welshman, in the second round.

Joe Capristo, the youngest referee in the coal regions, proved himself a very capable official by the manner in which he handled the bouts. Keep up the good work, Joe.

At Casino Hall, Carbondale, Joe Grady upset the dope by dropping Joe Dell for the count of nine twice and gave him a terrific lacing in the star bout of eight rounds. Wildcat O'Connor looked very impressive winning over Joe Roman.

Joe Grady, fresh from his victory over Joe Dell, engaged the tough Frankie Petrolle and after sending that worthy for a visit to the canvas romped off with the honors all in his favor.

Pete Latzo, the idol of the coal regions, has got back into harness, and looked very good when he knocked out Eddie Clark from Atlantic City in five rounds. Jimmy Johnston, Peter's mentor, is flooded with offers for the Coal Cracker, and Pete's next appearance will be at the Philadelphia Arena, where he engages Billy Jones.

At the re-opening of the Convention Hall at Camden, Roxie Allen, of Camden, won over Tommy (Kid) Murphy, of Trenton, in an eight round bout.

WILKES-BARRE NOTES

By HUGH A. CARR

JOE GRADY, Carbondale welterweight, has created quite a sensation by his victories over Joe Dell and Frankie Petrolle. Both victims were decided favorites in the up-valley district.

Johnny Burke of the Casino A. C. at Carbondale is making every effort to match Grady with Billy Pollock of Scranton to decide the welterweight supremacy of Lackawanna County.

Billy Oakes, Pringle welter, was kayoed in the first round by Billy Bevan, of Scranton. Oakes was one of the most promising boys in Luzerne County two years ago.

Dick O'Leary, Luzerne County's leading featherweight, is wanted in Philadelphia. His opponent has not been selected as yet but it is believed he will be Johnny Datto of Cleveland.

Johnny Dunn, former local feather, now located at New Kensington, Pa., put up a great battle with Phil Zwick, of Cleveland, at Buffalo, during the past month. Dunn put up a cagy fight.

Jimmy Thomason, local feather, who has been spending the past few months in New York, has returned home and is ready for action again.

The Mitchell brothers, Andy and Leo, formerly of California, and under the management of Jack Kearns, have located here. Leo made a big hit with the fans on his first appearance and he will be seen in action soon again.

Steve Smith, Bridgeport, and Johnny Farr, Cleveland featherweight, staged a slam-bang affair at the only show given by the Armory A. C. in January.

Pete Latzo, former welterweight champ, who could always pack them in here, has resumed activities. In his first start in over a year he disposed of George Clark, New York negro, in six rounds.

There is talk of matching Latzo with Leo Mitchell at the local Armory. Both boys have a large following here.

Frankie Venchell, former welterweight has boys at all weights at his gymnasium.

California Gossip

By THERON FISK

AMATEUR boxing is to be revived in California. From authoritative sources one learns that the respective managements of the Olympic, Los Angeles, and Dreamland, San Francisco, contemplate staging amateur boxing shows every other Wednsday night with a threefold purpose in mind. 1. To develop local attractions for future professional consumption. 2. To protect against stagnancy should the electorate ever decide to give boxing the air. 3. To kill off community "bootleg" amateur boxing.

The idea is said to have long been in the minds of Mr. Masters and Mr. Wadhams of the Olympic and Mr. Schuler of the Dreamland, and all that remains is to start the school, line up the boys and install an instructor.

Amateur night will be given sufficient publicity to make it a permanent affair. Any youngster of given age and able to pass a thorough physical examination is eligible for the program. An amateur, however, will be an amateur, no professionals under assumed names being tolerated, but if an amateur shows progress and wants to turn pro the opportunity will be afforded him.

Amateur boxing is crude at times and often funny, but don't forget that Fidel LaBarba, Jackie Fields, Armand Emanuel, Jimmy McLarnin and dozens of others are products of Western amateur clubs.

Los Angeles' newest punch palace, the Eastside Auditorium, was formally opened February 10th. The new arena, modern in every respect, was conceived and built by Mr. Leo Newman. It seats better than 5,000. Mr. Newman assisted by "Pop" Barrett, a veteran handler of boxers, plan to build up a patronage on fights instead of names.

Gene Tunney took to Shakespeare, but Frankie Stetson, San Francisco's star junior welterweight boxer, will take to Blackstone. Frankie has applied for registration at Stanford, where he contemplates taking a law course. While studying law he does not intend to forsake the ring.

Fidel LaBarba, former flyweight champion and present featherweight title contender, also studied at Stanford. He left the university only recently when he married and decided to re-enter the ring.

LaBarba opened his campaign as a full-sized featherweight at the Olympic, Los Angeles, by smashing out a one-sided victory over Ignacio Fernandez. Fidel looked great against the Filipino and intends to go East in search for a rematch with Kid Chocolate this spring.

A clown, for business reasons only, that's Joe Bitto, Los Angeles' middleweight boxer, who has won his last three or four fights by knockouts, his latest victim being Homer Sheridan at Hollywood.

Jack Dempsey's belated announcement that his February 5 show at Chicago, featuring Goldie Hess, Los Angeles' junior lightweight, against Tony Canzoneri was off, left Goldie completely up a tree and out a tidy bundle of dough. Instead of waiting for transportation, Hess was already aboard a train steaming toward Chicago when the show was called off.

Maybe the old method of waiting for transportation and then the minute one arrives in the city where he is to fight, borrowing a few hundred copecks in advance on his purse is best. If the fight is then called off the fighter keeps the loan for expenses, otherwise the loan is deducted from his purse. Old timers used this method and you can trust Goldie and his manager to follow form from now on.

From all sides one hears stories that Jack Dempsey is coming home to Los Angeles. Some say that Jack has plans for a mammoth auditorium to be built in downtown Los Angeles for use as a boxing arena, bike racing, conventions and wrestling. Others have it that the ex-champ plans only to stage out door gigantics. Yours truly thinks that a Jimmy McLarnin-Jackie Fields title go at Los Angeles with Dempsey promoting would draw $200,000, and if I'm wrong I'll never think again.

Dempsey's own story in last month's RING, that he would come back only should a foreigner win the heavyweight championship of the world, brings to memory a recent statement of Harry Carey the actor man, who returned from Europe on the same boat with Gene Tunney. According to the story credited to Carey, Tunney cares nothing about the game now and as a matter of fact prefers to be out of it altogether but would welcome one more shot at Dempsey. Gene was and is still burned up over the publicity given the long count and is really living in hopes that an opportunity at Jack's chin presents itself again.

Most boys go in for boxing to make quick money. If they lose it then through some financial disaster their fistic service is an expensive period. There are many cases on record and the latest to hit the financial wreckage is Joey Sangor, the freckled-faced little gamester from Milwaukee. Joey has thrilled Los Angeles fans time and again. He is 27 and has fought hard and often, eighty times in all. Getting punched is no fun but little Joey won't call it quits; he is back in Los Angeles with the mittens on again.

Bud Taylor, another Los Angeles favorite, is also here. Bud has packed Jack Doyle's club many times in the past and sent the customers on their way happy. He is well fixed, they say, but will probably die with the gloves on. A match with LaBarba is in the making.

SAN FRANCISCO PUGILISTICA

By J. MALDONADO

THE boys in each division to show best around here in the past month are:

Heavyweight—Max Baer, Oakland.
Light-heavy—Fred Lenhart, Spokane.
Middleweight—Wesley Ketchell, San Francisco.
Welterweight—Dummy Mahan, Texas.
Lightweight—Eddie Murdock, Oaklahoma.
Featherweight—Frankie Klick, San Francisco.
Bantamweight—Joe Conde, Mazatlan, Mexico.
Flyweight—Mike Luizza and Abie Israel, both of San Francisco.

Izzy Grove beat Eddie Dampier in a slow ten-round bout at National Hall. Many of the fans walked out on the boys.

Charley Hernandez stopped Harry Stone in the first. Babe Marino won over Mickey Gibbons, veteran boxer, of Vallejo. Al Marino, brother of Babe, won over Jack Silva. Louie O'Neil kayoed Bobby Lentz in the first, while Dick Parsons won the nod over Young Larina.

Young Pancho Villa, Oakland flyweight, wonders why they all sidestep him. Pancho has fought Boy Walley, Tommy Palacio, Al Robinson, Bobby Mars, Gonzales Rubio, and many other good boys. He is a southpaw. Pancho has boxed Bobby Mars about 18 times, winning most of the time, and has boxed Al Robinson about 14 times, beat Al only once and held Al even about four times.

Johnny O'Donnell, fast rising bantam, has a record that's hard to beat.

Abie Israel, Jewish flyweight, looks like one of the most promising fighters to ever appear here.

Wesley Ketchell is a pretty busy battler since he put the KO sign on George Dixon's chin in one round at Dreamland.

Pablo Dano is in the East, where he will engage in several bouts. He is anxious to show eastern fans that he's Pancho Villa's successor.

San Francisco will see new faces in Sammy Goodman, of New York, Kid Krause, of North Dakota, and that fighting collegian, Bobby Amster, a lightweight.

Eddie Murdock won an easy ten-round decision over Tommy Cello at Dreamland. Tommy fought a miserable fight.

Battling Dozier, Charley Weiner's negro battler, won over Billy Adams in the six-round semi-final. Charley Hernandez got a six-round decision over Billy West. Jack Stewart and Varcity Brooks drew. Leo Sidney lost to Johnny Mannis and Paul Negri kayoed Indian Nance in the third.

Frankie Klick established himself as a card when he trounced Ignacio Fernandez at Hollywood.

Tommy Simpson's permit to stage semi-monthly shows at the Oakland Auditorium was posted for the next meeting of the State Athletic Commission.

Dummy Mahan, Fred Winsor's deaf mute, stopped Babe Anderson at Oakland.

Mike Luizza, the New Orleans flash, has made quite a hit with local fight fans. In his last two starts with Young Pancho, the two fought toe to toe and Pancho got the loser's end both times.

Max Baer socked Tony Fuente on the chin and the General took a dive, in the first round of a scheduled ten-round bout.

Pablo Dano stopped Mickey Erno in the sixth round of a New Year's show at Pismo Beach.

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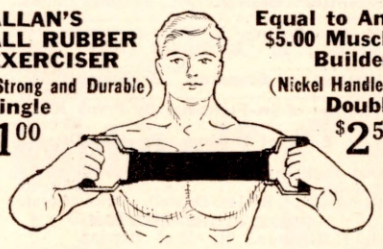

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ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY

By BOB RILEY

BOXING this season has struck a snag in these parts. Jack Tippett closed a succesful year in 1929 and was all set for 1930. Something happened—Tippett went out and Tommy Sullivan went in the Coloseum. To date Sullivan has not drawn and is reputed to be over $8,000 in the red.

Tom Packs, Jack O'Conner and Gene Straus, opened the New Arena here with a $32,000 gate. Their second and last show drew $13,000, showing a five grand deficit.

Belleville and East St. Louis, both in Illinois, are drawing around the $1,000 mark. Hannibal, Mo., about the same.

My ratings on fighters in this vicinity are: heavyweights—Dave Knost, John Schwake, Tom Pivac; lightheavies—Al Stillman, Pun Jameson, Russell Gross; middleweights—Jack Horner, Mickey Cummings, Kid Shoulders; welterweight—Frankie Krall, Eddie Goldberg, Al LaPlant; lightweight—Ray Alfano, Red Roland, Nick Broglio; junior lightweight—Lou Terry, Ray Palmer, Pete White; featherweight—Johnny Kaiser, Joe Gnouly, Joe Stanton; bantamweight—Pee Wee Terry, Dick Costello, Paul Lang.

Lou Terry, 130 pound dynamite puncher, walloped Tony Pelligrini, on the first New Arena Card in ten rounds and scored a sensational one round kayo over Jimmy Hackley on the second. Terry looks like championship goods and is easily the outstanding junior lightie in the middle west. Terry wound up the 1929 season with a two round knockout over Johnny Hopkins. He is a deadly puncher and in 57 battles has had 45 opponents on the floor while he has never been knocked off his feet.

Ray Alfano, former A. A. U. featherweight champion, has hung up 21 straight fights without a loss. His most recent victim, Johnny Lucas, was down for nine, but managed to last the ten rounds. Alfano's work is full of color and action. He is popular and big money is in store for him.

Johnny Kaiser's great stand against Eddie Shea and easy win over Pete Zivic were high spots in recent shows at the Arena and Coloseum.

Joe Ghnouly, promising young feather, trains every day at the National Gymnasium. Ghnouly, a former W. A. A. U. champion, has made a good start in professional ranks with eleven victories.

Jack Horner showed good judgment when he asked Jack Callahan to look after his affairs here. Callahan also handles Kaiser and he keeps them both busy.

Billy Haack, Memphis, Tenn. promoter, is after a Lou Terry vs. Chico Cisneros match. Haack knows a good thing when he sees it. These two fighting fools would stand the cash customers on their seats.

St. Louis *Globe Democrat* coaxed a great feature story out of Judge Seneca Taylor, Missouri Boxing Commissioner, for their Sunday magazine. Judge Taylor is par excellence as boxing commissioner. He rules with an iron hand but with 40 years' knowledge of the game. No one trys anything shady with the Judge on the throne. No real fight game enthusiast would want to.

The Emmette Shields Post of American Legion at Hannibal, Mo., have been running some highly successful shows and drawing good houses. Their latest stunt is to let ladies with escorts in at half price and they are getting the fair sex out in droves.

Belleville, Ill., is a good little fight town and draws very nice gates. Their last show was not so hot. Jack Herman was no match for Al Stillman and the referee stopped it in the first heat. Roy Logsdon fouled Pete White in the third session.

Tom Packs, Jack O'Conner and Gene Straus, gave the local fight fans a glimpse of the country's best. On the first show, which drew better than $30,000, they used Andre Routis, Davey Abad, Benny Bass, Lou Terry, Eddie Shea, Johnny Kaiser and Tony Pelligrino. Terry, Kaiser and Shea were the outstanding boys on the card. On their second offering they had Eddie Shea, King Tut, Lou Terry, Young Montreal and Jimmy Hackley as the cream of the show. Terry's sensational knockout of Hackley featured the bill.

Boxers and managers who would like to get lined up in this locality get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo.

KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, Kans.—Angus Snyder defeated Fred Reese in ten sensational rounds. Baxter Calmes knocked out Jack Strong in four rounds. Kenney Hill beat Mel Gahman in eight. John Nordhook and Orville Hardin fought four rounds to a draw.

Topeka, Kans.—Brad Simmons won from Buster Hall in 10. Simmons and Hall are colored heavies. Pat Corbett and Kid Williams fought ten rounds, Corbett winning the decision. Kid Sine knocked out Billy Proctor in four. Cleveland Cornell and Tiger Moore, colored battlers, were stopped in the first round, their bout being declared no contest.

Ft. Scott, Kans.—The Wagner and Dunham fight gives room for more argument and another fight to settle it. After 10 rounds of hard battling one newspaper, says Wagner, another says Dunham, another called it a draw. So as to make it even, we will call it a draw, giving neither party the edge. Luther Ashford stopped Jimmie Deering in three. Sonny Boy McGuire knocked out Young Paul in two. Frankie Smirl beat Joe Veltri in four.

Concordia, Kans.—"Cannon Ball" Joe Kopfer gave Check Fulmer a lacing in 10 rounds. Swartz Koff knocked out Ed Boughen in three. Kid Sprague knocked out Fighting Palmquist in the first round.

Joplin, Mo.—Chick Rains defeated Young Jack Dillon in ten rounds. Lloyd Martin beat Firpo Miller in six.

Seminole, Okla.—Paul Wangle knocked out Gyp Zarro in seven rounds of a scheduled ten round main event. Wangley is taking all the boys his weight in this section into camp.

Independence, Kans.—Kansas (Kid) Easter won a ten-round decision from Bernie Irvine. Young Paul knocked out Farmer Billings in two rounds. Art Hatcher beat Roy Good in six. Ernie Taylor knocked out Andy Wells in the first round.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Ray Alfano outpointed Chet Wilkins in ten fast rounds. John Smogye knocked out Frankie Krall in two rounds. This boy Smogye is stopping almost every opponent he meets. He carries a mean right hand.

Judge C. H. Danner, the old veteran with the big bass voice, that can be heard for miles, is ready and open for engagements to make ring announcements at any bouts in the territory. Judge Danner is one announcer that can make the fans hear and understand the names and weights when he starts bellowing. Any boxing promoter in need of the Judge's services can reach him at 202 N. Eddy Street, Ft. Scott, Kansas.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Jack Horner of St. Louis defeated Benny Burns of Akron, Ohio, in ten rounds of hard fighting.

Pittsburg, Kans.—Chick Rains lost on a foul in two rounds to Luther Orr. Tough luck for Chick, just lost his head for a second, as he had Orr on the floor and let one fly when Orr was on his knees. Otherwise it is evident Rains would have knocked out Orr in short order. Kansas (Kid) Easter lost an eight-round decision to Wilson (Indian) Dunn. Easter weighed 151½ and Dunn 161½. Too much weight for Easter. Jimmy Craig beat Willie Erne in eight rounds. George Price knocked out Johnny Clemmons in four rounds. George Cox refereed all bouts.

Seminole, Okla.—Babe Hunt, the "Big Okla Gusher," made quick work of Jack McDonald. It was an easy victory for Hunt as he stopped Jack in two rounds.

Hunt is down at Hot Springs at the present time working out daily with Tiger Del Wolfe and several sparring partners, getting ready for his fight with George Hoffman at Wichita. Hoffman will make the Babe hustle every minute of the bout.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Young Jack Dillon knocked out Ralph Abel in the sixth of a scheduled ten-round main go. Chief Wow Wow defeated Basil Chastain in six. Earl Wise knocked out Chuck Ferguson in four rounds. Burl Bushy beat Wayne McMorris in four. Carey Clarke beat Bob Hunt in four rounds.

Jefferson City, Mo.—Pee Wee Kaiser knocked out Kid Clarke in the second of a ten-round main event. Bud Welch knocked out Al LaPlante in two rounds.

Dempse Moore, rough, hard slugging light-heavy of Oklahoma, who has been out of the game for several months, will be back at it again soon. Moore is now completing a course in a medical college.

Jack Dillon is going good again and seems to be kept rather busy. Dillon is a tough boy and always gives the fans a real battle.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

GEORGE PANKA, Homestead heavyweight, who started boxing only last year, surprised local fandom by fighting a fast ten-round draw with the more experienced Harry Williams, Colored star from Cincinnati, O., at Francis Flynn's Moose Temple arena in Pittsburgh. Panka first achieved fame as a headliner by battering Ray Fay, of Charleroi, brother of Al Fay, heavyweight contender, in a slashing ten-rounder in the same ring. The Homesteader has yet to be defeated.

Joe Trippe, welterweight contender from Rochester, N. Y., won a ten-round decision over Larry Madge at McKeesport, Pa.

Mickey Solmen, local middleweight star, was suspended for thirty days by the State Athletic Commission in Philadelphia.

Solmen provided one of the biggest upsets of the season when he knocked out Buck McTiernan in three rounds, recently.

McTiernan and his manager, James (Red) Mason, were at Hot Springs, Ark., where the former is inflicted with another outbreak of illness.

Wee Willie Davies, local flyweight championship contender, who was seriously hurt in a fall from the ring after the sixth round of his bout with Steve Rocco, Canadian champ, is now training for their return bout.

The bout was declared "no contest" at the end of the sixth round when Davies accidentally fell from the ring and was taken to the hospital. It was the Cherleroi lad's first bout since decisively beating Gene Huat there after both were eliminated from the New York tournament by Black Bill.

Jackie Rodgers, Negro bantamweight knocker-out, scored his sixth straight knockout victory when he stopped Pete Zivic, brother of Jack Zivic, in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-round go at John L. Hernen's New Year matinee at the Motor Square Garden.

Lee Sala, Donora, Pa., middleweight, is in New York where he will resume his fistic activities.

Sergeant Sammy Baker, welterweight contender, and Joe Trippe fought a spectacular ten-round bout at the Motor Square Garden with the Sergeant getting the decision after rallying in the closing rounds. The bout was full of action. They may be rematched.

Maxie Strub, Erie lightweight sensation, added Ray Van Hook to his long string of victims in their bout at the Junction Park arena at New Brighton, Pa.

Jack Silverstein is bringing his protege, Benny Schwartz, Baltimore bantam, to live in this section.

Joe Cumo, popular in boxing circles at New Castle, Pa., died recently at the age of 28. He was the manager of Emmet Rocco, heavyweight contender.

James (Red) Mason, well-known local manager of boxers, has dropped Cuddy De Marco, Charleroi welterweight, from his management on the grounds that he believes De Marco is through as a fighter. DeMarco has been making poor showings ever since he was stopped by Sergt. Sammy Baker last summer. He has appeared in 339 battles.

IN ST. JOSEPH, MO.
By OPIE I. KING

THE Armour Men's Social Club staged a boxing card under adverse weather conditions. About one thousand hardy fans braved the sixteen-below weather to witness the melees and they were amply repaid. The bouts resulted as follows:

Jack Horner, St. Louis, won a decision in the ten-round main event over Benny Burns, of Akron, Ohio. Horner, with his aggressive style, and breath-taking rallies was a revelation to the local fans. Burns bored in continually but was outfought; though going down to defeat gamely.

John Smogye, Omaha welter, won his third straight knockout victory in an Armour ring when he met Mickie Cummings, of Bellevue, Illinois, in the eight-round semi-windup. Cummings did not last out the initial canto.

Joe Smogye knocked out Arlie Knupp in the fourth round of their scheduled six-round special bout. They are lightweights. Smogye hails from Omaha and Knupp is a St. Louisian.

IN ALABAMA
By SAM CARPRI

TARRANT CITY American Legion has quit promoting boxing shows; Southside American Legion has taken their place, and the legion's to stage shows at the Municipal auditorium weekly. Southside Post No. 115, has not named their matchmaker as yet.

Matchmaker A. B. Powell, of Birmingham Post No. 1, is putting Birmingham on the map with his colorful weekly shows at the auditorium.

The Birmingham Post will stage their weekly shows on Tuesdays; and the Southside Post on Fridays or Saturdays; undecided yet.

Charlie Lux and Max Scholder do most of the refereeing here.

Battling Bozo has been reinstated by the Commissioners and is forever drawing crowds whenever he shows. He outpointed Bob Godwin, of Daytona Beach, Fla., last month at the Auditorium in ten rounds.

Bill Cather shaded Joe Monje, of Akron, Ohio, in semi-final 8 spot.

Larry Broderick won from Sailor Hall in a six rounder.

Jack Ausborne, a newcomer who shows promise, whipped Harry Schapiro in a four. Peanut Vann shaded Bill Pierson in the opener.

Ollie Joyner, local middleweight, was knocked out by Spike Webb, of Atlanta, in the semi-final match of the Ted Goodrich-Farmer Joe Cooper main go in Atlanta, which was won by Goodrich on another knockout.

The main go was refereed by Jack Dempsey; the semi-final by Young Stribling. Dempsey helped draw in the neighborhood of a $13,000 house.

Jack Tunney and Battling Kelley, local fighters, with their manager, Dave Evans, jumped over to Memphis to win their fights in a double headliner; Jack knocked out Tom Davenport in the fourth and Kelley decisively beat Jack Steele, of Little Rock, in the second 8-rounder.

At the auditorium, Tony Leto, the Florida crack featherweight, outclassed Joe Lucus, of Detroit, the bout being stopped in the ninth round in favor of Leto. Joe Lucus looks washed up. He fought back gamely though all the way until it was stopped. Leto floored Lucus for counts of nine in the first and second rounds.

In the semi-final, billed for eight rounds, Tarzan Leggett, of Mississippi, K. O.'d Joe Monje, of Akron, Ohio, in the fourth round. Monje was leading by a shade when two rights caught him on the jaw, that put him down for the count.

In a six spot, Young Hambright, a very promising youngster, beat Bob Miller, the terror of the Birmingham bantams.

John Milton won from Bill Pearson in a four spot.

Two negro lightweights opened the show; Bob Stewart defeated Earl Weaver.

Stewart has been a consistent winner in Birmingham.

NORTHWEST NOTES
By BARRIE GOULT

THE withdrawal of the ban on boxing in the state of Washington will help the sport in British Columbia considerably, it is anticipated. Promoters in Vancouver and Victoria in the past have been faced with the alternative of matching local boys, or importing their fighters from southern coast states.

In future, boxers appearing on cards in Seattle, may be brought to these coast cities, and the promoters will thus save on transportation.

Billy Townsend, Canadian, and Pacific coast lightweight champion, his brother Joe, Chris. McArdle, a Vancouver fighter, and Joe McCranor, Townsend's manager, have left for California on a barnstorming tour.

The boys are accompanied by Jack Townsend, father of Billy and Joe who will act as trainer for the three fighters.

Since Al. Foreman lost the Canadian lightweight crown to Billy Townsend in a Vancouver ring there has been a lot of dissatisfaction manifested by local fans and the daily newspapers about that and subsequent decisions.

Recently Ritchie King, Los Angeles lightweight, conceded Townsend seven pounds in a ten round no title bout in Vancouver, and was given a draw. Newspaper opinion in Vancouver was unanimous in giving the fight to King.

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HOOKS AND HEADLOCKS FROM MONTANA

By F. C. HYDE

WESLEY KETCHELL, hard socking Portland welter, sprang quite a surprise at Billings recently when he stopped Al Webster, Billings Iron Man, in the second round of ther scheduled ten round bout. Webster went down and out from a hard right cross which caught him square on the button as he came spinning off the ropes.

Ketchell also won a decision from Herman Ratzlaff of Minot, North Dakota, at Portland recently.

Elwood House, Baker, Montana, heavyweight wrestler, and August Miller of Ismay grappled two hours to a draw at Ismay recently. In a return match at Baker January 10th they again divided honors.

Walter Prochnow, Miles City 185 pounder, and Frank Hyde, Glendive, wrestled one hour to a draw at Terry, Montana, January 14th, each man gaining one fall.

The mat game in this section seems to be picking up. A card is being planned for Glendive, Mont., in the near future. An effort is being made to bring Tom Allie, one of the leading contenders for the light heavyweight championship, here. Other grapplers likely to appear are George Kochnaris, Jack Amond, Elwood House, August Miller, Walter Prochnow and Frank Hyde.

Lee Cavanaugh and Battling Krouse fought a slow ten-round draw at Dickinson, No. Dak., January 7th. The bout was marred by clinching and holding.

Beach, No. Dak., has a classy middleweight in Tony Kipp.

Dixie LaHood, veteran Butte, Mont., featherweight is getting ready for an eastern invasion in the near future.

Ted Thye, of Portland, claims the light-heavyweight mat title on the strength of his recent decision victory over Sepp of Seattle.

Oregon and Washington wrestling matches are now being conducted under Australian rules whereby the contestants wrestle by ten minute rounds. A decision being given at the end of the bout if no falls are gained.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON

By DANNY McLELLAN

RAY PELKY, veteran slugger from Oakland took a ten-round decision from "K. O." White, claimant of the colored light-heavyweight championship. It was a slugfest all the way. Harry Hansen promoted the card.

On New Year's afternoon, a card sponsored by promoters Hansen and Gruman was given. In the main event bout of ten rounds between Wesley "K. O." Ketchell and Herman Ratzlaff, middleweights, Ketchell was given the verdict after a close battle.

All the preliminaries ended in draws the decisions bringing forth a great many boos from the spectators.

Promoter Gruman gave the fans his first real card of knockouts. Young Firpo, knockout conqueror of "K. O." White and miner of Burke, Idaho, put Ray Pelky, crafty ringman from Oakland, to sleep in the second round.

In the semi windup scheduled for ten rounds, Mickey Dolan, Portland lightweight slugger, scored a technical knockout over Don Dority of St. Paul. Mickey sent Dority through the ropes twice, when the first was stopped. The fight lasted only thirty seconds of the first round.

A bout that was heralded as a grudge fight was that between Joe Marcus, local speedboy, and Benny Pelz. Before the fight the boys posted a $500.00 guarantee to make 133 pounds ringside. Both were under the weight and Marcus won the decision.

In the first six rounder of the card Mickey Dolan, Portland, won a close decision over Jimmy Anderson of Astoria. Dolan clinched the decision by flooring his opponent thrice in the last round.

In the semi wind-up Kenneth Kent, fast Portland welterweight, stopped Ted Rogoway, also of Portland, in the fifth round of a scheduled six rounder.

At Hubbard, Terry Killeen, Independence, and Curley Schuman, St. Paul, kept a packed crowd wild while they slugged evenly through ten rounds. They both weighed 152 pounds. The whole card was full of action.

At Cottage Grove, the Fargo, N. D., flash, Billy Norton won his second Pacific Coast fight by winning a six round decision over "Gentleman" Jim Jacobs of Eugene. Both scaled at 142 pounds.

In Salem, Art Akers, Salem, won on a foul from Jack Kenworth, Portland, but Art was behind when the low blow came. They are welterweights.

At Baker, Billy Erwin, Umatilla, won from Curly Johnson, Boise, by a technical knockout in the seventh round.

Gene O'Grady, Ashland, won a ten round decision over Jimmy O'Dowd, Oakland light-heavyweight, at Medford.

Frenchie Leavitte, Baker wrestler, defeated Dean O'Brien, Yakimo, boxer in a mixed bout. Frenchie forced O'Brien to quit in the fifth round of a scheduled ten round bout by the use of the famous crab hold. The boxer was allowed to hit Leavitte when he was down but it did not stop the tough boy. It was a very exciting match. This took place at Baker.

On January 17th at Klamath Falls, Willie Feldman, late of New York City, received a decision over Ray Pelky, Oakland veteran, when the referee stopped a scheduled ten-round bout in the fourth round. The bout was stopped because Pelky refused to quit clinching.

BIRMINGHAM AND VICINITY

Battling Bozo, local light heayweight, fought a draw with Raul Rojas, of Cuba, in their ten round feature bout, held at the Municipal auditorium. The Battler showed he didn't fear the Cuban's deadly right by mixing it with him throughout the ten rounds. The Cuban floored Bozo in their first meeting two months ago. Tony Leto, crack Florida featherweight, has been handling Rojas in all his Birmingham ventures.

Walker Smith, of Columbus, beat Jakie Baker, of Huntsville, in the eight round semi-final. They are light heavyweights.

In the six spot, Battling Kelly, local middleweight, was given the newspaper decision over Joe Monje, of Akron, Ohio, who hasn't been able to get going here.

Jack Ausborne, of Bessemer, dropped Bob Miller, local bantam, three times but couldn't put him out in their four round number.

Buster Jones, a southpaw, fought a close fight with Joe Madonia, local lightweights, in the opener of four rounds.

Jack Tunney, local light heavyweight, decisively beat Mike Firpo of Tampa, in their ten round semi-final to the Young Stribling-Jack De Mave fight, held in Atlanta, Ga. The fight drew a capacity house. W. L. knocked out Jack in one minute and forty-eight seconds, in the first round.

Ebon Lee and Horace Hooper, junior lightweights, fought a good bout of ten rounds as the feature number of the evening at Columbus, Miss., which was won by Lee on points.

Larry Broderick, of Birmingham, lost to Johnny Jackson, of Columbus, in the eight round semi-final. They are junior welterweights.

A fight between Tony Leto, the crack Florida featherweight, and Claude Wilson, is in the making. This fight ought to outshine anything to date in Birmingham. This will be Wilson's first fight since he came back from Australia, three months ago.

Sammy Nero, local scrapper, is a hot favorite at the Ensley Athletic Club, where he trains daily, and with the Birmingham fight fans.

Jack Ausborne is another youngster who is destined to reach the top if not rushed.

TEXAS TIDINGS

By JACK TAYLOR

BOXING in the state of Texas has been barred by the Governor, but there are a few private clubs in different cities that put on bouts for the members. San Antonio has the Continental Club, which can accommodate 500. Since boxing was barred they have had ten bouts which were well attended by the members. Jack Taylor and Mercy Montez are the directors of the boxing and entertainments at this club.

During the meantime, there are some faithful fans who are making a gallant effort to bring boxing back and have it conducted on the proper basis throughout the state. There are many boys in San Antonio, both professional and amateur, who train each day at the Continental Club Gym, and they promise to be in first class shape in case the game is revived, which is highly probable.

Following are the ratings of both the professional and amateur boxers in and around San Antonio:

PROFESSIONALS

Heavies—Jack League, Young Spence, Manuel Luna.

Light heavies—Chuck Burns, Jack Cavanaugh, Lee Johnson.

Middles—Johnnie Simpson, Red Foster, Jack Avalon.

Welters—Mike Delaney, Sabino Apara, Steady Simpson.

Junior welters—Kid Gilbert, Kid Poziak, Bernie Cullen.

Light—Brooks Hooper, K. O. Castillo, John Dominguez.

Junior light—Al Mayan, Johnnie Merino, Joe Barrera.

Feather—Kid Pancho, Kid Lencho, Frisco Mario.

Bantam—Roberto Gomez, Henry Moren, Kid Gambino.

Fly—Bennie Rodriguez, Willie O'Brien, Joe Gideon.

AMATEUR

Heavies—Tom Hill, Diamond Dye, Tom Boy Thomas.

Light heavies—Champ Clark, Cave Man Flores, Boomer Brumley.

Middles—Ike Kilbane, Roy Fuentes, Zippy Zappone.

Welters—Floyd Frost, Paddy Pasola, Walt Wojick.

Junior welter—Huffy Muffman, Wishem Weis, Harry Cassanola.

Light—News Boy Eddie Lopez, Jackie Jackson, Joe Wood.

Junior light—Solder Rodriguez, Shinny Shingola, Kid Norman.

Feather—Paul Vazquez, Martin Manes, Frank Castillo.

Bantam—Joe Delgado, Frankie Limon, Smiling Mickie.

Fly—Mike Delgado, Kid Tony.

Prospects—Kid Williams, Leo Moreno.

When White Hopes Were the Rage—

(*Continued from page 7*)

into southern Ohio and there the country paper again had a story of the travelling circus and the Indian Medicine Man. Luther didn't wait to have me find out where they were, but this time he went down to Police Headquarters where he met the chief and asked whether he could be directed to the street fakir who was touring Ohio with his circus.

"I would like to know where I can find the Indian Medicine Man, White Eagle, he calls himself, and he sells 'rattlesnake oil,'" said Luther.

"I'm sorry," replied the chief. "He was here four days ago, but has left us. I don't know where he is, but if you seek his arrest for any crime he's committed, we'll get him for you."

"No," answered Luther, "don't go after him. He hasn't committed any crime. White Eagle is my father. He dresses like an Indian to help his sales of rattlesnake oil. I haven't seen him for a long time. I've made some money since becoming a fighter and I would like to help him. If I can find him, I'll have him quit the rough circus road. I can take care of him now and that's why I'm anxious to find my dad."

That was the first I had heard of Luther's father and his make-up and the incident proved to me that Luther's heart was in the right spot. He showed me then that he took his fighting seriously and that he appreciated what the game was doing for him.

If Luther had not met his untimely death at the hands of Arthur Pelky, in my opinion he would have beaten Jack Johnson and brought back the heavyweight crown to the white race. He was a great fighter—a wonderful prospect, and the greatest white hope of all time.

The Bowery After Dark

(*Continued from page 27*)

fists working like flails. Can you imagine Terry ducking trouble? Not he. That was the chief reason for his popularity.

He straightened out all tangles and overrode all difficulties, most often with his fists, of course. The "Refined Criminal," the villain, came in for the most of it.

This chap, a low-salaried, but good looking fellow who wore good clothes and indulged in top-lofty sarcasm, had a part which compelled him to abuse his wife. Often he was called upon to punch her and then take from Terry ten fold what the villain gave.

* * *

THE "Chinese Gambler," another supposedly tough customer, often took such severe punishment from Terry that he had black and blue marks as a souvenir. I was in his dressing room one day when he showed me his arms. Big marks indicated where Terry's fists had landed. He also tried to get McGovern to let up, but without avail. Terry seemed to be immune from punishment and he thought that everybody else was in the same boots.

The Rough Rider was put in the play simply to give the Refined Criminal a chance to stab him in the back so that Terry could come to the rescue. And what a hero Terry made! When he leaped on the back of the villain and wrenched that knife from him, the applause, the shouting and rapping almost brought the house down.

After his rescue, the Rough Rider limped a bit, then suddenly found his bearings and walked around the stage with bravado written all over his face. He, of course, as might be guessed, was the former fiance of the Refined Villain's wife, and that was the reason for the stabbing. He was driven into the war with Spain because he thought she had proved untrue to him.

The Chinese Gambler shook dice with the Refined Criminal for possession of this lady and won, and then it was up to Terry to get the woman away from the Chinese.

The Rough Rider carried a silk American Flag as his handkerchief and it was this flag which gave Terry a chance to thrill the gallery gods, for the villain seized it, threw it to the ground and trampled it, only to receive a thrashing from McGovern for his disrespect to the colors.

Izzy Cohen had an easy part. His it was to make love to the Bowery Waif and this is how he tried to do it:

"Say, Nellie, will you take a drink with me? Come on kid, let's you and me be pals."

The Waif, taking his hand, and letting Izzy hug her, suddenly turned towards the gallery and answered Cohen's plea with these words:

"I can't. I promised me mudder dat I would never drink any liquor or smoke and I never will. See?" And the gallery echoed its approval.

* * *

NATURALLY all these folks were put in the play as foils to "Terry on the Spot." He was an incarnate Providence. A bootblack first and a bridegroom last, he pervaded the scene and the scenery. Here are some of McGovern's lines and "business" in "The Bowery After Dark":

To the Refined Criminal—"I blacked your boots once and now I'll black your eyes."

And he certainly struck true to form.

"Trample on the American flag, will you? Well you stiff, if you don't pick it up and in a jiffy, I'll break every bone in your body!"

Terry started in to make good, when the Refined Criminal decided it best to do as he was told.

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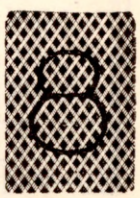

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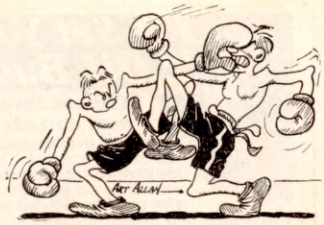

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To the Chinese Gambler who yells: "She is mine! She is mine!" at the end of the dice game in which he throws to see whether he or the Refined Criminal would take possession of the woman—"You'll never get her. Take that!"

And with those words McGovern crashed a left to the belly of the Chinese.

The Rough Rider groaning on the ground after being stabbed, the Refined Criminal approached him to finish the job by administering a dose of poison to the fallen soldier. The villain was about to push the tablet down the soldier's throat when Terry on the Spot dropped from the sky, or a balloon or something else unseen and landed on the back of the Criminal. He struck out left and right at least twenty times and handed the villain a terrific lacing, thereby rescuing the American army.

And then came the final scene in which Terry was married to the Bowery Waif. He wore a Tuxedo jacket, the Bowery Full Dress, and what a kidding he got from the gallery gods!

Terry McGovern was one of that school and he carried the fighting spirit with him at all times. He quit the stage that night, after giving the best performance I had ever seen him in. The stage lured him back again in later years, but never again to sparkle as he did in that play, "The Bowery After Dark."

McGovern had more staunch friends than any fighter I've ever known. In Sam Harris, the theatrical producer, Terry had a guardian who acted as would a father. When McGovern was in financial distress, it was Sam Harris, George M. Cohan and myself who worked up a benefit which netted $18,300, more money than any benefit ever staged, not even excluding that for the great John L. Sullivan. That shows how many friends Terry McGovern had.

The money was placed in trust and in all of Terry's sickness, Sam Harris took care of him. When poor Terry died, $10,000 was divided equally between Terry's son, Joe, and his widow. Mrs. McGovern is still alive and happily remarried and the son also is alive.

In Terry's last year on the stage, his wife insisted that he permit her to play the part of Nell, the Bowery Waif. Terry objected strenuously because he knew that his wife had never had any stage experience, but his objections were finally overcome and Mrs. McGovern took the part of Fay Courtney. Despite her inexperience, Terry's wife made a hit.

The last scene, the fight scene, a reproduction of the handicap battle with Frank Erne, was the most exciting part of the play. Naturally, Terry won and the cheers were deafening as the curtain fell, closing the play. In this scene, Erne was knocked out as he was in the legitimate contest in which he agreed to stop Terry within ten rounds or lose, but was a victim of a K.O. in the third.

Both Sam Harris and myself tried to get Terry to quit when he could have retired the undefeated featherweight champion, for we felt that he no longer was capable of fighting in his old form, but Terry would have none of this. Had he taken our advice, he never would have met the reverses he did. The Terry of old never would have been whipped by anyone his weight.

The Great Luke Learns About Women

(*Continued from page 23*)

something, but the bell clanged again.

It didn't last three rounds. Luke had been knocked goofy in the second, and a right to the jaw finished him soon after the start of the third.

When he came to in the dressing room he found Lucille crying over him.

"Nothing but a hump-backed liner, honey," he said. "I saw it coming, but didn't duck in time."

"Liner Hell!" said Wallingert. "That Benny guy hit you right on the button. Looks like you had better go back to baseball and let those poor goofs like Battling Benny take care of the ring.

"Baseball is one thing and boxing is another, Bart. Just because you can hit a ball out of the lot is no argument that you can drive a left to the jaw. You ain't built for no gladiator."

"He's right," wailed Lucille. "I begged you not to do this. And now the folks will be laughing."

"But didn't you say that you wanted me to be Greece and Rome and a 'pollo' and all that? How about the night we saw this Gamin' guy?" puzzled Luke.

"You poor simpleton," laughed Lucille. "It's one thing to see a man you don't love hit, and another to see the man you sort of like punched around."

"A man you sort of like? Say, Luce, mean it?"

It was in April. Socks Monder of the Braves pitched what looked like a bean ball. Luke walked out to the box and started to raise his right.

That night in the Coliseum came back to him in a flash. He remembered that left of Battling Benny's, the promise he gave to Mrs. Lucille Dulane Luke just before the season was started. He hauled down the right, pulled out a violent bandana, mopped his brow, and chuckled, "Say, Socks, that was close enough to cut my hair. Ha, ha, ha!"

Monder stood puzzled. The fans sat amazed—disappointed. The Great Luke walked back to the plate and said to Lute Goff, the veteran catcher, "Say, Lutie, this game is all in fun, after all."

He fanned, and as he walked off, he waved at Mrs. Dulane in a box close by.

"That pitcher ain't got a thing, Luce," he told her, as he meandered up. "I'll hit one next time sure."

"I was proud of you when you refused to hit that mean Monder. It takes character not to fight," said Lucille.

The Great Luke trudged to the dugout wondering what this world was all about—"It must be wonderful to be a real fighter"—and now, "It takes character not to fight."

"Women certainly bunt at funny times," expounded the Great Luke—and he let it go at that.

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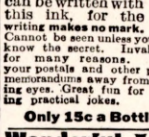

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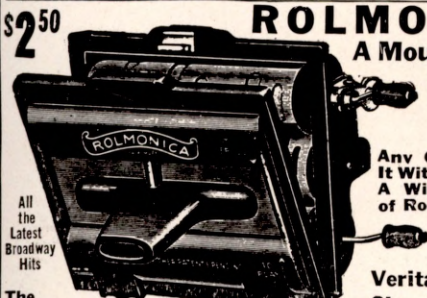

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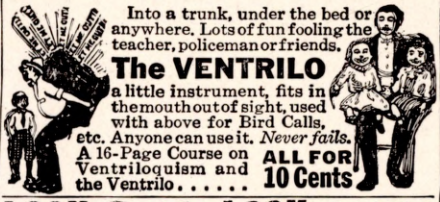

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It looks like a deadly weapon, but is merely a novel Cigarette Case. This clever contrivance has proved itself better than the real thing in many an awkward encounter. Great fun "sticking up" your friends. They squirm and protest, it might be loaded. Pull the trigger and the slide flies open disclosing the cigarettes. Well made, light and compact. Weight only 2 ounces.

Send at once and have all the FUN before everybody has one

PRICE POSTPAID 25c

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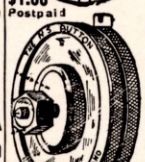
$1.00 Postpaid



You can easily make a highly sensitive detectophone by using this Transmitter Button to collect the sound waves. You can build your own outfit without buying expensive equipments. It is simple and inexpensive. You can install an outfit in your home and hear conversations being held all over the house. You can connect up different rooms of a hotel. This outfit was used by secret service operatives during the war. It is being used on the stage. It is ultra-sensitive and is the greatest invention in microphones. You can mount the button almost anywhere—card board boxes, stove pipes, stiff calendars, on the wall behind a picture frame, etc. Button is so light and small it cannot be detected. Persons can be overheard without suspecting it. You can listen in on conversations in another room. A deaf person in the audience can hear the speaker. Connected to phonograph, piano or other musical instrument, music can be heard hundreds of feet away. Button may be used to renew telephone transmitters; often makes an old line "talk up" when nothing else will. The ideal microphone for radio use; carries heavy current and is extremely sensitive. Amplifies radio signals. Countless other similar uses will suggest themselves. Experimenters find the button useful for hundreds of experiments along the lines of telephones, amplifiers, loud speakers, etc. Many fascinating stunts may be devised, such as holding the button against the throat or cheat to reproduce speech without sound waves. **PRICE $1.00.**

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Anyone Can Do Them

It is great fun mystifying your friends. Get this Conjurer's Cabinet, and you will be the elected fellow in your district. It contains the apparatus for ten first-class tricks, including The MAGIC BALL AND VASE TRICK (a wooden ball is placed inside, and upon replacing the lid has disappeared and is found in someone else's pocket); The HINDOO TRICK CASE (can be made to change completely no less than five times); DISAPPEARING COIN BOX (a coin, placed in the wooden box, vanishes entirely or changes into a coin of another denomination); The GLASS GOBLET TRICK (a coin is dropped into a glass of water and when the water is poured out the coin has vanished and is found somewhere else); the RIBBON FACTORY FROM THE MOUTH TRICK (a seemingly endless supply of colored paper ribbons comes out of your mouth); the DISAPPEARING HANDKERCHIEF (a handkerchief held in the hand mysteriously vanishes); the WIZARD'S RING COIN TRICK; the ENCHANTED BOTTLE (no one but yourself is able to make it lay down); the GREAT HAT AND DICE TRICK (a large dice is placed on top of a hat, disappears, and is found underneath yet no one has touched the hat), and last, but not least, the GREAT PHANTOM CARD TRICK, or two from five leaves nothing. Full instructions are sent for performing each trick. In addition to the above, a number of other feats and illusions are fully explained for which you can easily make or procure the necessary apparatus. **Price complete $1.00 postpaid.**

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You may have a lot of fun with this little peep-show. A regular startler. Made entirely of metal, having a microscopic lens fitted into one end. While the victim is absorbed in admiration of the pretty pictures and turns the button in the confident expectation of seeing something interesting, a spring syringe is brought into action, and the observer experiences a very great surprise. **50 cents each postpaid. JOHNSON SMITH & CO.**

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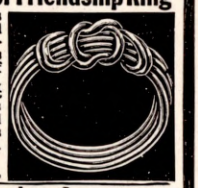
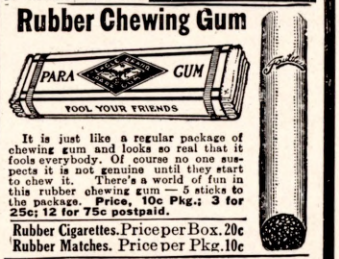
Made of 4 strands of genuine 14K gold filled wire, woven into the True Lover's Knot, symbolic of love or friendship. Very pretty, yet not showy. Each ring is made by hand by gold wire expert. It looks good and it *is* good. **Price 50c Postpaid Johnson Smith & Co.**



Rubber Chewing Gum



It is just like a regular package of chewing gum and looks so real that it fools everybody. Of course no one suspects it is not genuine until they start to chew it. There's a world of fun in this rubber chewing gum — 5 sticks to the package. **Price, 10c Pkg.; 3 for 25c; 12 for 75c postpaid.**

Rubber Cigarettes. Price per Box. 20c
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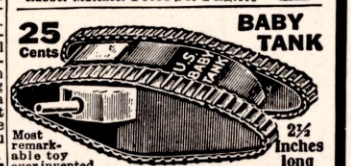
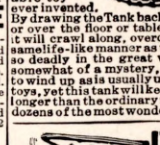
BABY TANK 25 Cents



Most remarkable toy ever invented. By drawing the Tank backward, either with the hand or over the floor or table and then placing it down it will crawl along, overcoming all obstacles, in the same life-like manner as the larger Tank that proved so deadly in the great war. What makes it go is somewhat of a mystery, for there is no mechanism to wind up as is usually understood with mechanical toys, yet this tank will keep plodding along ten times longer than the ordinary run of toys. It will perform dozens of the most wonderful stunts. **25c prepaid.**

2½ Inches long

ITCHING Powder



This is another good practical joke; the intense discomfiture of your victims to everyone but themselves is thoroughly enjoyable. All that is necessary to start the ball rolling is to deposit a little of the powder on a person's hand and the powder can be relied upon to do the rest. The result is a vigorous scratch, then some more scratch, and still some more. **16c box, 3 boxes for 25c or 75c per dozen.** Shipped by Express.

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One of these glass vials dropped in a room full of people will cause more consternation than a limburger cheese. The smell entirely disappears in a short time. **10c, per Box, 3 Boxes for 25c., 75c per doz. Boxes, or $7.50 per gross Boxes.** Shipped only by Express.

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Place a very small amount of this powder on the back of your hand and blow it into the air, and everyone in the room or car will begin to sneeze without knowing the reason why. It is most amazing to hear their remarks, as they never suspect the real source, but think they have caught it one from another. Between the laughing and sneezing you yourself will be having the time of your life. For *parties, political meetings, car rides,* or any place at all where there is a gathering of people, it is the *greatest joke out.* **Price 10c, 3 for 25c, 75c per dozen.** Shipped by Express.

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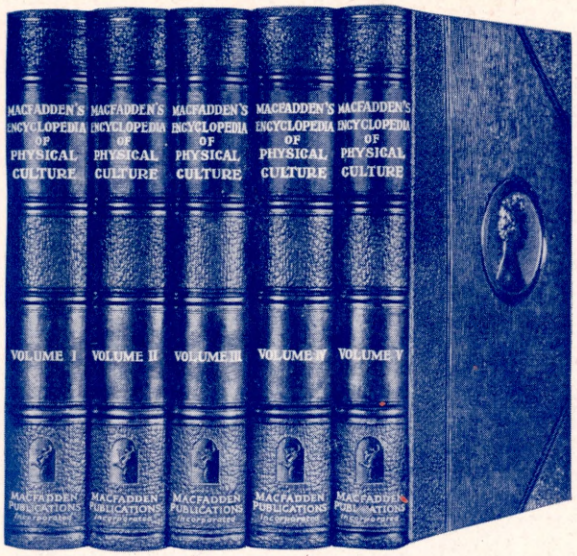

Will you be one of the 800,000 who will die this year of preventable disease?

OF the hundreds of thousands who die from respiratory diseases, bronchitis, pneumonia, kidney diseases, tuberculosis, influenza, and intestinal disorders, a large portion would not have died if they had been able to recognize early symptoms and had known how to treat themselves.

Nature always warns of impending sickness. The occasional headache, that tired, exhausted feeling, loss of appetite, a casual cold and other slight disarrangements are Nature's warnings to you that your body isn't functioning properly or that you are not living and eating correctly.

You can rule your health just as surely as you can rule your actions. If you are not enjoying perfect health today it is because you haven't enjoyed the method provided by Nature to keep you well. If you don't know what her requirements are, you are sure to blunder into some kind of sickness—perhaps fatal disease.

ENCYCLOPEDIA of PHYSICAL CULTURE
New 8th Edition ~ Completely Revised

EVERY year more than ten thousand people die of bronchitis, sixty-four thousand die of pneumonia, seventy-five thousand die of kidney trouble, fifty thousand die of respiratory disease, one hundred and six thousand die of tuberculosis, approximately eighty-five thousand die of influenza, and more than ten thousand die of intestinal trouble.

Barring accidents and suicides, only a small percentage of these thousands should die.

It is a fact that only about one person out of three enjoys good health. And those who are physically a little "Off" right now, will more than likely be the ones to succumb to preventable diseases this year. And they are the ones who should not die.

Nature is constantly warning you of impending sickness. Seemingly trivial symptoms tell of serious trouble taking root in your body. And yet, ninety-nine people out of every hundred will absolutely ignore these danger signals. As long as they are not flat on their backs, they will fool themselves into believing that they are all right.

Nature is merciless. If you do not understand her laws and her methods of preventing and curing sickness, you suffer. She knows no excuse—she accepts no apologies.

The Average Person Pays Thousands of Dollars in Doctors' Bills

Those who do not know Nature's methods of preventing and curing sickness are ill an average of 21½ days each year In fact, it is estimated that the average person in a lifetime spends $4,100 on doctor and hospital bills, loss of time from business, medicine and other expenses due to illness. Thousands of people are living half-powered lives because they are ignorant of the laws of Nature. Many of these people will fill an early grave, when they might easily have lived to enjoy a ripe old age.

What would it be worth to you to be able to instantly identify in its earliest stages any sickness or disease that might overtake you or any member of your family? To enjoy perfect health, almost complete freedom from sickness, doctor and hospital bills, and no days of suffering and worry, or salary lost through sickness?

How to—

possess exhilarating health every day in the year
know your own body
eat for health
diet for the cure of disease
know the art of food preparation
build a powerful physique
correct physical imperfections
become a physical director
avoid unhappy marriages
avoid disease
fast as a curative measure
cure by hydropathy (heal by the use of water)
apply all methods of drugless healing
give first aid in emergencies
apply home treatment for disease
recognize diseases by manifestations
build nervous energy
treat the common form of disease
understand the process of reproduction
benefit by laws of sex and marriage
treat diseases of women
diagnose diseases
have healthy and vigorous children
treat female disorders
treat male disorders
obtain virility and manhood
care for the complexion
manicure; care for the hair and feet
cultivate the mind—
These are only a few of the matters explained in the Encyclopedia.

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(8th Edition—Greater Than Ever Before)

This marvelous 5-volume work gives you the information you need to build up rugged strength, health and vitality. It is for every member of the family—it covers every phase of strength and body building for adults, children and babies. It gives invaluable information on fasting, dieting and exercise. A thorough and extensive treatment is given of the laws of sex, the attainment of virile manhood and womanhood, and happy, successful parenthood, together with details for diagnosis and treatment of all sexual diseases. Handsomely illustrated charts on anatomy and physiology are scattered throughout the book.

It is neither dull nor technical, but is simple, comprehensive and complete in every sense. It is the crowning effort of Bernarr Macfadden's rich, full experience in the science of health and physical culture. He has had more than thirty years' experience in guiding thousands of physical wrecks to glorious health and vigor. Out of that experience he built his Encyclopedia of Physical Culture.

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